POINTS PARABLES & PICTURES

New Illustrations for Preachers & Platform Speakers

by

REV. H. O. MACKEY

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NEW ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PREACHERS, TEACHERS AND PLATFORM SPEAKERS

By

Rev. H. O. MACKEY

Author of "One Thousand New Illustrations"

With Subject and Textual Indices

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PREFACE

THE present volume is companion to a former issue entitled "One Thousand New Illustrations."

So generously was that volume welcomed, and so many enquiries have recently been made as to the production of a second series, that the present volume is the outcome.

It is sincerely hoped that the new-comer may supply fresh illustrative matter to those who teach from pulpit, and platform, and class.

Grateful acknowledgment is herewith made, of the permission by Messrs Longman and the executors of the late Dr Boyd to use extracts of A. K. H. B., and by Mr George Allen of those from Mr Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Vols. I. and II.

Knowing how much precious time is thereby saved, special care has been exercised to make the subject and textual indices as complete and helpful as possible.

H. O. M.

LIVERPOOL, *December* 1899.

POINTS, PARABLES AND PICTURES

1. Ability cannot be transferred.

When John Brown made his famous raid to liberate the slaves at Harper's Ferry, he gave his men to understand without reserve that they had not come to kill or destroy, but only to free the slaves. Soon also, he managed secretly to place pikes in the hands of his black prisoners. But that did not make soldiers of them. They held them in their hands with pitiful listlessness and indifference and remained as before, an incumbrance rather than a reinforcement. Hence the sad failure of the attempted rescue.

2. Ability more than Instruments.

Secretary Stanton once closed a long technical and animated discussion in his presence, of the respective merits of muzzle and breech-loading rifles, by the remark: "Gentlemen, it's the man behind the gun that makes all the difference worth talking about."

3. Ability transcendent.

Liszt was so enchanted with Paganini's performances, that for years he retired from all public performances to work up and work out the new impulses he had received. When he reappeared, however, he seemed to mount to a solitary

pinnacle of fame and surpassing excellence. Tansig said, "We are all blockheads by the side of Liszt." Beethoven too, declared that his perfection of art and wealth of resource were simply unequalled.

4. Abuse.

"If a man has real merit, there is nothing that will bring him into notice so well as abuse."

5. Access Free.

After long conflict between plebeians and patricians in ancient Rome, concerning popular rights, the victory lay with the people. The two leaders of the people were elected Tribunes, with two Ædiles, as they were called, to aid them. They were never to leave the city during their term of office; their doors to be open day and night, that all who needed their protection might have access to them. The hill upon which the treaty was concluded was ever after known as the Sacred Mount.

6. Accident turned into Benefit.

General Hill writing on the American War, says: "An order of General Lee giving directions to Jackson and myself had fallen into the hands of the Federals. Their commander gained two facts from the order, one being needless, and the other misleading. And it so happened that the men who charged us so boldly, and repulsed our attacks so successfully, let slip the fruits of victory, and fell back as though defeated. So it happened too, that a thin line of men extending for miles, afforded protection to Lee's trains until Longstreet came up, and so saved the two wings of the army from being cut in two."

7. Accompanying with Sympathy.

"To accompany well you must not only be a good musician, but you must be mesmeric, sympathetic, intuitive. You must know what the singer wants before he tells you, must feel which way his spirit sets, for the motions of the soul are swift as an angel's flight. Unless you can do this you haven't enough music in you to know that you are a failure."—*H. R. Haweis.*

8. Action more than Knowledge.

"It is not the man who knows most, but the one that does best, that wins the victory. Grant, and Meade, and Sheridan could have been taught many lessons by our learned professors of military tactics and strategy, but none of these could have guided his forces to victory as Grant did at Chatanooga, Meade at Gettysburg, or have hurled his masses as Sheridan did at Winchester. Action guided by knowledge, if you will, but better action without much knowledge than much knowledge and feeble action."—*General Sherman.*

9. Action, Teaching by.

During Hannibal's first campaign in Italy, his forces were faced by those of Scipio, which had unexpectedly appeared. Hannibal made ready for battle, and among his preparations was a spectacle specially arranged as a stimulus to his army. Some of the mountaineers who had been taken prisoners in crossing the Alps were matched to fight against each other, the conquerors were to be rewarded with their liberty and a set of arms. The conquered would be released by death. All the prisoners eagerly accepted the offer when it was made to them, and fought with the greatest fierceness and courage. Hannibal used this as a parable to his own men. "This,"

and rasped and powdered the rosin all over the finger-board till I was glad to get the instrument out of his hands. The fact is, the coarse playing so effective on the parade was intolerable indoors. He was essentially a street player—a genius—but his music was, like coarse and effective scene-painting, better a little way off."

16. Admiration.

"It is the very joy of man's heart to admire, where he can. Nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments were it but for moments, as true admiration."—*Carlyle.*

17. Admiration and Imitation.

George Jones, who afterwards became a Royal Academician, entered the Academy schools as a student when only fifteen years of age, but fascinated with soldiering, he joined the Militia and served in the Peninsular War. Returning to England, he took up his original profession, painting battle scenes. His large picture of the Battle of Waterloo gained the premium of the British Institution and was sent to Chelsea Hospital. Later on he became an R.A. and keeper of the Academy. But his soldier instincts never left him, and so great an admirer was he of the Duke of Wellington, that he tried to imitate him in everything, dressing like him, and copying his manner and bearing.

18. Adorning the Little.

The doorways of the early Norman churches in England were their most highly ornamented features. Here picturesque figure-sculpture and thickly woven leaf-like designs mingle oft in rich luxuriance, and the whole interior of the edifices now

scraped to stony whiteness was originally plastered and covered with designs in colour.

19. Advance or Decline.

"An artist who is not making progress is nearly certain to be retrograding: progress is not to be made by merely working in the study."—*Ruskin.*

20. Adversity, Resource in.

During the sad reverses of the Confederates, the newspapers in their besieged cities were put to great shifts even for paper on which to print their meagre news. They were usually printed on the poorest straw-paper, so brittle that a touch would mutilate it. When at last even this failed, the inventive genius never deserted them, for during the siege of Vicksburg its *Citizen* appeared printed on wall-paper.

21. Advice, Homely.

After the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia, the happy pair embarked at Gravesend for their future home. To reach their vessel they had to pass through a dense mass of people by means of a long passage or gangway, closely beset on both sides by all sorts and conditions of men and women. As the Royal couple walked slowly along, the Prince felt his arm touched; he turned, and was addressed by a navvy: "Now, mind you behave well to her when you gets her over there: if you don't, we'll pretty soon fetch her back again."

22. Aestheticism not Worship.

One of the greatest living architects, writing on Church architecture, says: "I do not forget the profound emotion

that an ancient church must still excite in any susceptible breast. We need not try to analyse it. But when we are building our sanctuaries to-day, we must ask ourselves how much of this emotion is really religious, how much artistic or historic in its promptings; and further, how much of its really religious portion is genuine and personal, and how much merely sympathetic and imaginative."

23. Affliction compensated for.

That blind folks have extra keenness of their other senses, especially that of hearing, has been universally observed: but it is now asserted and with much show of authority, that they have a sort of sixth sense. The echoes made in walking are to the blind equivalent to light and shadow; the compression of air that occurs as you approach a wall or closed door, tells them of danger. All these delicate and subtle hints, unnoticed by us, trained to perfection by long years of practice, enable them to be aware of obstacles, and to recognise landmarks in finding their way.

24. Affliction overruled.

Noticing that window-glass exposed near the seashore soon loses its polish by the sand constantly blown against it, an American has invented a new way of grinding and etching glass. Instead of the usual acid, he employs fine quartz sand, and this is driven with great force by a blast of air against the glass, and in fifteen or twenty seconds an embossed design can be wrought. The parts meant to be deadened are exposed, whilst those intended to remain polished are covered. The storm of wind and sand work the lovely design. So God often makes afflictions work soul-beauties in us that else would never be seen.

25. Affliction producing Beauty.

"One new wild-flower sprang up in the footsteps of that destroying angel, dynamite. A new railroad had to be cut across one of my favourite tramping-grounds. Dynamite was used, and scarcely had the earthquake passed than I beheld the debris at the base of the cliff festooned and draped by one of our most beautiful foliage plants, and one I had been long looking for. The power that smote the rock had seemed to have called it into being. Probably the seeds had lain dormant in cracks and crevices for years, and when the catastrophe came, and they found themselves in new soil in the wreck of things, they sprang into new life, and grew as if the world had been created for them anew, as in a sense, it had."—*Burroughs.*

26. Age, Change of Tastes in.

"When we were young we filled a great volume with the verses we loved: were charmed by the melody of verse, quite apart from its meaning. It is instructive, however, to turn over the volume and see how year by year the copied verses grew fewer and fewer, until at last after fifty years of age they have almost entirely ceased. In the earlier period feeling and fancy ruled us, now there is the danger of feeling and fancy almost dying out of us."—*A. K. H. B.*

27. Aim regulating Means.

"Exactly in proportion as an artist is certain of his end, will he be swift and simple in his means."—*Ruskin.*

28. Allowance for others, Generous.

The graceful vase that stands in the drawing-room under a glass shade and never goes to the well, should remember

and allow much for the rough pitcher that goes often and is broken at last. Jesus recognised this when he taught us to pray "Lead us not into temptation."

29. Amateur Success.

A few years ago the recognised master in the study of double stars all the world over was not an astronomer by profession, at the head of some national observatory in Berlin or Paris, but a stenographer in the Chicago law-courts, Mr W. S. Burnham, who, after his day's duties, by nightly labour, prolonged for years with the small means at an amateur's command, has perhaps added more to our knowledge of his special subject in ten years than all other contemporary astronomers.

30. Ambition and Disaster.

Crassus, one of the Roman Triumvirs, being envious of Cæsar's and Pompey's fame, determined that he too would accomplish something great and notorious. There was no cause for war in his new province Parthia, but he could easily make one. So he set out for Syria. He spent the winter in Syria, and in the next spring set out for the distant East, crossed the Euphrates, plunged into the deserts of old Mesopotamia, and was there betrayed into the hands of his enemies. In ten years he and his rivals were all unable to enjoy that for which they had striven, for they were dead.

31. Ambition tyrannical.

"Fit emblem (dog with tin kettle tied to its tail) of many a conquering hero to whom Fate has malignantly appended a tin kettle of Ambition to chase him on; which the faster he

runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly."—*Carlyle.*

32. Animals.

"I would give a good deal to know what a horse is thinking about. There is something very curious and very touching about the limited intelligence and the imperfect knowledge of that immaterial principle, in which the immaterial does not imply the immortal."—*A. K. H. B.*

33. Appeal, Shrewd.

One of the commanders in the United States Navy tells how after an important engagement being anxious to get the news of the result despatched to head quarters, he met a negro, and served out to him "twenty dollars in greenbacks and some texts of scripture—two powerful arguments to trustworthiness with an old darkey."

34. Appearances deceptive.

"Things are not what they seem. Sometimes the chains of the prisoner are robes of starry gold compared to the glittering frippery of the sordid monarch who condemns him. Let Xerxes swell in the fumes of his power, let court poet and historian sing his praises over and over again: let him die in glory, and be buried in a pyramid that would stare the moon out of countenance, yet he would not equal the simple glory of Leonidas and his Spartans lying under the bare stone in a mountain pass with the simple inscription, "Stranger, tell it at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

35. Appearances spoiling Effectiveness.

Prior to 1600 appearances in the making of musical instruments were more thought of than tone. The old

guitars and violins were often so profusely carved and inlaid with tortoise-shell, ivory and silver, that they had but little sound, and that little, bad. Attention to tone, the supreme factor, was except in famous instances only considered from the rise of the violin proper in the sixteenth century and has been carried to success only in recent times.

36. Application, Intense.

When Dickens wrote one of his Christmas books, he shut himself up for six weeks to do it. He put his whole heart into it, and came out again looking as haggard as a murderer.

37. Art and Nature.

"The picture that is looked to for an interpretation of Nature is invaluable, but the picture which is taken as a substitute for Nature had better be burned."—*Ruskin.*

38. Art's multiplying Power.

Sidney Lanier in his last lecture on "The Moral Purpose in Art" strikingly says, "When Mr Way paints his luminous bunches of grapes, one of which will feed the palates of a thousand souls though it is never eaten, he shows us how Art can repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes feeding a multitude and yet leaving more of the original provision than there was at the first."

39. Art, Popular Taste in.

"The multitude is always awake to the lowest pleasures which art can bestow, and blunt to the highest."—*Ruskin.*

40. Art, The earliest.

Metallurgy is an art as old as the race. Tubal-Cain was the father of metal-workers. First for use and then for ornament came all sorts of tools and arms. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews and Greeks all laboured in this field and were the pioneers of every decorative art of to-day. The forge and hammer were the rough implements from which have sprung all that makes for the pleasures of pure taste now.

41. Art, The Moral in.

"Nicolo Pisano got nothing but good, the modern French school nothing but evil from the study of the antique: but *Nicolo Pisano had a God and a character.*"—*Ruskin.*

42. Aspiration, Lack of.

Speaking of the aboriginal African, Professor Drummond says:—"This man has practically no wants. One stick pointed makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty sticks tied together make him a house. The bark he peels from them makes his clothes; the fruits which hang on them form his food. It is perfectly astonishing when one thinks of it what nature can do for the animal-man, to see with what small capital after all a human being can get through the world."

43. Atheism, Folly of.

"It is the folly of the atheist to aim to scan infinitude with a microscope."

44. Atmosphere, Dust-filled.

Professor Langley writing on Astronomy says:—"If we rose from the earth's surface some miles in a balloon, there

would still be something in the apparently empty air to reflect the rays of light. This is made up of separately invisible specks of dust and vapour, but largely of actual dust. A shell of actual solid particles in the form of dust probably encloses the whole globe, up to far above the highest clouds."

45. Attention, Commanding.

Describing a great pianist a modern writer says:—"From the moment she sat down until she sprang up, our eyes were rivetted upon her, and we followed every bar and inflexion of the rapid execution. She seemed to play without taking breath and we were forced to hold ours. She held her composer and her audience absolutely fast until she had done with both: then she seemed to push both away like one eager to escape."

46. Avarice and National Decline.

Aristotle says that in Carthage the highest offices—even those of king and general—were put up for sale. He probably means they were obtained by bribery. Several offices were held by one man and turned into a source of profit. The greed of money and corruption brought the kingdom under the domination of a few wealthy citizens, and ultimately to utter ruin and decay.

47. Battle, Beginning of.

"I recall a day in June,
When the world was warm with summer, and the birds were all in tune:
Peace and beauty all about us, death and danger just ahead,
On our faces careless courage, in our heads a sombre dread.

Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard
Were the hum of droning insects, and the carol of a bird:
Till far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by
Like an angel's mantle floating down from out an azure sky.
Then as hell went screaming o'er us, and the air at once was rife,
With a million whispering hornets, swiftly searching for a life,
And the birds and insects fled away before the horrid yell,
The thunder of the battle, and the furious flames of hell."

D. L. Proudfit.

48. Battle, Rousing to.

When the Moors undertook the conquest of Spain, they had to encounter a brave and determined foe. On one occasion the sight of a mighty army under Roderick made their hearts to sink with dismay. But Tarik their Commander shouted, "Men, before you is the enemy, and the sea is at your backs. By Allah, there is no escape for you save in valour and resolution." This goaded them into fresh daring and, shouting in reply, "we will follow thee, O Tarik," they rushed after their General into the fray and turned the tide of victory.

49. Beautiful Spirit.

Miss Wordsworth describes Samuel Taylor Coleridge as he looked on his first visit and meeting with her father. "For the first three minutes he seemed plain: thin and pale, the lower part of the face not good: wide mouth, thick lips, not very good teeth, longish, loose, half-curling rough black hair. A striking contrast to Wordsworth with his fine light brown hair and beautiful teeth. But the moment he began to speak,

you thought no more of his defects: you saw him as his friend described him,

> "The rapt one of the Godlike forehead,
> The heaven-eyed creature."

50. Beauty.

"I doubt if any object in the whole range of nature can be more perfectly beautiful than a fresh, deep snowdrift, seen under warm light. No mortal hand can depict the majesty and loveliness of it!"—*Ruskin.*

51. Beauty filling with Wonder.

One who entertained John Leech, said: "I perplexed myself with the question, how a man who lived in London amid the wits of the day, could be entertained agreeably in the loneliness and dulness of our country life, but I soon saw that my anxiety was foolish. It was evidently, as he said, a grand enjoyment to simply sit under a tree and rest, to hear the throstle instead of the hurdy-gurdy, to see the sun instead of the smoke, and to smell the roses instead of the corduroy. I drove him to see the great oaks of Sherwood Forest and he could only sigh his admiration. Presently he opened his pocket sketch-book and put a point on his pencil, but he turned from one bit of loveliness to another as he sauntered on, and soon he closed his book in a kind of profound but calm resignation. 'Much too beautiful for work to-day,' he said; 'I can do no work to-day.' So we sat amid the bracken and drank in that delicious air."

52. Beauty—in unlikely Places.

The steppes of Russia and Siberia are almost the last places to which we should look for flowers in profusion,

and yet one who has travelled through Siberia says: "We rode across a steppe that was literally a great ocean of flowers. One could pick twenty different species and a hundred different specimens within the area of a single yard. We could drive for miles across the smooth grassy plain crushing flowers by the score at every turn of our carriage wheels. In the middle of the steppe I had our driver stop and wait for me while I alighted and walked away into the flowery solitude to enjoy the stillness, the perfumed air, and the sea of verdure through which ran the long barren line of the common highway."

53. Beauty from Ashes.

The remarkable sunrises and sunsets witnessed in the autumn and winter of 1883 are now known to have been caused by the sunlight passing through the microscopic dust suspended at even a height of forty miles from the earth, the result of a volcanic eruption in Java which ejected it in enormous quantities and to a height impossible to determine.

54. Beauty moving to Goodness.

Some surroundings almost compel to hate of evil, and the love of good. Charles Kingsley writing to his wife says of Salisbury Cathedral: "That wonderful grey Alp among the trees. It is like a vast mountain with its strata and secondary ridges, and spurs, and lower peaks, all leading up to that central aiguille which rushes up into the highest blue, till you expect to see the clouds hanging round its top, and fancy the jackdaws are condors round the peak of Chimborazo. It awes you too, without crushing you, you can be cheerful under its shadow, but you could not do a base thing."

55. Beauty, Nature's.

"The detail of a single weedy bank, laughs to scorn the carving of ages."—*Ruskin.*

56. Beauty of Soul.

In Count Tolstoi's "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth" he tells us that he felt deep pain when at the early age of six years he heard his mother confess that he was only a plain, homely boy. "I fancied," he says, "that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small grey eyes as I had: I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future I would give in exchange for a handsome face." Yet there is something far more beautiful than these in that rugged face: the deep impress of great moral and spiritual power.

57. Beauty, Overpowering.

Ancient Cordova was called "the bride of Andalusia." Under the rule of the great Khalif, A.D. 949, it was a city of dazzling loveliness, in the beauty of the buildings, the luxury and refinement of her life, the learning and accomplishments of her citizens. When our Saxon ancestors dwelt in wooden hovels and trod upon dirty straw, the Moorish civilisation in Spain was at its climax and glory. The Khalif on one occasion issued orders to the officers of State that he would receive the foreign ambassadors at the palace. The day arrived: the court of the palace was strewn with the richest rugs and most costly carpets, and the ambassadors were struck with astonishment at the magnificence and power of the Khalif. The court orator had been ordered to make

his most eloquent speech suitable for the occasion, but scarcely had he begun to speak when the splendour of the scene so overawed him that he fell senseless on the floor. A second essayed to fill his place, but he had not gone far when he too broke down. The beauty and magnificence had overawed completely.

58. Beauty, Passing.

"Nature's finest touches are things which must be watched for; her most perfect passages of loveliness are the most evanescent. She is constantly doing something beautiful for us, but it is something she has not done before, and will not do again."—*Ruskin.*

59. Beauty, Valuable.

"Beautiful things are useful to men because they are beautiful, and for the sake of their beauty only: and not to sell, or pawn, or in any other way to turn into money."—*Ruskin.*

60. Beloved One, The.

"Was she not to him in very deed a morning-star: did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Æolian harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's-statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy rest. Existence was all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought."—*Carlyle.*

61. Benefactors, Unrecognised.

"Taking all the stars visible to us without a telescope and adding their brilliancy, we find that all the naked-eye stars together give us nearly seven times that light which we receive from Vega. But when we come to stars of seventh and eighth

magnitude which are invisible to the naked eye we find that so numerous are they that more light actually comes to us from stars so faint as to be separately invisible than from the less numerous but brighter stars that we see with the naked eye. More than half the light of a star-lit night comes from the collective lustre of stars, each of which is totally invisible except to the telescope."

In life it is often the unseen influences on mind and heart and character that are the potent ones.

62. Bereavement.

Perhaps you know by experience what a choking sensation there is in looking at an emigrant vessel clearing out, even though you have no personal interest in anyone on board. The confusion and hurry that attend her departure; the crowded deck, the thronging crowd on shore to say, "Farewell." Grey-headed men bidding good-bye to their native land, and a final good-bye, too. Who can ever forget the sobs that burst as the last rope was cast off and the great ship solemnly passed away. The loneliness that came upon you as with a rush then, how like, only very faint in degree, what comes when loved ones say "good-bye" in death and the "time of their departure is at hand."

63. Bereavement, Pathos of.

"Sence little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still,
W'y, I miss his yell o' 'Granpap' as I'd miss the whipper-will!
And to think I ust to scold him for his everlastin' noise
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!

I wish a hundred times a day 'at he'd come trompin' in
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud agin!—
It 'ud seem like some soft music played on some fine instru
ment
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went.

"Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust to do
Yit now they's times it 'pears like it 'ud bu'st itself in two!
And, let a rooster, suddent-like crow some'rs close around
And seems 's ef, mighty nigh it, it 'ud lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbours' boys 'at passes never stop, but jes go on
A whistlin' kind o' to theirsev's—sence little Wesley's gone!

"And then o' nights when mother's settin' up oncommon late
Abilin pears or somepin and I set and smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger'n a
dime
And things keep gittin stiller—stiller—stiller all the time.
I've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more'n fifty year'—
Awishin' 'at the time hed come for us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little Wesley's
dead."—*J. Whitcomb Riley.*

64. Bethany.

"The people politely welcome the stranger: the children are many, pretty, and shy. If a child enters an apartment where its father is, it will not sit down or speak until the father notices it and bids it be seated.

A simple vault excavated in the rock is still shown as the place where Lazarus came forth.

No one can visit Bethany without being impressed with its sacredness. It is lovely for situation, and its people quite different from the rest of their countrymen."—*Dr Wilson.*

65. Bible: a glorifying Light.

There is a picture in South Kensington Museum of "The Death of Cromwell." The whole room is dim with shadows, —shadows curtaining the bed, shadows falling on the face of Cromwell's daughter standing by the bedside, shadows everywhere except in one place. That place is where the Bible lies on the hero's breast, and which he is clasping with eager hands. There a bright light focusses and flashes upward irradiating his face with a glory not of earth.

66. Bible and Tyrants, The.

"A young exile in Siberia told me," says Mr George Kennan, "that during the first part of his imprisonment the only literature given him were the Bible and the Penal Code. The intention doubtless was to incite to virtue on the one hand, and to warn against crime on the other. But the effect produced was to lead only to a comparison between the laws of Russia and the laws of Christ, and not to the benefit of the former."

67. Biography.

"Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all books, especially the biography of truly distinguished individuals."—*Carlyle.*

68. Birthplace unknown.

Charles Dickens roaming about at Southsea with some friends, turning the corner of a street suddenly found himself

in Landport Terrace. The name catching his eye, he exclaimed, "Here is the place where I was born." They walked up and down speculating as to which of the houses was his cradle, but all the houses were so nearly alike that he could fix absolutely on none of them. Besides, he was only two years old when his father moved from Portsmouth to London.

69. Blasphemy and Cowardice.

"Out in the far West of America there was a village settled by German infidels, where the declared purpose of the settlers was that there should be no church nor other Christian institution within the community. So blasphemous and flagrant were the attempts of these infidels to ridicule all religious faith that, on one occasion, they made a procession through the streets bearing in front of them a hideous doll which was the effigy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they actually sat down to a banquet board prepared with intoxicating drink and celebrated a mock Lord's Supper. Not long after that the Indians came down upon the place and destroyed it, and it is a significant fact that the very men that slunk down into the corners of the cellars and hid in the darkness when the Indians pursued them, leaving their wives and children to take care of themselves, were the very men who were foremost in the ribald procession and the blasphemous Lord's Supper."—*Dr Pierson.*

70. Blessedness, Need of.

"Man can do without happiness, and find instead thereof, blessedness."—*Carlyle.*

71. Blindness in the East.

A recent traveller to Palestine says: "The glory of the plains of Jericho, so garden-like in their luxuriance, where Jesus came here and halted to heal the blindness of poor Bartimeus, is all gone. But the blindness is not all gone, and at least one in ten of the people met in the way are blind, or have diseased eyes in every stage of painful repulsiveness. They still sit by the wayside, usually in couples, and with a sing-song cry appeal to the charity of the stranger."

72. Blind to Beauty.

"Objects pass perpetually before the eyes without conveying any impression to the brain at all. Numbers of persons are so preoccupied with business or care of some description totally unconnected with the impressions of sight, and they receive from Nature only the inevitable sensations of blueness, redness, darkness, light, etc., and no more whatsoever."—*Ruskin.*

73. Blood, City founded in.

Ovid says that the work of superintending the building of Rome was given to one Celer, who was told by Romulus to let no one pass over the furrow of the plough which he had made. Remus ignorant of this, began to scoff at the lowly beginning, and was immediately struck down by Celer with a spade. Romulus bore the sad news with great fortitude, and choking down his rising tears exclaimed, "so let it happen to all who pass over my walls." Thus were the foundations of the new city laid in blood.

74. Body mastered by the Soul.

"Alexander was a little man, and the petit Corporal, and Nelson, and Cæsar too; and so was Saul of Tarsus, and

weakly into the bargain. Æsop was a dwarf, and so was Attila; Shakespeare was lame; Alfred a ricketty weakly; Byron club-footed. So much for body *versus* spirit, brute force *versus* genius—genius."—*Alton Locke.*

75. Body, Mind and.

A woman, ill and bedridden, having a high regard for the piety and intelligence of her pastor, was suddenly surprised by his entering her room and in a loud and solemn voice saying, "I command you to arise!" Involuntarily she arose and resumed her duties of housekeeping, which, after the lapse of ten years, she still performs.

76. Body, Neglect of.

"Though the great thing about us is the soul, still the body has its rights too. Most educated men are physically in poor condition, particularly the cleverest of our race, in whom intellect is most developed and cultivated, but are for the most part in a very unsatisfactory state as to bodily soundness. They rub on: they manage somehow to get through their work in life, but they never know high health and its attendant buoyant cheerfulness."—*A. K. H. B.*

77. Body, The, Only the Fiddle-case.

Dr John Brown tells of his first meeting with Thackeray of whom he was a devoted admirer, and how genially the popular author greeted and welcomed him.

Within a very few minutes they were so friendly that they were standing back to back to see which was the taller. The company decided that there was no difference, and I remember that my modesty which then and there fled away

for ever, made her last expiring speech. "Yes, the fiddle-cases are of equal size, but in his there's a glorious violoncello and in mine only a dancing-master's kit!"

78. Body, Pampering the.

Hegel dissenting from the ascetic philosophy, said, "Socrates brought philosophy from the clouds, but the Englishmen have dragged her into the kitchen." He would not say it now with the same meaning. There is more danger of high living and poor thinking than poor living and high thinking. Material prosperity has made the cook the despot, and study of the merely physical satisfactions the supreme end of many.

79. Bodily Weakness, Triumphing over.

James Watt of steam-engine fame was a poor crazy body. Through most of his life he suffered the deepest misery from desperate depression of spirits: he was always fancying that his mind was working down. Yet what a marvellous work the ricketty body got through!

80. Book, A dry.

"On one occasion some wood-ranging heifers and steers that had been hovering around our camp for some days made a raid upon it when we were absent.

The tent was shut and everything snugged up, but they had their long tongues under the tent and tasting something savoury, hooked out John Stuart Mill's 'Essays on Religion' which one of us had brought along, thinking to read in the woods. They mouthed the volume around a good deal, but its logic was *too tough for them.*" But, of course, they were only calves!!!

81. Books.

"Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true book. Like a spiritual tree it stands from year to year, and from age to age, and yearly comes its new produce of leaves and fruit, everyone of which is magical, for it can persuade and sustain men."—*Carlyle.*

82. Books, Charm of.

"In a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends imprisoned by an enchanter in paper and leathern boxes."—*Emerson.*

83. Books, Living.

A modern writer describing a visit to a private library says: "I passed down the main stairway into the central hall, and was shown the way to the library. The serried ranks of multitudinous volumes, almost vocal, *murmurous with accumulated meaning*, thronged along the high walls."

84. Books, Love of.

"In a street through which I used to walk homeward was an old book-shop, piled and fringed outside and in with books of every age, size and colour. And here at last I summoned courage to stop, and timidly and stealthily to take out some volume whose title attracted me, snatch hastily a few pages and hasten on, fearful of being called on to purchase, half-ashamed of a desire which I fancied everyone else considered as unlawful as my mother did. Sometimes I was lucky enough to find the same book several days running, and so to take up the subject where I had left it off. Thus I contrived to hurry through a great deal of books that were a new world of wonders

to me. The innocent, guilty pleasure grew on me day by day. Innocent because human, guilty because forbidden. But have I not paid the penalty?"—*Charles Kingsley.*

85. Books and Solitude.

Charles O'Connor, a famous American lawyer, in his later years retired to his lonesome island home in Nautucket. His territory embraced only two hundred feet square, on one of the bluffs overlooking the sea. Overwork in his profession and a breakdown in health had compelled his retreat to this desolate spot. He made a wide piazza along three sides of his house, on which he could walk in all weathers, and he had his library; and of his books he used to say that they were his most precious earthly treasures, filling his life with the best society and making lonesomeness impossible.

86. Brag not Bravery.

General Hill, writing of the results of the Civil War in America, says: "There were fiery zealots in '61 who proclaimed that 'One Southerner could whip three Yankees,' though *there was never a single individual who was willing to be that one Southerner!*"

87. Brains.

Speaking of an Edinburgh assembly of famous men, Dr John Brown writes: "And moving about the greatest and naturallest of them all, like a Newfoundland dog or his own Maida among his fellows, was Sir Walter Scott, the healthiest, manliest of all our men of letters—frank, open and full of work as the day, with that homely, burly frame, that sweet, pawky face with its grey eyes and heavy eyebrows. There too was the tall, towerlike

skull (he used to say his hat *was* small, but then *he filled it*). Eyes when at rest, heavy, filled with latent genius and story, like music slumbering on its instrument: when awake and lighted from within how alive, how full of fun, making his rich voice and rich laugh all the richer."

88. Brave Leader.

At the battle of Tablate—a ravine in Spain—the troops had arrived at the grim chasm, a hundred feet deep, with a roaring torrent at the foot. The Moriscos had destroyed the bridge, and only a few tottering planks remained, by which a venturesome scout might cross if needful. On the other side Moorish archers kept their bows at the stretch.

The soldiers recoiled from crossing: the swaying plank, the torrent's roar, the Moorish arrows, were enough to daunt the bravest. Whilst the army stood irresolute, a friar came to the front, and calmly led the way across the plank, over the torrent to the very arrows of the enemy, who were so struck with admiration at his courage as to cease from shooting. Two soldiers sprang after him—one reached the other side, one fell into the hissing torrent below. Then the whole army plucked up heart, crossed quickly, charged up the slope and took the position.

89. Brave unto Death.

"Captain Grafton led his troops through the wood with extraordinary coolness under a murderous fire from the enemy. Suddenly he appeared staggering out of the wood into the open space in our front, bareheaded, his face buried in his hands, his sabre hanging by the sword-knot from his wrist, one leg bound up with a handkerchief, his uniform covered with blood. On he came until at com-

manding distance from the line he dropped his hands, raised his head with the old air of command, and seemed to gaze over our heads for a moment. His face wore the look of death, and in a moment he fell towards the colours. His brother officers gathered about him in silence, and a gloom spread through the whole brigade as word passed from wing to wing that Grafton was dead."

90. Bravery.

At the siege of Malaga in the fifteenth century, the defence was led by Ez-zegry, an heroic Moor, who inspired his African troops with a spirit of enduring daring which could not be subdued. He defended the city in spite of the peaceful inclinations of the trading classes who inclined to yield. When the king attempted to bribe him, he dismissed the messenger with courteous disdain, and when the city was summoned to surrender and the merchants eagerly acquiesced, Ez-zegry said, "I was set here not to surrender but to defend."

91. Bravery and Manhood.

Just as much as a man drives out fear, marches boldly on, says his say, does his act, by so much is he a valiant man. In the old Norse ballads it was indispensable to be brave. Odin cast out of his heaven, the *Valhalla*, all who were tainted with cowardice: and over a battlefield the priests taught, went the Valkyries, or choosers of the slain, heavenly messengers who took care only to admit the valiant. The kings when about to die, lay down in a ship with its sails set, drifted out into the ocean, charged with fire too in the hold, so that the king might blaze in his tomb, and be delivered to the sky. The valiant is the really valuable man.

92. Bravery and Safety.

When Lulla heard that the people of Rome were disposed to plot against him, he summoned them together that he might render an account of his official conduct. He gave them a sumptuous feast, discharged his armed attendants, dismissed his lictors, descended from the rostrum, and retired on foot to his house, accompanied only by his friends, passing through the heart of the populace whom he had reason to believe desired to wreak vengeance upon him. The supreme audacity of the action secured his safety as none dared to utter a word or lift a hand against him.

93. Bravery and Safety.

In an article on "The Chances of being hit in Battle" a recent military writer says: "Some regiments sustain as much loss in a long campaign by disease as by battle, but the bravest regiments escape disease by the same pluck that makes them famous in the engagement. They are able to withstand its attack without tamely giving up and lying down. It is quite as much a question of mental stamina as bodily, of brave will as physical reserve."

94. Bravery not Conceit.

Knowledge of power possessed is not necessarily conceit. Napoleon when a poor sublieutenant knew that he had capacity to shake a world. Nelson was not a conceited midshipman because he one day vowed he would have a despatch to himself. Nor was Benjamin Disraeli merely conceited when he said, after his first mortifying failure in the House of Commons, "The time will come, gentlemen, when you *shall* hear me." Invincible pluck is always

obnoxious to an antagonist, but our friends should admire and encourage it.

95. Bribery.

"It means dishonesty, and even impudent dishonesty; brazen insensibility to lying and to making others lie; total oblivion and flinging overboard for the nonce of any real thing you can call morality."—*Carlyle.*

96. Brother, Recognising a.

Sir Benjamin West when in Parma was greatly struck with the face of the chief of the Benedictine monks. Coming to England he was then introduced to Robert Burke, the great orator, when he again was instantly struck by Burke's likeness to the monk. They were, in fact, brothers.

97. Brotherhood: a Fact.

"In vain thou deniest it, thou art my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish lies thou tellest of me in this splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted sympathy? Were I a steam-engine, wouldest thou even take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all, unheeded, whether badly or well."—*Carlyle.*

98. Busybody.

"A busybody is one who goes about stealing other peoples' time and fooling away his own."

99. Busy Life.

"The man who has a little more to do than he can attend to has no time in which to be miserable."

100. Calvary, Suggestion of.

One Sunday evening Thackeray was walking with two friends along the Dean Road to the West of Edinburgh—one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening—such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill with its trees and rocks lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakeable, lifted up against the crystalline sky.

All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed Thackeray gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle and rapid voice to what all were feeling in the single word "CALVARY!"

101. Calvinism.

Bancroft, the American historian, says that the father of Frederick the Great was a man whose religion moulded both his character and national policy. He declares: "The king was a Calvinist; he wished to keep down taxation, and lived therefore with the frugality of a private man. But he invited to meet him, and chose as his friends the greatest men of the day in letters and science. They met and talked, discussing before the king the most splendid theories which the thought of the day could offer. It was to this Calvinism that Prussia's great advance was due. Where Calvinism is, there is liberty. Calvinism depends on no dynasty, but on the Divine Sovereignty. Lutheranism depends on princes."

102. Candour, Brutal.

Some folks lay themselves out to be as unpleasant as they can, and say disagreeable things. They are the wasps of human intercourse. The candid friends whom Canning so abhorred, the people who "speak their mind" but have a mind that were far better not spoken.

103. Capacity, Wasted.

Writing an article on Social Economy especially in reference to wages and industrial progress, Professor Atkinson says: "The man who had the shrewdness and capacity to seize the opportunity afforded by recent science and invention has made progress, wealth, success. Whilst from him who had not the foresight or mental aptitude to adjust himself to the new conditions, has been taken away even the opportunity for common labour which he enjoyed before."

104. Caprice.

"Even machines seem to have their whims and oddities of action. Two clocks apparently made exactly alike, will develop entirely different eccentricities of action. Two locomotive engines are seldom the same in their individual methods. One will swallow a vast quantity of water at once: another must be fed by driblets. You need to know your engine's temper before driving it, just as much as your horse, or your friend. There is no doubt a mechanical reason for their caprices, but not one man in a thousand can discover it."—*A. K. H. B.*

105. Character.

"No man becomes a saint in his sleep."—*Carlyle.*

106. Character, Force of.

"It is better to represent the big end of a short pedigree than the fine point of a long one: better to be an ancestor than merely to have had them."

107. Character in Handwriting.

"The handwriting of some men is essentially affected, especially their signature. I fancy I could form a theory of a man's whole character from reading merely this. He is thinking of the impression it will produce on those who see it. Some aim at an aristocratic hand: some deal in vulgar flourishes. Some at a student-like hand; some at a dashing and military style. In all there is an unconscious revelation of the man himself."—*A. K. H. B.*

108. Character, Supremacy of.

Says Sandy Mackaye in Alton Locke: "Intellect! intellect! I'm sick o' all the talk anent intellect I hear noo. 'Aristocracy o' intellect!' they cry. Curse a' aristocracies—intellectual anes as well as anes o' birth, or rank, or money! What! will I call a man a superior because he's cleverer than mysel'? Will I boo down to a bit o' brains ony more than to a stock or stane? Let a man prove himsel' better than me—honester, humbler, wi' mair sense o' the duty o' man, an' the weakness o' man, an' that man I'll acknowledge. That man's my leader, my king!"

109. Character, Public Schools and.

Here the boy has to pass much the greater part of his time during the most impressionable years of his life. His schoolmasters and schoolfellows are the prime forces in moulding his character. He is a member of a small republic; with laws,

customs, institutions, ambitions of its own, and where the individual life and the general life react upon each other with singular intensity.

110. Childhood, Promise of.

Sir John Millais was an artist at the early age of five. Living at Dinan which was strongly fortified and full of soldiers, his boy attempts at drawing were all military in their character. His imagination was fired, his genius evoked by the brilliant colours and stirring activities of the garrison, and he delighted many of his friends by his childish drawings of the showy heroes in their splendid uniforms.

111. Childhood, Prophetic.

Of Charles Kingsley it is written: "His poems and sermons date from four years old. His delight was to make a little pulpit in his nursery from which, after putting on a pinafore as a surplice, he would preach to an imaginary congregation. His mother unknown to him took down his sermons at the time, and showed them to the Bishop of Peterborough who predicted that the boy would grow up to be no ordinary man."

112. Childhood, Prophecy of.

The mother of Sir John Millais took her boy, when about nine years of age, to the studio of the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin A. Shee, to ask his advice about the lad's future studies and career. The President coldly and loftily said, before looking at the boy's drawings, "Better make the boy a chimney-sweep than an artist." But a sight of the drawings soon changed his tone into warm admiration and valuable advice. The lad afterwards became, as all the world remembers, the President of the Royal Academy.

113. Childlike, The, is Divine.

Think of St John carried into the church at Smyrna at the age of ninety-nine, and with his dying breath repeating the same simple words: "Little children love one another."—*Charles Kingsley.*

114. Choice, Life's.

"Each man is a walking coal-mine, and it is for him to decide whether it shall send forth light and heat, or only soot and smoke."

115. Christ, the People's Friend.

Men have separated from each other, slandered each other, murdered each other in the name of Christ, the Son of God, and have blasphemed it by that very act. But when did they unite in any name but that? Whose name was the bond of brotherhood such as has never elsewhere been seen?

When did the Roman lady and the negro slave together partake at the table of the same bread and wine, and sit together save at the feet of the Syrian tent-maker? One is our Master, even Christ, Who sits at the right hand of God, and in Him we are all brothers. Look at the first followers of St Francis, at the Cameronians among their Scottish hills, or the little persecuted flock who, in a dark and godless time, gathered around Wesley by pitmouths and on Cornish cliffs: and say, when there was real union, co-operation, philanthropy, equality, brotherhood, among men save in loyalty to Him and Jesus who died upon the cross.

116. Christians, Privilege of.

"Let us be content to be members of Christ's body, the Church. It may be the feet: lowest, hardest worked, trodden

on, bleeding, brought into harshest contact with the evil world! Still we are members of Christ's Church!"—*Charles Kingsley.*

117. Christianity.

Twelve days before his death, little thinking it to be so near, Coleridge wrote to his godchild a remarkable letter, in which the following sentences occur: "I declare unto you with the experience that more than threescore years can give, that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by industry is a great blessing, and to have kind, faithful, loving friends and relatives is a great blessing; but, that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian."

118. Christianity of the People.

"I believe the clergy are exceedingly improved; and they owe all their improvement to the Wesleys and the Whitfields whom they drove one by one out of the church by persecution or disgust.

"Somehow or other, in Judæa, the publicans and the harlots pressed into the kingdom of heaven: it was the common people who heard Christ gladly. Christianity was then a movement essentially of the people."—*Alton Locke.*

119. Clear Speech.

Abraham Lincoln was once asked the secret of his extraordinary power of putting things, and he answered, "I remember, when a child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way that I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember

going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbours talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the meaning of their, to me, dark sayings. So it became a passion with me to put all I have to say into language that cannot be misunderstood."

120. Clearness, Importance of.

"Tell me if ever I am obscure in my expressions; and do not fancy that if I am obscure I am therefore deep. If I were really deep all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me, an obscurity is always a reason for suspecting a fallacy."—*Charles Kingsley.*

121. Clouds, Lovely.

"You may take any single fragment of any cloud in any sky, and you will find it put together as if there had been a year's thought over the plan of it, arranged with the most studied inequality, with the most delicate symmetry, with the most elaborate contrast—a picture in itself."—*Ruskin.*

122. Colour instead of Form.

A traveller in Siberia says: "The builders of the shops, hotels, etc., finding themselves unable with the scanty materials at their command to render their architecture striking and admirable in form, resolved to make it at least dazzling and attractive in colour; and the result is a sort of materialised architectural aurora borealis, which astounds, if it does not gratify, the beholder. I noted a chocolate-brown house with yellow window-shutters and a green roof; a

crimson house with an emerald roof; a sky-blue house with a red roof; a lavender house with a shining tin roof, and finally a most extraordinary building which displayed the whole chromatic scale within the compass of three stories and an attic."

123. Colour, Significance of.

Speaking of the colour of clothes as revealing character, Carlyle says, "From the surest drab to the high-flowing scarlet, spiritual idiosyncracies unfold themselves in the choice of colour. If the cut betoken intellect and talent, so does the colour, the temper and heart."

124. Combinations, Dangerous.

Speaking of the constant immigration of foreigners to New York, a modern writer utters a note of warning, almost alarm at the strange mixture that is coming into the social and political life of the country and nation. He says, "Instead of an immigration from kindred stocks, mainly homogeneous in morals and political principles, as at the first, we have now, one literally of all sorts and conditions of men. 'Let them come,' cries the political optimist, 'we can take care of them'—indifferent to the possibility of a social compound that *may explode, like carelessly mixed chemicals!*"

125. Command, Look of.

"Jeems's face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once that it mainly composed his whole, and such a face! Sydney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelsome man, 'His very face is a breach of the peace!' Had he seen our friend's he would have said he was the imperative mood

on two legs out on business. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay."—*Dr John Brown.*

126. Commerce, Primitive.

Herodotus very picturesquely describes the early trading methods of the men of Carthage. "There is a certain country in Africa outside the pillars of Hercules. When the Carthaginians come hither, they unlade their goods and set them in order by the side of the sea. This done they embark on their ships again and make a smoke. And the people of the country, seeing the smoke, come down to the sea, and put gold beside the goods and depart to a distance. Then the Carthaginians come forth from their ships and look, and if it seem to them that the gold is of equal value with the goods, they take it and depart; but if it seem not equal, then they return to their ships and sit still. Then the barbarians come and add other gold until they persuade the Carthaginians. And neither do any wrong to the other, for the one touch not the gold till it be made equal to the goods, and the others touch not the goods until the sellers have received the gold."

127. Commonplace, Learning from the.

"My childish attempts at drawing," says Mrs T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., "went on the same simple way for many months; the great church (Canterbury Cathedral) always remaining my model. After that I used to take my slate out into the fields, and try to sketch anything that took my fancy, such as cottages, bridges, trees, and so forth, and in this way I learned to love the works of nature, whilst simply copying what I saw."

128. Commonplace Mind.

"We believe that we can see everything, and that the genius or larger nature is romantic, flighty, and not to be trusted. We measure the world by the tape-yard we carry with us, and refuse to trust in anything beyond the rule of thumb."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

129. Compassion, Lesson in.

"Struan was remarkable even among good shots: he was the most humane sportsman we ever saw: he never shot but he hit, and he never hit but he killed. No temptation made him wound and lose a deer or bird. He used to say that when a boy, he once saw a poor wounded bird lying in the heather: he took it up and it died in his hand—he knew he had shot and lost it some days before. He said that bird's dying eye haunted him for months, and he made a covenant with himself that never again should his hand cause such misery."

130. Compensation.

One class of plants far transcends all others in furnishing peculiarly and varied and well-defined forms of leafage. Yet the ferns Nature would appear to have compensated for the absence of diversity in colour by concentrating in the tribe almost every conceivable form of beautiful foliage that can be found in the plant world.

131. Compensation.

Physical unsoundness is often found united to mental excellence. Some of the plainest women have been among the best. Their lack of physical charm cut them off from

life's mere gaieties. They learned to devote themselves to better and more valuable things. The pretty sister is frequently a frivolous, silly flirt: the homely sister quietly devoting herself to Christian charities. Out of the ugly chrysalis of the poor and frail and plain body has come a beautiful soul at home in the atmosphere of heaven.

132. Compliment, A High.

When Sir Robert Peel was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and put on the gown very ancient and shabby, and decorated with faded gold lace, he declared that he felt greater pride in assuming it than in putting on that of Prime Minister.

133. Conceit.

It is related of the father of the Prince of Monaco, that on one occasion as he drove through London at night, he was greatly surprised at the number of lamps, and concluded that it was in his honour. He exclaimed, "I've often heard that the English were a polite people, but this is too much!!!"

134. Conceit.

When Farinelli the musician was complimented with "What a divine air" as he ceased playing, he turned to his admirer and said, "Yes! one God, and one Farinelli."

135. Conceit.

There was once a man who entered the Edinburgh theatre at the same instant with Sir Walter Scott. The audience cheered lustily: and while Sir Walter modestly took his seat, as though unaware that the cheers were

meant to welcome him, the other man advanced with dignity to the front of the box, and bowed in acknowledgement of the popular applause.

136. Conceit and Envy.

Napoleon the First absolutely detracted from the merits of his bravest marshals, and was as jealous of fame as a woman or a poet: whilst Oliver Goldsmith used to fume and fret, nay, would ridiculously interrupt the company when he found the praises and attention lavished on his friend, Dr Johnson, were too strong for his jealous heart.

137. Conceit, Heroic.

Ideal heroes are apt to make somewhat extravagant demands upon our credulity. In Sidney's "Arcadia," when anyone goes to fight, he is always not only equal but superior to the occasion. In our nautical dramas, too, one sailor is made to kill three Frenchmen. One he kills with his cutlass, another he stuns with his fist, and a third he knocks over with his quid of tobacco! Even Shakespeare makes his Orlando, a mere stripling, nearly kill the Duke's "bony prizer" when he wrestles.

138. Conceit, Youthful.

"The boy often thinks he is a man, and even more. He fancies that his mental stature is as big and as solid as it will ever become. The clever student of eighteen imagines his essay is very like Macaulay's. Read it over at the age of thirty, and now tell us what you think of it! And if you are really clever and eloquent now, you will see extravagance and bombast where once you saw only eloquence and graphic power."—*A. K. H. B.*

139. Condensation.

The wisdom of the past has come to us in sentences, not in pages.

140. Condescension to Simplicity.

"W ——, who has come for a fortnight to this place, is a very interesting person. Learned and virtuous, but painfully informing. He has all his life been a professor, and cannot escape it; he must be always instructing you. It is true that his tone is one of great simplicity and modesty. But it is an enforced simplicity, a condescension that you feel to be very praiseworthy. It is a necessity of his nature that his thinking should override yours, but he will strive even to make *you* comprehend."—*Anon.*

141. Confession, Constant.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria invariably wears the decoration of the order of the Golden Fleece. It is one of the inflexible regulations of the order, that every knight belonging to it must wear it at all times when dressed, whether in public or private, on ordinary or state occasions.

142. Confession, Hypocrites and.

Boccacio tells of a scoundrel, who, after a life of profligacy, resolved he would die in the odour of sanctity. He therefore sent for a monk, confessed he had committed the greatest crime in the world, that nothing could cleanse him, and began to howl pitiably. At last, just before he died, he confessed to the bishop that once as a boy he had disobeyed his mother, and as a grey-haired man now repented it. "Is this all?" said the bishop. "All," gasped the penitent; "is it not

enough?" "If this be all his sins," said the simple priests, "he was the finest saint in the world." So they carried his body to the church, worked miracles at his tomb, and in due time had him canonised. How many of us confess little offences to escape the imputation of greater sins?

143. Confession, Unconscious.

Washington Irving was one day walking in his orchard dressed in shabby style, when he was accosted by a small boy who was prowling about. Not recognising him as the proprietor, the lad offered with a confidential air to show him "the old man's best tree" if he would shake it for him! Irving agreed, "and by George, sir! if he didn't actually take me to the very best tree on my place!"

144. Confidence assuring Safety.

Almanzor, the great Moor general, once found his army cut off by his Christian foes, and his return to Cordova barred. Nothing daunted he ordered his troops to foray the country round about, and collect materials for sheds, and implements of husbandry.

The Christians seeing the Moslems deliberately tilling the soil, and preparing for the operations of agriculture, began to inquire the reason, and were met with the cool reply: "We do not think it worth while to go home, as the next campaign will begin immediately, so we are making ourselves comfortable for the brief interval." Filled with consternation at the prospect of a permanent Moslem occupation, the Christians not only allowed them to escape, but supplied them with baggage mules to carry off the spoils.

145. Confidence creating Honour.

Dr Arnold of Rugby made the boys at his famous school truthful and high-souled in honour by giving them credit for these things. If a man has any good quality, give him credit for it, and you will find him daily get more.

146. Confusion, Covering.

A negro preacher, of considerable fluency and knowledge of the Bible, was sometimes confused in the pulpit, and would lose his train of thought utterly. At these embarrassing junctures he was wont to call out suddenly at the top of his voice, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" The effect on his fellow-negro hearers was electrifying; and as none but a very highly-favoured being could be thought worthy of this persecution, it added greatly to his spiritual reputation.

147. Congratulations, Quick.

On the evening of the day of President Lincoln's election at the invitation of the telegraph superintendent he was in the central office, watching the results as they came along the wires. He had not long to wait. From all parts came the accounts of a great victory. Then followed a shower of congratulatory telegrams, and from all parts of the country his friends were "shaking hands" with him electrically.

148. Conquerors, Cruel.

When the Gauls besieged Rome, Brennus, their commander, promised that if the Romans would weigh him out a thousand pounds of rich gold, he would take himself and his horde back to his more comfortable woods. This was

accepted. The scales were prepared and the gold was brought out, but the Romans found that their enemies were cheating in the weight. When asked what it meant, Brennus pulled off his heavy sword, threw it into the balances and said, "What does it mean, but woe to the vanquished, 'Væ Victis!'"

149. Conquest, Love of.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who was related to Alexander the Great, conceived a scheme of conquest similar to Alexander's, only going westward instead of eastward. Meeting Cineas, his philosopher adviser—Plutarch tells us—he was asked, "If you conquer the Romans, what use will you make of the victory?" "We shall gain the whole of Italy!" "What next?" "Sicily with her wealth will be ours." "What next?" "Well then, we shall gain Africa and Carthage." "Doubtless," said Cineas, "and what then?" Then said the king with a laugh, "We shall sit down and enjoy ourselves." "Why not sit down now?" was the suggestive reply.

150. Conscience.

"Conscience flourishes best on continuous hard service, and should not be allowed to take a holiday for a single afternoon."

151. Conscience to be Obeyed.

If we begin to quarrel and to debate with our conscience, we are most likely to go wrong. "God," says Jeremy Taylor, "has given us conscience to give us laws, to exact obedience to those laws: to punish them that prevaricate, to reward

those who obey. The kingdom of God is within you. It is our Domestic Judge. He knows all we do: we cannot escape Him: for in another sense it is our best self."

152. Consideration for Others.

"I would rather be a year or two longer in effecting my purposes, than reach them by trampling on men's hearts and hearths."—*Ruskin.*

153. Contentment.

"To be content with littleness is already a stride towards greatness."

154. Contrast, A Striking.

On the desolate levels of Salisbury plain, the isolated slender stateliness of Salisbury's cathedral spire is seen for miles after town and church have vanished beneath the plateau's edge: until we come to that huge circle of Stonehenge, in comparison with whose antiquity Salisbury's spire is modern. The whole of architectural progress lies between the forms of these two famous monuments. Here are rough, uncouth monoliths raised by brute strength, and there are delicately chiselled blocks piled in myriads one upon the other to a dizzy height—the utmost science and the most delicate art creating and maintaining them.

155. Controversy.

"Life is too short, and too full of hard work to give one time to hate and argue with people."—*Charles Kingsley.*

156. Conversation, Fascinating.

Hazlitt has said of Coleridge in his youth, that "he seemed as if he would talk on for ever, and you wished him to talk on

for ever." The poetic well-head continued to flow freely even to old age.

157. Converts, Formal.

In 1499 when Cardinal Ximenes was sent by the Queen of Spain to Granada, he found that Hernando had so wrought on the minds of the populace that it seemed as if the scenes which occurred at Pentecost were about to be re-enacted. In one day no less than three thousand persons received baptism at the hands of the Primate, who sprinkled them with the hyssop of collective regeneration.

158. Conviction Moving Others.

Alton Locke describes how Eleanor spoke to him about the Christ of God: "She spoke to me of Him who died for us. Gradually she turned to me, laid one finger on my listless palm as her words became more intense, more personal. She talked of Him, as Mary would have talked, just risen from His feet. She spoke of Him as I never heard Him spoken of before—with a tender passionate loyalty, kept down and softened by the deepest awe. The sense of her own intense belief, shining out in every lineament of her face, carried conviction to my heart more than ten thousand arguments could do. It must be true! Was not the power of it around her like a glory? She spoke of him as near us—watching us —in words of such vivid eloquence that I turned half-startled to her, as if I expected to see Him standing by her side."

159. Copyists.

"All copyists are contemptible, but the copyist of himself the most so, for he has the worst original."—*Ruskin.*

160. Copyists, Mere.

"Art in no place is so hopeless or resultless as in Rome. The authority of the Ancients in art is there supreme, and without appeal. The mindless copyist studies Raffælle, but not what Raffælle studied."—*Ruskin.*

161. Courage Giving Way.

The hunters of the North West Canada region tell a favourite story of an enthusiastic young Nimrod who was in pursuit of his first bear, and followed the trail vigorously all day, spoiling for a chance to get to close quarters with the animal, but in the evening suddenly turned back, explaining his abrupt termination of the hunt by saying that the bear's tracks were "getting too fresh!"

162. Courage Wears Out.

One of the American Generals says: "Courage, like everything else that is mortal, wears out. Troops used to go into action during our late war displaying a coolness and steadiness the first day, that made them seem as if the screeching of shot and shell was the music upon which they had been brought up. After fighting a couple of days their nerves gradually lost their tension, their buoyancy of spirits gave way, and dangers they would have laughed at the first day, often sent them panic-stricken to the rear at the third."

163. Courtesy.

"Uniform politeness may not make a Saint of a man, but it makes him a very winsome sinner."

164. Covetousness.

It is said that the Romans had a citadel on the Capitoline Hill, and Tatius desired to win it. The guardian was named Tarpeius and he had a daughter, Tarpeia, who was so much attracted by the golden ornaments worn by the Sabines, that she promised to open the citadel to them if each soldier would give his bracelet to her. This was promised, and as each entered he threw his golden ornament upon the poor maiden, until she fell beneath the weight and died, for they wished to show that they hated treachery, though willing to profit by it.

165. Cowards, Shaming.

Once when Almanzor sat in camp and saw his men in panic running in with their enemy at their heels, he threw himself from his throne, flung his helmet away, and sat down in the dust. The soldiers understood the action, and suddenly turning about routed their foes, pursuing them until night fell.

166. Creation, God and.

"Creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow: but the Sun that made it lies behind us hidden from us. Nature is the living visible garment of God."—*Carlyle.*

167. Creator, Evolution and the.

Says a modern scientist dealing with the study of biology: "The whole field of the microscope is crowded with moving bodies that incessantly shoot backwards and forwards, or twirl and spin in ceaseless activity. Whence comes all this active life? It was there that the theory of spontaneous generation took its last stand; it was here that it made

its most desperate resistance, here also it has been most signally defeated. Science now reiterates the dictum that there can be no life without antecedent life. Starting, from no matter how complex a substance, once kill all the germs it contains and supply it with air freed from germs, and no life will ever appear. Life involves a Creator."

168. Criticism, Destructive.

"When naturalists wish to preserve a skeleton, they bury the animal in an ant-hill and dig him up after many days with all the perishable matter fairly eaten away. That is the process that great men have to undergo. A vast multitude of insignificant, unknown and unconscious critics destroy what has no genuine power of resistance, and leave the remainder for posterity."—*Leslie Stephen.*

169. Criticism, Discouraging.

Byron was so sensitive that happening to hear from a friend that someone had said his poems were "all Grub Street," he was so wounded that for a long time after he couldn't bring himself to write a line; and, one morning opening a drawer where the neglected MS. lay, he said, "Look here, this is all Mr S——'s Grub Street."

170. Criticism, Exposing.

Wirtz, a great Belgian painter who now has a gallery to himself at Brussels, was in his day voted mad. The critics both abused and laughed at him. He used to send his odd fantastic pictures to the Salon year after year, but they were always returned: the judges would have nothing to say to him. Happening to become possessed of a genuine Rubens, the malicious idea occurred to him to put his own name to it

and send it up to the Salon. The judges taking it for his own sent it back! Then followed the exposure that might have been expected, and Wirtz began to smile as did many others. Quick upon this, came his rightful recognition and instalment in public honour.

171. Criticism, Trenchant.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, on seeing a rather ill-drawn picture of Adam and Eve, exclaimed, "I deny that I am descended from that couple!"

172. Critics.

"When I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
'I'd not do that if I were you,
You see you're rather young.'

"Now that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told,
Of this or that I shouldn't do,
Because I'm quite too old.

"O carping world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep."

—*Walter Learned.*

173. Critics.

"To be a good critic a man must have all the essential elements of a good author; and yet, whilst we have but few good authors, even the solitary places and the wastes teem with critics."

174. Critics.

"This same Midas, who must be always meddling, distinguished himself by being the umpire in a musical contest between Pan, the god of rude nature, the shepherds and the woods and Apollo, the Sun-god and especial Deity of Music. The ears of this mortal Thracian king preferred the scrannel pipes of Pan to the divine music of Apollo, whereupon the wrathful Apollo turned his ears into asses' ears—a fit punishment for so stupid a critic! But there are ways to hide asses' ears, as modern critics know, and King Midas concealed his from all but his personal attendant."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

175. Critics, Destructive.

"In Art the envious and incompetent have usually been the leaders of attack, content if like the foulness of the earth they may attract to themselves notice by their noisomeness; or, like its insects, exalt themselves by virulence into visibility."—*Ruskin.*

176. Culture, True.

"My university course gave me a boon more precious than learning, namely, the art of learning. Instead of casting into my lazy lap treasures which I should not have known how to use, she has taught me to mine for myself."—*Charles Kingsley.*

177. Culture and Sin.

Knowledge is not necessarily moral force. Sulla, the Roman, in the end of his life retired to his estate at Puteoli, where he spent the brief remainder of his days in mingled enjoying of nocturnal orgies and cultured pleasures. His time was divided equally between learned students of Greek

literature, and female debauchees of the most abandoned character.

178. Cunning.

"He who undertakes to live by his wits will find the best chances already taken."

179. Cunning to Conquer.

The island of Sark after having been captured by the French was recovered to England by a striking piece of trickery. A gentleman of the Netherlands anchored in the roads with one ship, and pretending that the merchant who had freighted it had died on board, besought permission to bury him in the consecrated ground attached to the Chapel on the island. This was granted on condition that the Flemings made certain gifts to the French, and promised to land entirely unarmed. Whereupon a coffin not containing a body but swords, targets, arquebusses, was put into the boat. The French received the mourners on their landing, and searched everyone of them so narrowly that they could not have concealed a pen-knife. Some of the French meanwhile took the boat of the Flemings and rowed to their ship to receive the promised presents; but as soon as they were on board they were seized and bound. The Flemings on land, after they had carried the coffin into the chapel, shut the door; and, taking out their weapons fell upon the French, captured the island, and handed it over to the English.

180. Cynic, The.

A cynical old man is bad: but a cynical young one is a great deal worse. The cynical young man is probably shamming: he is a humbug, not a cynic. But the old man probably is a cynic, as heartless as he seems.—*A. K. H. B.*

181. Danger, Revealed.

In Africa there are two great families of butterflies which are inedible owing to the presence in their bodies of acrid and unwholesome juices. To swallow one of these would be to a bird, monkey, lizard or spider, very unpleasant. So to have their disagreeableness advertised they are arrayed in special eccentricity, distinguishing themselves by loud patterns and brilliant colourings, so that the bird, the monkey, and the rest of them can take in the situation at a glance. For the same reason well-armed and stinging instruments are always conspicuously ornamented with warning colours. It may be taken as a rule that all gaudy insects belong to one or other of these two classes: that is, they are either bad-eating or bad stingers, but in any case, bad.

182. Danger, Survived.

After a terribly fierce engagement, a soldier was greeted by one of his friends with the salutation, "There is a man who went through hell alive!!!"

183. Danger through Fear.

When a man becomes panic-stricken on the battle-field he recognises but one principle for his guidance, that self-preservation is the first law of nature. But his instincts of fear do not always guide him to a safe place. In his confusion he often rushes into more danger, and becomes a ludicrous object to watch. A soldier who lying down with his regiment under cover became greatly alarmed and jumped up starting for the rear, but ran into a level field where he was much more exposed to shot and shell. "What are you doing there?" cried an officer. "Looking for the rear, but it doesn't seem to have any!"

184. Darkness, Absolute.

At 166 feet below the surface of the sea the most highly sensitive photograph plates remained completely unaltered.

185. Death, A Good Man's.

Speaking of the death of John Leech, the great caricaturist, Dr John Brown says, "Who did not deplore his sudden and irreparable loss? It was as if something personal to every one was gone; as if a fruit we all ate and rejoiced in had vanished for ever; a something good and cheery, and to be thankful for, which came every week as sure as Thursday—never to come again."

186. Death and Christians.

In the catacombs at Rome, the contrast between the inscriptions of Christians and those of unbelievers in other burying-places is most striking. The heathen epitaphs rarely express a belief in immortality, but often describe death as an eternal sleep, the grave as a final home, and are pervaded by a tone of great sadness. The catacomb inscriptions abound in hope. Again and again we find—"In peace," "Live forever," "He rests well," "Weep not, my child, death is not eternal," "Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in the tomb."

187. Death and its Loneliness.

There was a man whose little boy died. The father bore up wonderfully. But on the funeral day, after the body had been laid to its long rest, he went out to walk in the garden. There, in a corner, was the small wheel-barrow with its wooden spade, and the footprints left in the earth by the

little feet that were gone! You do not think less of the strong man that at the sight he wept aloud, wept, as Someone Else had wept before him.—*A. K. H. B.*

188. Death, Courage facing.

"One evening, after a dangerous assault had been ordered, I noticed in passing along the line that many of the men had taken off their coats and seemed engaged in mending rents in the back. Upon closer examination I found that they were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper, and pining these slips on the back of their coats, so that their dead bodies might be recognised upon the field, and their fate made known to their friends at home. Never was there a more gallant assault than that made by those men the next day, though their act of the night before bore painful proof that they had entered upon their work without a hope of surviving. Such courage is more than heroic; it is sublime."—*General Sorter.*

189. Death, Humiliation in.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was one of the greatest of ancient warriors. The art of battle was his one absorbing study, and he became one of the greatest tacticians of his day. Yet at the siege of Argos in Sparta he was killed, not in stirring warfare, but by a tile thrown from a house-top by an old woman.

190. Death, Life's Duty in.

When Dr Adam of the Edinburgh High School was dying, he lifted up his hands, so thin and wasted, saying, "But it grows dark, boys, you may go."

191. Death, Pathetic.

On a fair moonlight in May 1840, Paganini, the great musician, lay dying. He desired his friends to open the windows wide, and allow the moon to flood his room. The sound of the night wind in the trees seemed to affect him intensely, calling up fading but happy memories. As the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his favourite violin; and as he struck its chords once more, only to find that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sank back and expired, like one broken-hearted.

192. Death, Premonition of.

On December 23rd, 1882, Wagner conducted his earliest symphony at the request of a small circle of friends in celebration of his wife's birthday. On taking the baton he turned to the musicians and said, "This is the last time I shall ever conduct." "Why?" they asked. "Because I shall soon die." Within three months he was dead and buried.

193. Death, Reminder of.

In the silent La Trappist Monastery in Kentucky, the brotherhood do not, as is commonly believed, daily dig a portion of their own graves. But when one of them dies, and has been buried, a new grave is begun beside the one just filled, as a reminder to all the survivors that one of them must surely take his place therein.

194. Death Securing Liberty.

In the Paris Exhibition of 1878, there was a picture by Mr Armitage, R.A., entitled "Serf Emancipation." It was that of

an Anglo-Saxon noble, surrounded on his death-bed by his family and friends, performing his last act, that of giving freedom to his slaves. By his death they began for the first time truly to live.

195. Death, the Conqueror.

When the armies of Alexander the Great were trampling upon the ancient empires of the East, one country remained undisturbed and undismayed. The people of Arabia sent no humble embassies to the conqueror. Alexander, however, resolved to bring the contemptuous Arabs to his feet: he was preparing to invade their land when death laid its hand upon him, and the Arabs remained unconquered.

196. Death, the Victor.

Wordsworth's daughter, Dora, who became Mrs Quillinan, died about two years before her father. As his end drew near, his wife, wishing to let him know that there was no hope of recovery, said, "William, you are going to Dora." He made no answer at the time, but the next day, as one of his nieces drew aside his curtain, he awoke from a gentle sleep and said, "Is that Dora?" These were almost his last words ere he breathed his last on that fateful 23rd of April.

197. Death, Working up to.

When Dr Keppler attended Wagner in his last illness, he was sent for suddenly, to find the great musician quite unconscious and in the arms of his wife. Feeling for the pulse that was never to beat again, he gently took the body in his arms and carried it to the bed. It could hardly be called a death-bed, for Wagner died as he had lived, working—the

table before him was strewn with books and MSS. with the ink scarcely dry upon the last page.

198. Debt.

"Debt is a good deal like the old-fashioned wire mouse-trap. The hole to get in is four times as big as the one to get out at."

199. Decision Demanded.

When Antiochus the IVth was met by the Roman ambassadors who brought the Senate's missive forbidding his war with Egypt, he asked time to consider. Popilius Lænas drew a circle round him in the sand with his stick, and demanded that before he stepped out of it he must decide. This brought him to decision; he gave up the war and returned to his capital.

200. Decorations, Homely.

Writing on "Hard Times in the Confederacy," it is declared that at one time it was almost impossible to get uniforms for either soldiers or officers. It was not merely that money was short, but there was no material to be had. As instancing this it is said that the insignia of rank on the sleeves and collar of a distinguished Confederate General were made by his wife from *pieces of yellow flannel which before the war had been one of his children's petticoats.*

201. Deeds, Immortal.

"Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die: unnoticed to-day it will be found flourishing as a banyan-grove (perhaps, alas! as a Hemlock forest) after a thousand years."—*Carlyle.*

202. Deeds, Immortality of.

"Our deeds are like children that are born to us: they live and act apart from our will. Nay! children may be strangled but deeds never. They have an indestructible life, both in and out of our consciousness."—*George Eliot.*

203. Deeds, not Words.

"Thou hast already more religion than thou makest use of. This day thou knowest ten commanded duties: seest in thy mind ten things which should be done for one which thou doest."—*Carlyle.*

204. Defeat Over-ruled.

It was said, after the great American war, by an eloquent Journalist, of "the defeaten but not crushed or disheartened Confederate soldier, that he turned his charger into a plough-horse and set to work to create a prosperity more firm and desirable than that which was based upon human slavery which had now received its death-blow."

205. Degeneration.

What happened to the Romans and Goths also befell the Moors. They came to Spain, rough, hardy warriors, unused to ease or luxuries, but before long the soft luxuries brought sad degeneration to them. They lost their brave habits, their love of daring deeds, their pleasure in hardships—in a word—their manliness. In place of a brave army there was, after a few years, a disorganised crowd of debauchees, who had drunk and fooled away their vigour, and become slaves to all the appetites that make men cowards.

206. Delay, Danger of.

During the American war, some Union prisoners in Andersonville plotted to tunnel their way out. For many weary nights, under constant fear of detection, with blistered hands and aching backs, they toiled. Finally, it was completed; a few more strokes and they would be at liberty. Some were for going immediately, but others said, "Not to-night. Let us rest until to-morrow night." They waited. But just before sunset a heavily-laden waggon was driven around the enclosure, the precious tunnel was destroyed, and their captors saw the secret that meant so much to the captives. Almost escaped but—.

207. Delicacy of Tone.

The last handful of refined tin or Drontheim copper thrown into the bell-metal apparently without any method, but with the infallible method of instinct; when the seething mass reaches a certain temperature, or presents a certain appearance—*that* is indispensable to the rich true tone of the bell.

208. Deliverance, Timely.

It is said that at the time that the Gauls were attacking Rome and tainting the defenders, they demanded that they should be given a thousand pounds in weight of rich gold, as the price of their withdrawal. That the scales were brought and the gold was being weighed, when the sound of Comillus, the delivering General, knocking at the gates was heard. Soon he entered with his army, took the gold out of the scales, threw them and the weights to the Gauls, telling them it was the custom of the Romans to pay their debts in iron, not in gold.

209. Despair.

"Thick curtains of night rushed over his soul as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom: and through the ruins of a shivered Universe was he falling, falling towards the abyss."—*Carlyle.*

210. Despondency, Fighting in.

The *elan* of the Southern soldier was never seen after the battle of Chickamauga—that brilliant dash which had distinguished him on a hundred fields was gone for ever. After that he fought stoutly to the last, but it was with the sullenness of despair, and without the enthusiasm of hope.

211. Destiny.

"There is one preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons: his name is Destiny, is Divine Providence, and his Sermon the inflexible course of things." —*Carlyle.*

212. Destruction, Mercy in.

The termites—a species of insects that play the part of animal scavengers—seldom attack a healthy tree, but only those in which disease has begun to make its inroads. But for them there would not be a forest left in the world, for the dead would choke the living. Mankind would probably suffer less from the utter loss of one or two of the larger animals than it would from the extermination of the termites.

213. Destruction, Secret.

"The termite lives almost exclusively upon wood: and the moment a tree is cut or a log sawn for any economical purpose, this insect is upon its track. One may never see the insect,

possibly in the flesh, for this white ant lives underground; but its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house, perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched upon the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants. But one day suddenly the doorpost totters, and lintel and rafters come down together with a crash. Furniture, tables, chairs, everything made of wood is inevitably attacked, and in a single night a strong trunk is often riddled through and through, and turned into matchwood."—*Professor Drummond.*

214. Details, Carefulness in.

General Hill, writing of Stonewall Jackson, says: "Invidious critics have attributed many of Jackson's successes to lucky blunders, or at best to happy inspirations at the moment of striking. Never was there a greater mistake. He studied carefully (shall I add prayerfully?) all his own and his adversaries' movements. He knew the situation perfectly, the geography and topography of the country, the character of the officers opposed to him, the number and material of his troops. He never joined battle without a thorough personal reconnaisance of the field. That duty he never trusted to any engineer officer."

215. Device, Extraordinary.

In one of the Federal Campaigns, the hill-slope on which they were encamped was so steep that they could not sufficiently depress their guns to aim at their foe who were fast forcing their way up. So the artillerymen lighted the fuses of the shells and bowled them down the slope by hundreds as fast as they could.

216. Devotion.

In a description of the plains and prisons of Western Siberia, we read, "We went to the prison for exiled families, which contain nearly three hundred men, women and children. Dozens of children were crying from hunger or wretchedness, and the men and women were tired, but sleepless and dejected. None of the women were criminals. All were voluntarily going into banishment with their sentenced husbands, and most of them were destined for points in Western Siberia."

217. Devotion, Absolute.

Is there in the drama of all humanity a more picturesque or pathetic figure than that of the African slave, following his southern master to the battlefield, marching, hungering and thirsting with him, serving and cheering *that master who was fighting to keep him in slavery?*

A Kentucky negro followed his master into the southern army, stayed with him until he fell on the field, lay hid in the bushes a week; and, finally after many hardships, got back to his mistress in Kentucky, bringing his dead master's horse and purse and trinkets.—*J. Lane Allen.*

218. Devotion and Safety.

When Almanzor was taking his conquering way through Spain, he came to the shrine of St James near Barcelona. All the inhabitants had fled from the place, but one solitary monk still prayed before the shrine. "What doest thou here?" demanded Almanzor. "I am at my prayers," replied the old monk. His life was spared, and a guard was set round the tomb to protect him and it from the violence of

the soldiery, who proceeded to loot and destroy everything else in the city.

219. Devotion, Constant.

A recent visitor to Washington Irving's grave says, "It is in the middle of a large plot purchased by him six years before his death. The stone that marks his resting-place is a plain slab of white marble on which are engraved his name and date alone, without any memorial inscription. The path that leads to the entrance gate of the plot is so worn by the feet of visitors that a stranger needs not ask his way to the place."

220. Devotion, Personal.

It is said of Wordsworth's sister that she lived mainly to help, encourage, and serve him. When he returned from France, full of shame and despondency because of his ship-wrecked hopes of the Revolution, she turned him from dark and harassing thoughts and brought him into contact with the healing powers of Nature. She softened and humanised him, opening his heart to the more hidden beauties and gentler affections of life.

221. Devotion, Stirred.

St Jerome, the celebrated scholar and monk, the translator of the Vulgate, used when at Rome on Sundays to visit with his friends the vast catacombs underground that he might quicken his devotion by the sight of the tombs of martyrs and confessors from the times of persecution.

222. Devotion to Sovereign.

When in the early days Her Majesty the Queen visited the Highlands with Prince Consort, she made the acquaintance of the Duke of Athole. Years passed and the Sovereign became a bereaved, sad woman, and again visited the Duke who was slowly dying of an awful malady. He rose from his bed insisted on accompanying his Royal Mistress to the train—kissing her hand, and bidding her, with great dignity, farewell.

His amazed and loving people stood silent and awed, almost scared by something greater than Majesty—the presence of that Shade who waits for us all—as the Duke with his dying lips raised the enthusiastic parting cheer for his monarch.

223. Difficulties, Early.

Gainsborough, the artist, had no so-called advantages. Though a member of the Royal Academy he did not seem to have a very high opinion of it, and on the occasion of hanging one of his most beautiful paintings he quarrelled with the Committee ; the picture was withdrawn, and he never sent another to its exhibitions. Yet, by sheer genius, he rose to the highest distinction, and his name is to-day one of the foremost in Art.

224. Difficulties, Triumph over.

Once when Paganini was playing the violin at Leghorn, the candles suddenly fell out of his desk. This caused some ill-mannered tittering among the audience. But the great musician went on playing as though nothing had happened. Then his first string broke, and there was more laughter ;

still he continued to play as though these things were of little consequence to the magician, but finishing the rest of the concerto with only three strings the laughter was now changed to vociferous cheering.

225. Dignity, Sham.

In times of great national insecurity, a doll, which by a clockwork movement graciously bowed its head, used to be carried through Paris in the King's carriage, and receive the huzzas of the crowd or the shots of the assassin!

226. Diligence, Need for.

Stay not! Pause not!
The noon is near:
The sun hath climbed the height.
Stay not nor fear!
Follow till thy work be done!
On, ever on!

No summer beam shall scorch thee
Nor sudden wave o'erwhelm thee
Till thy task be ended.
On, ever on!
Through the mist and through the night,
Through the blinding morning light
By elements befriended
Till thy work be done.

Thou wouldst sail the sea,
The mountains wouldst thou scale,
Upon the starry worlds
Exhaust thy vision frail;

Stay not for the storm,
And stay not for the hour,
A greater master yet
Holds thee in his power.

The noon is here,
Thy work undone,
The end draws near
Ere thou hast won.

Conquer death for he is weak
And the gathering days are strong,
Time to struggle, time to seek
While the untired moments throng.
Close about thee: seize the first
Then to thee the second turns
And the third is all thine own,
Thine the light, and thine the strength,
Thine the throne!

—*Annie Fields.*

227. Disadvantages, Conquering.

When Henry Martyn, the sainted and cultured missionary, was in India, he suffered from irresistible drowsiness. He could hardly keep himself awake. It was only his burning earnestness and self-mastery that enabled him to labour so ceaselessly and effectually.

228. Disadvantages, Conquering.

"I had been industrious in my fight with the weeds in my garden, but in spite of my efforts I spied a huge fat intruder growing up arrogantly in the midst of my sweet-

peas. My first impulse was one of resentment, and I was on the point of seizing the offender, when I was arrested by a discovery. I found that the flowers, seeing they could not get rid of their enemy, had, with an instinct human beings do not always disclose, turned it into a means of ascent, climbing by it into the sunlight."—*Dr Hulbert.*

229. Disappointment Overruled.

There have been very popular writers who were brought out by mere accident. They did not know what precious vein of thought they had at command till they stumbled upon it as if by chance, like the Indians at the mines of Potosi. It is not much that we know of Shakespeare, but it seems certain that it was in patching up old plays for acting, that he discovered within himself a capacity for producing that which men will not easily let die. When a young military man, disheartened with the service, sought for an appointment as an Irish Commissioner of Excise, and was sadly disappointed because he did not get it, it is probable that he had as little idea as anyone else that he had an aptitude for war which should make him famous as Duke of Wellington.

230. Disaster.

The difficulties of transport during some of the operations of the American Civil War were almost unsurmountable. In one instance, a heavy waggon sunk in the mud until the axles were completely lost; and the driver of the team, instead of beating his mules and swearing, simply sat on a rock by the wayside, looked at the poor wretched, panting animals, and cried as though his heart would break.

231. Disaster, Memorials of.

At Agrigentum, where Hannibal gained a great victory, the citizens appealed to him to ransom the prisoners and respect the temples of the gods. He spurned the suggestion, razed the walls to the ground, and destroyed nearly the whole city. To this day the ruins of the temples show the marks of the crowbars by which the columns were overthrown.

232. Disenchantment.

"There are human beings whom, if you are wise, you would not wish to know you too well. I mean (if such there be) those who think very highly of you: who imagine you very clever and very amiable. Keep out of the way of such! Let them see as little of you as possible. For when they come to know you well they are quite sure to be disenchanted. The enthusiastic ideal which young people form of anyone they admire, is smashed by the rude presence of facts."

233. Dishonour, the Doom of.

After accepting of a dishonourable escape from Syracuse, the Carthaginian general, Himilco, and a few personal friends, returned to Carthage; but the rest of the army surrendered, and were sold as slaves. But he did not long escape the punishment due to his treachery and cowardice. All the nation plunged into mourning by the terrible disaster which had happened. Every house, every temple was closed: all rites of worship were stopped, and private business was suspended. The city crowded to meet the ships which were bringing back Himilco and his followers, and inquired the fate of friends and relatives. When the whole truth was known, a cry of wailing went up from the crowd. The general himself

landed from his ship clad in the meanest garb. Stretching his hands to the sky he bewailed aloud the disasters which had fallen on himself and his country. He publicly confessed his treachery, and after visiting every temple in the city with this confession upon his lips he went to his own house, blocked up his doors, and refusing admission even to his own children, starved himself to death.

234. Dismal Natures.

Stodart, the sculptor, met Fuseli one lovely day in Oxford Street, carrying his usual huge gingham umbrella. He accosted him with the inquiry: "Holloa, Fuseli, what do you want that old umbrella of yours for this fine day?" "Oh! I'm going to see Constable." "What has that to do with it?" "Why," said Fuseli, "whenever I go to see him *he is always painting rain.*"

235. Display, Dislike to.

John Leech, in his days of greatest popularity, would never go to houses where he knew he was only asked in order to be seen and trotted out like a pony, for exhibition and admiration.

236. Disrespect, Rebuking.

When Secretary Stanton sent a military commission to the White House with a request that the President would sign it, Lincoln saw the ample signature of Stanton with the countersignature of the Adjutant-general attached; there was a neat but tiny, snug-looking space for his own autograph. He returned the paper to the messenger and said, "My compliments to the Secretary for war, and tell him the President will sign any *proper* commission that may be sent to him."

237. Dissatisfaction.

After the death of the Khalif Abd-er-Rahnnan III., one of the most successful and clever of all the Moorish rulers in Spain, a paper was found in his handwriting in which he had carefully noted those days in his long reign which had been free from all sorrow; they numbered only fourteen.

"O man of understanding, wonder and observe, how small a portion of unclouded happiness the world can give even to the most fortunate."

238. Dissenters, Russian.

Mr George Kennand, who has written the most authoritative book on Russia, says: "I met large numbers of dissenters exiled for their religious opinions both in the Caucasus and in Siberia. It is the unvarying and universal testimony of both the civil and military officers of the Russian government that these dissenting Christians form the most honest, the most temperate, the most industrious, and altogether the most valuable part of the whole population in the regions to which they have been banished."

239. Disturber, Rebuking the.

Once when Father Taylor of Boston was in the midst of a most eloquent sermon, his voice pitched to its highest key, a man rose from his pew near the pulpit and started to walk down the broad aisle. Suddenly, as a typhoon sometimes subsides to a calm, the old man stopped, and then in his own peculiar whisper that pervaded the whole building, went on, "Sh—sh—sh! keep still all of you, and don't disturb that man walking out."

240. Doubt.

"In our age of down-pulling and disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil."—*Carlyle.*

241. Doubts, Fighting.

"The Everlasting No had pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my Me; and then it was that my Me stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest."—*Carlyle.*

242. Dreams and Character.

"Can an unpoetical man have poetic dreams? I doubt if he can. If the master of the house is asleep, and some imp of darkness and misrule sets to playing all sorts of tricks, turning everything topsy-turvy, ransacking all manner of hidden places, making every kind of grotesque conjunction, and running riot in utter incongruity and drollness, he still must be limited to what he finds in the house—to his master's goods and chattels. So it is I believe with dreams; the stuff they are made of lies ready-made, is all found on the premises to the imp's hand; it is for him to weave it into what fantastic and goblin tapestry he may. The kaleidoscope can make nothing of anything that is not first put in at the end of the tube, though no mortal can predict what the next shift may be."

243. Drink, the Destroyer.

Alexander the Great at thirty-two was often violent and gloomy in temper, shaking off his colossal cares only by the deep draughts and the noisy excitement of a long night revel. After several nights of excessive drinking he was seized with

fever, and public alarm was aroused. Then came the anxious watching, the constant bulletins to the army, the solemn march of the Macedonians past the bedside of the speechless monarch. Then came the news of his death, and that the world had lost its master. Alexander, the Conqueror, had been conquered by Drink.

244. Duty, Devotion to.

On the tomb of Leonidas is written in beautiful simplicity and truth, "Stranger, tell it at Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws." The general and his valiant three hundred had laid down their lives coolly, resolutely and alone, for patriotism and duty.

245. Duty is Immutable.

"The infinite nature of Duty was still dimly present to me: if as yet my sealed eyes with their unspeakable longing could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there."—*Carlyle.*

246. Duty, Reverence for.

It is said of the Duke of Wellington that he always put the word duty as his first aim, and loved to look not to his own private ends but to public results. Too used up after Waterloo, save to eat a little and throw himself on his bed, the tears channelled white streaks down his battle-grimed face the next morning when his secretary read over the roll-call of the dead, and he wrote to a friend, "I cannot express the regret I feel at these losses."

247. Dying, Bravely.

Defoe in his "Plague of London," tells of a man who, with death in his face, opened the door to an apprentice, and said, "Go to Cripplegate Church and bid them ring the bell for me," and with those words he shut the door and went upstairs and died.

248. Dying, To Music.

In a wonderful paper on the child Marjorie Fleming, Dr John Brown says: "She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, 'My head, my head!' Afterwards, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished, 'Oh, yes! if you would just leave the door open a wee bit and play "The land o' the leal," and I will lie and think and enjoy myself.'"

> "She set as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

249. Early Days, Influence of.

Wordsworth tells us that when he left Cambridge and went to London, he was preserved from the cynicism and contempt for human nature which the deformities of crowded life often breed, by the remembrance of the kind of men he had first lived amongst, a manly, simple, uncontaminated race, invested with interest and dignity by living in the fields, and moving about among the grand accompaniments of mountain, storm, and sunshine. The good had come first, and the evil, when it did come, did not stamp itself into the groundwork of his imagination.

250. Earnestness, The Power of.

Speaking of a visit paid to Count Tolstoi, George Kennan the traveller says: "I cannot repeat from memory all the arguments and illustrations with which he enforced his views and fortified his position; but I still remember the eloquence and earnestness with which they were presented, and the deep impression which these made upon me. The ideas themselves were not new: but they never appealed to me with any real force until they came from the lips of a strong, sensitive and earnest man who believed in them with passionate fervour."

251. Education.

The main element in all education is the sympathetic and inspiring contact of a fit teacher with young minds. So a lioness trains her whelps: so a mother rears her children: so Socrates and Dr Arnold educated young men. The imparted spirit in education, as in some churches, is by the laying on of hands.

252. Education.

"Too wide by far is the view taken by many that education should cease after leaving school or college, and that extreme youth is the only seed-time of life. Not only is this but partially true, but on the whole it is deplorably false. The purpose of education is only to fit a man to learn, not to fill him with learning. We do not take all our meals at breakfast-time, nor should we insist on loading our heads with all the learning in the morning of life."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

253. Education, Artificial.

Principal Shairp, writing on Wordsworth's collegiate life at Cambridge, says: "College life produced on him but little

impression. On men of strong inward bias the university often acts with a repulsive rather than a propelling force. Recoiling from the prescribed drill they fall back all the more entirely on their native instincts. The stripling of the hills had not been trained for college competitions; he felt that he was "not for that hour, and for that place." The range of scholastic studies seemed to him narrow and timid. The college dons inspired him with no reverence: their inner heart seemed trivial: they were poor representatives of the Bacons, Barrows, Newtons, of the old time."

254. Education, True.

"The increasing tendency to rely upon examinations as a test of education is liable to gross abuse and self-deception. True education is not a drill but an inspiration; not the knowledge of mere text-books but the instruction of a living man. It is not to be confounded with a martinet process or a frequently recurring judgment-day!"—*T. Munger.*

255. Efficiency, the Test of Work.

An equal quantity of work measured only by the time given to it, never has and never will secure equal results. It is not the quantity or time of labour that tells, but the effectiveness with which it is pursued.

One man will waste more leather in a given time by want of aptitude or skill, than another will convert into good and useful boots and shoes. Profit has been defined as "the margin which mind gains over muscle."

256. Egotism.

"Poor Oliver Goldsmith was very angry when at the Club one night he was stopped in the middle of a story by

a Dutchman who had noticed that the Great Bear was rolling about in preparation for speaking, and who exclaimed to Goldsmith, 'Stop, stop; Toctor Shonson is going to speak!'" —*A. K. H. B.*

257. Elevation: Its Impressiveness.

Speaking of churches and their power to impress the beholder, a modern authority on architecture says: "The Frenchman loved height and breadth, the Englishman loved length most, and cared least for height. But height in an interior is in truth the great enchanter, the great soul-subduer, the great poetizer and awe-inspirer. Length is seen and understood and valued at its worth. Height is *felt*, and the longer we submit ourselves to its influence, the more mysterious, the more bewildering, the more supernal it remains."

258. Elim.

"The second night we encamped at Wady Sürdür, where the bitter wells of Marah were visited. Only by digging in the sand could we find even salt water. But at Elim we found abundance of fresh water, and a lovely spot upon which to pitch our tents for the night."—*Dr Wilson.*

259. Embarrassment.

Says George Eliot of one of her characters who had made an unhappy remark: "She stole out of the room like a culpable black spaniel who has barked unseasonably."

260. Emergency, Resource in.

In the autumn of 1873 an outbreak of fever took place at Uppingham town and school, and some boys died. The

school was broken up and sanitary improvements were resolved upon, but the town declined to help. When the school reassembled after Christmas a new outbreak of fever occurred. It was a critical moment. Telegrams from anxious parents came pouring in. The head master, Mr Thring, conceived a bold step. Once more the school was broken up for a three weeks' holiday. Intimation was given to the parents that after Easter the school would open in some place then unknown. Search was made, and at length, Borth, a small watering-place on the Welsh coast, was chosen as the temporary home of the school. In twenty days after the site was secured, the school resumed its work on the wild Welsh coast, more than a hundred miles from its forsaken home. Such confidence had the parents in the school authorities, that only three boys had failed to follow them in this adventure; and two years after the school returned with great rejoicings to its old home.

261. Eminence, Strange Idea of.

E. S. (now Lord St L.) is the son of a hairdresser who is said to have been very eminent in his own way. A gentleman once asked the man who was cutting his hair whether he remembered anything of him. "Oh, yes! I remember him very well when I was an apprentice. Wonderful man! Had half-a-guinea for cutting hair! Nobody like him since!" "Well," said the gentleman, "his *son* is a very eminent man too in *his* way." "Oh, is he, sir?" "Yes; the first lawyer in England." "Oh, is he, sir?—I never heard of him!"

262. Employment, Exhilarating.

An Edinburgh clergyman of a rare and quaint genius was one day seen gazing at the Carlisle Mail as it came thunder-

ing down *The Bridges*. "What are you thinking?" said a reverend brother. "I'm thinkin' that next to preachin' the everlastin' gospel, I would like to drive the mail."

263. Encouraging Followers.

When Agathocles attacked Carthage he was very anxious to hearten his followers for the fierce struggle that he knew would be involved. He led them therefore to attack first a district in which the wealthiest citizens had their farms and country houses. It was a region of rich pastures, of olive-yards and vineyards, and his Sicilian followers were astonished and delighted at the beauty which they saw. This so inspirited them that two other towns quickly fell into their hands, and the campaign became one of confident victory from that moment.

264. Endurance.

Among the negroes in Kentucky before the war which set them free, there were many who would travel long journeys to preach to their fellows. One of these who had been allowed by his master to fill a distant appointment got belated, and returned home after the hour forbidden for slaves to be abroad. He was caught by the patrol, and cruelly whipped. As the blows fell, his only words were, "Jesus Christ suffered for righteousness' sake: so kin I."

265. Endurance, Brave.

When a bitterly cruel review of Wordsworth's poetry had appeared, one of his friends wrote him a letter of hearty sympathy and regret, and to this the poet replied: "Trouble not yourself upon the present reception of my poems: of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their

destiny! to console the afflicted: to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier: to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous. This is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldering in our graves."

266. Endurance, Resolve of.

General Grant telegraphed to General Thomas: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible. Please inform me how long your present supplies will last, and the prospect of keeping them up." To this General Thomas replied: "We will hold the town until we starve!"

267. Enemy, Learning from the.

Rome had no navy when Carthage was the foremost of maritime peoples. But one day a Carthaginian vessel being wrecked upon their shores, they set to work to copy the vessel, and in two months' time had launched a hundred and thirty similar vessels.

268. Enemy reckoned for.

Domestic architecture in England began with the fifteenth century. Until then it was almost literally true that every man's house was his castle. Every dwelling was built for at least occasional defence, and its arrangements were subordinated to this governing idea. The houses of all the great nobles were fortresses into which the family and retainers were crowded in case of attack.

269. Enemy, The, Near.

When Carthage had regained some of its lost riches and population, Rome again became jealous of her former rival, and Cato gave voice to the feeling that she ought to be destroyed. One day in the Senate he drew from his toga a bunch of early figs, threw them on the floor and exclaimed, "Those figs were gathered but three days ago in Carthage, so close is our enemy to our walls!"

270. Enterprise.

"In the matter of success there is too much fatalism in even most good men. They have a vague trust that Providence will do more than it has promised. This God's Providence which reaches to all events should be used to help us to be resigned after we have done our best and failed, but should never be used as an excuse for not doing our best."—*A. K. H. B.*

271. Enthusiasm.

"Coldness and want of passion in a picture are not signs of the accuracy, but of the paucity of its statements; true vigour and brilliancy are not signs of audacity but of knowledge."—*Ruskin.*

272. Enthusiasm, Lack of.

"Miss Harriet Young was a brilliant amateur pianist. Her singing—she had a light high soprano—was even more esteemed; people were not musical enough to understand the merit of her playing. I remember hearing her in the Mendelssohn D minor trio at Professor D'Alquen's one night, and being much overcome by my feelings at the wild and

magnificent close, I turned to a musician who was standing close to me and exclaimed, "'Tis like going to heaven by a whirlwind!'" *He merely stared!—H. R. Haweis.*

273. Enthusiasm, Rousing National.

At one crisis in the American Civil War, an indescribable gloom and doubt hung over Washington city for nearly a week, paralysing its traffic and crushing out its very life. But news came of the return of the New York 7th Regiment, and vast crowds gathered at the depôt to have ocular proof that relief had at length reached the Federal Army. As they passed up the street, with their well-formed ranks, their soldierly bearing, their gaily floating flags and inspiring music, they seemed to sweep all thought of danger and all taint of treason not only out of that great national thoroughfare, but out of every human heart.

274. Enthusiasm, Uncalculating.

General Grant once sent a detachment of his soldiers to Lookout Mountain, merely to reconnoitre, to feel for the enemy. To his amazement he by-and-by saw the place crowned with flame and smoke, the hissing guns pouring out their charge. After the battle was over Grant sent for General Wood, and asked, "Did you order that charge?" He said "No." To Hooker and to Sheridan the same query was put, and from them the same reply was received. The fact was that the men were so full of eager enthusiasm no power in the world could stop them. They sprang from rock to rock. They defied danger and death itself. The victory was won! Then in the bewildering joy they felt, they sat down, pounded their knees and cried for very gladness at the thought of their arduous triumph.

Oh! for something of such self-obliterating enthusiasm in the grander cause of winning the world to God!

275. Eternity in Life.

"Round the little islet of our lives rolls forever the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* external hues and reflexes, making strange, prophetic music."—*Carlyle.*

276. Evading the Question.

A royal pupil once asked Haydn what he thought of his playing, "Vy, sir, your Highness plays like a Prince," was the great musician's shrewd reply.

277. Evil Excused.

We call vile things by harmless names and think so to excuse them. A certain Scotch hawker, who had brought her children into town with her, was selling her goods to the inhabitants when some of the children ran in to her and said, "Mary, your weans are stealing the eggs out of the hen's nest." Quite exultingly she replied, "The Lord be praised! I am glad to hear that the bairns are beginning to show signs of *thrift!*"

278. Evil, Mystery of.

"A vain, interminable controversy, touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world."—*Carlyle.*

27. Exaggeration.

One of the Generals in the American Civil War was wont to employ negroes as scouts to learn the whereabouts and

force of the enemy. The negroes knew the country well; knew how to see without being seen; and by *dividing by threes* the numbers they gave, a trustworthy estimate of their numbers could be gained!

280. Excuses.

In one of Defoe's stories there is a quaker, who, being on board a British vessel—practically a pirate-ship—which is in action with a Portuguese man-of-war and seeing a chance of boarding, forgets his peace principles, and coming up to the captain says, "Friend, what dost thou mean? Why dost thou not *visit* thy neighbour in the ship, the door being open for thee?"

281. Excusing Self.

Of a certain General Bragg, a Confederate Commander, it has been said that his want of definite and precise information led him more than once to issue impossible orders, and those intrusted with their execution got in the way of disregarding them. He was always ready to find a scapegoat for every failure and disaster. This made his officers cautious and reluctant to strike a blow even when an opportunity presented itself, unless they were fortified by a positive order.

282. Exhilaration.

"A tremendous gale of wind has acted exactly on me like champagne and cathedral organs in one, and restored what I call my magnetic tone."—*Charles Kingsley.*

283. Exiles, The Jews as.

Men and women, chivalrous and saintly, in other relationships, have denounced and persecuted the Jew almost in proportion

to their chivalry and sanctity, and this has endured almost to the present hour. The broken nation has wandered into the lands of their exile, so utterly cold for them—footsteps of blood in a wintry landscape.

284. Experience.

"Give me the pilot to direct me, who has sailed through the difficult channel many a time himself! Give me the friend to sympathise with me in sorrow, who has felt the like. The great force and value of all teaching lie in the amount of personal experience which is embodied in it."—*A. K. H. B.*

285. Experience Teaches.

"Of all art-satirists, none have such a pervading sense and power of girlish and ripe womanly beauty as Leech. Hogarth alone, as in his 'Poor Poet's Wife,' comes near him. There is a genuine domesticity about his scenes that could come only from a man who was much at his own fireside, and in the nursery when baby was washed. What he draws, he has seen. What he asks you to live in and laugh at and with, he has laughed at and lived in. It is this wholesomeness that makes Leech more than a drawer of funny pictures, more, even, than a great artist."—*Dr John Brown.*

286. Expression, Defective.

Leech's drawings for the wood-block were marvels of beauty, Great admiration has been bestowed upon the delicacy and artistic feeling shown in the wood-blocks as they appeared in *Punch*, but anyone who saw them as they came from his hands would scarcely recognise the same exquisite gems when they appeared in print.

287. Exuberant Spirits.

Dickens was a man of extraordinary alternations of depression and overflowing fun. Being in Southsea once on a reading tour, he suddenly felt the temptation to indulge his predilections for imitating the frolics of a clown of the Grimaldi type. The street being of red-brick houses, with clean windows and white window-frames, seemed set for the comic business. Dickens mounted three steps leading to one of the houses, and giving three raps on the doorpost, was proceeding to lie down on the upper step, clown fashion, when the door suddenly opened, and a stout woman appeared, to the intense amusement of Dickens and his friends, who immediately beat a retreat as though followed by an imaginary policeman.

288. Eyes, Keen.

It is said of John Leech that nothing escaped his notice, and hence in all the thousands of his drawings for *Punch* there was no vestige of a repetition. The time might be the same, but there was delightful variation. He thought nothing too small to be studied, and so his clothing of his figures, and his backgrounds to his drawings, are as faithful to life as the figures themselves.

289. Eyes, Power in.

"I seem to see Mendelssohn—his slight figure, his wavy, sunny hair, his noble forehead, his large gentle eyes, beaming with a certain childlike fondness, full of unconscious simplicity, flashing at times with *a fire so intense that it seemed to burn into the soul of every man in the orchestra.* His spirit alone seemed to sway the musicians, who followed every inflexion,

vibrating to every pulse of his meaning, as though he had placed them under some strange kind of magnetic control."—*Rev. H. R. Haweis.*

290. Eyes, Still but Forceful.

"Eyes deep under their shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy; have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or diabolic fire, and half-fancied that their stillness was but the rest of an infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning top?"—*Carlyle.*

291. Face, Beauty of.

"There is not any virtue, the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features: nor on them only, but on the whole body, both the intelligence and the moral faculties have operation."—*Ruskin.*

292. Faculty Lacking.

"Whewell's ability was of a truly cosmic and almost universal character, but nature had denied him one gift—that of music. He always beat time in chapel, and generally sang atrociously out of tune. Music to him was something marvellous and fascinating: he could talk learnedly on music, admire music, go to concerts, have music at his house, worry over it, insist upon silence when it was going on: and yet I knew, and knew that I knew that he knew nothing about it. It was a closed world to him, and riddle he was bent on solving."—*H. R. Haweis.*

293. Failures.

"The work of young artists should be full of failures, for these are the signs of efforts: they should go to Nature in all

singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning and remember her instruction."—*Ruskin.*

294. Faith and Doubt.

"An Atheist I never was: but in my early life I wandered through many doubts and vain attempts to explain to myself the riddle of life and this world, till I found that no explanation was so complete as the one I had learned at one's mother's knee."—*Charles Kingsley.*

295. Faith, Decline of.

"I am more and more painfully awake to the fact that the curse of our generation is that so few of us deeply believe anything. Men dally with truth and with lies. We must pray to God to give us faith: faith in something—something we can live for, and would die for."—*Charles Kingsley.*

296. Faith in Leader.

Long before Stonewall Jackson had risen to the height of his great fame, he had won the implicit confidence of his troops in all his movements. "Where are you going?" one inquired of the soldiers as they were making a stealthy march to the enemy's rear. "We don't know, but old Jack does," was the laughing answer. It was faith, the fruit of past victories, the prophecy of other and yet greater achievements.

297. Faith in Victory.

Walt Whitman in a letter written home in October 1863 from the seat of war says: "The war is not settled yet: and one can see nothing certain, or even promising for a settlement.

But I never lose the solid feeling in myself, that the Union triumph is assured, whether it be sooner or later, or by whatever round-about-way we may be led there. That conviction never changes, whatever reverses, delays, or blunders we meet. I have never wavered nor had doubt of the issue since Gettysburg."

298. Fallacies, Popular.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link: but if you show how admirably the last few are united together, half the world will forget to test the security of the equally essential links which are kept out of sight.

299. Fame.

"It is wonderful how oddly and whimsically fame is gained: Methuselah, because he was the oldest man, and Samson, because he was the strongest man: another is known because he can walk upon a tight rope, and another because he can swim across a channel. If it were in my power to preach the most splendid sermon ever uttered by mortal lips not a newspaper in the world would take the slightest notice of it, but if I put up an umbrella in the pulpit or tore the pulpit Bible in two, many a paragraph would report the eccentricity."—*Dr Parker.*

300. Fame.

Her lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with a hundred pair of wings,
News from the farthest quarters brings:
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she hears, and ten times more.

—*Churchill.*

301. Fame.

"Jack Sheppard lives in Story, while many a noble, virtuous man and woman, many a saint once on earth, and now a saint in heaven, is unknown and unheard of. Fame is represented as a woman, flying on the wings of the wind, and carrying her own trumpet, and she is capricious in her favours."

> "The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it."

—*J. Hain Friswell.*

302. Familiarity.

"Man every where lets use and wont lead him by the nose: let but a rising of the sun, a creation of the world happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, noteworthy, or noticeable."—*Carlyle.*

303. Familiarity and Perception.

"If you leave off looking at violins, you soon get out of practice as a judge of their quality; you fail to see the subtle differences, you get like a tea-taster off his palate. To know fiddles and be able to judge them, you must be always looking at them."—*H. R. Haweis.*

304. Fashion in Fiction.

The fashion in heroines continually changes. We have had in turns the arch, the hoydenish, the masculine, the mawkish, and the good young lady. At one romantic period the heroine generally went mad; and when the heroine went mad in white satin, the faithful attendant in white muslin lost her reason.

305. Fashion, The Slave of.

"What is *The Times* itself, which so stirs some people's indignation, but a gigantic Sancho Panza, following by an attraction he cannot resist that poor, mad, scorned, suffering, sublime, enthusiast, the modern spirit: following it indeed, with constant grumbling, expostulation, and opposition, with airs of protection, of compassionate superiority, with an incessant by-play of nods, shrugs, and winks addressed to the spectators: following it, in short with all the incurable recalcitrancy of a lower nature, but still following it."—*Matthew Arnold.*

306. Father, Authority of.

In ancient Rome the authority of the father in the family was paramount. The son did not pass from his father's control whilst that parent lived, but the daughter might do so by marriage. The power too of the father over his grandchildren as well as over his slaves was very complete, and the family spirit was very strong.

307. Fatherhood, the Divine.

"They who led thee into life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee thou namest Father and Mother. They were but thy nursing father and mother. Thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the Spiritual."—*Carlyle.*

308. Fault, Curing a.

A negro on one occasion told his master of the stealing of a keg of lard, naming the thief and the hiding-place. "Say not a word about it," replied the master. The next day he

rode out into the field where the culprit was ploughing, and getting down walked along beside him. "What's the matter, William?" he asked after a while. "You can't look me in the face as usual!" The negro burst into tears and confessed everything. "Come to-night and I will arrange so that you can put the lard back and nobody will ever know you took it." The thief never stole again.

309. Fear, Commanding through.

Professor Drummond tells how that when he heard that four of his native men had run away from him in the night and, fearing that the three others would when they heard of it, take to flight, he ordered them to come to his tent. Their dialect was unknown to him, but he felt he must somehow or other impress and make them afraid of deserting him. So he drew his revolver from under his pillow, and laying it before him began to address them. Beginning with a few general remarks on the weather, he first briefly sketched the geology of Africa and then broke into an impassioned defence of the British Constitution. The three miserable sinners—they had done nothing in the world—quaked like aspens. He then followed up his advantage by intoning in a voice of awful solemnity the enunciation of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, and then threw his all into a blood-curdling *Quod erat demonstrandum.* The trick succeeded completely, and the men remained absolutely faithful.

310. Fear, Danger in.

"In times of epidemic all that tends to increase and heighten vitality is of direct service in enabling us to withstand disease. Fear depresses the system, and he who gives

way to it simply surrenders to the enemy before being attacked."—*Dr Pithin.*

311. Fear, Eccentricity of.

Fear generally affects persons when death is threatened, in an inverse ratio to the value of their lives. In battle an officer upon whom the fate of a command depends will risk his life generously unmoved by a sense of fear, while a shirk whose life is of no importance to the engagement, will skulk in the rear and dodge all danger.

312. Fears, Groundless.

"Did you ever sail over a blue summer sea towards a mountainous coast, frowning, sullen, gloomy; and have you not seen the gloom retire before you as you advanced; the hills, grim in the distance, stretch into sunny slopes when you neared them, and the waters smile in cheerful light that before looked so black when they were far away? This is a parable of life."

313. Fear Minimizing Resources.

It is said that General M'Clellan always had more troops in the American war than he knew what to do with and was always calling for more. Secretary Stanton one day said of him, "If he had a million men he would swear the enemy had two millions and then he would sit down in the mud and yell for three!"

314. Fear, Religion of.

In ancient Rome the temple of Janus was closed in time of peace and only opened in time of war when the people came to plead for success on their arms.

315. Fear, Severity and.

When the cholera was raging in Virginia a Dr Buzzell, a physician of great local celebrity, was called to see a stalwart negro who was in a state of collapse mainly through terror. Taking in the situation at a glance, the doctor accused him of shamming, then feigning intense excitement he seized a switch and began to thrash the negro. The more he groaned and said he was dying the more he thrashed him, until he brought on such a complete reaction that the man recovered.

316. Feet, Huge.

Abraham Lincoln was fond of a kindly joke, and on long marches through forest and prairie he and his friends often beguiled the weariness and monotony by flashes of fun and wit. One chilly morning he complained of feeling cold. "No wonder," said a facetious cavalier, "there is so much of you on the ground."

317. Fire, Evolving.

"One of the natives slowly drew from the sewn-up monkey skin, which served for his courier-bag, a small piece of wood about three inches long. With a spear-head he cut in it a hole the size of a threepenny piece. Placing his spear-blade flat on the ground to serve as a base, he stretched over it a scrap of bark-cloth torn from his girdle, and then pinned both down with the perforated piece of wood, which a second native held firmly in position. Next he selected from his arrows a slender stick of very hard wood, inserted it vertically in the hole and proceeded to twirl it round with great velocity between his open palms. In less than half a minute the tinder was smoking sulkily, and after a few more twirls it was

ready for further treatment by vigorous blowing, when it broke into active flame."—*Professor Drummond* in "*Tropical Africa.*"

318. Fire, Transforming.

On the west of Ascension Island, the beaches are heaped with rounded fragments of shells, corals, etc., which though loose on the surface, are, at the depth of a few feet, cemented into solid stone, some of which is actually too hard for building purposes and has the ring of flint. The limestone has come into contact with a stream of lava, has been melted, and on cooling down has become perfectly crystalline, as sparkling marble as that which the sculptor uses for his statues.

319. First Sense of Love.

"Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart: tones of an infinite gratitude: sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided."—*Carlyle.*

320. Fishing, Good.

In a recent article on "Camping out in California," it is stated that an English doctor and a Chinaman servant resting a day by a river caught trout as fast as they could throw their lines. Here Ah Hing performed the rare exploit of catching forty-eight fish with one worm—the most remarkable illustration of Chinese thrift in one's whole experience.

321. Flag, Devotion for the.

"I have a little flag (it belonged to one of our cavalry regiments) presented to me by one of the wounded: it was taken by the Secesh in a fight and rescued by our men in a

bloody skirmish following. It cost three men's lives to get back that four by three stars and stripes flag—to bear it from the breast of a dead rebel—to get that little 'rag' back again."

322. Flattery.

"Sir Walter Raleigh knew well what he was doing when he flung his cloak, and had the maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same."—*Carlyle.*

323. Flattery, Extravagant.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild once entertained Napoleon III. at his magnificent seat at Ferrieres. The fête cost a million francs, and the gold and silver plate used were afterwards melted down that it might serve no humbler guests!

324. Flippancy in Death.

When Heinrich Heine was dying, a friend bending over him asked him if he were on good terms with God. "Let your mind rest," said Heine. "God will pardon me; that's what He's for!" And so, with a devil-may-care mock upon his lips, went forth to his eternal account.

325. Folly.

"In the vain laughter of folly, wisdom hears half its applause."—*George Eliot.*

326. Folly, Impotence of.

"An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down."—*George Eliot.*

327. Folly, Repentance for.

On the evening after the Battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington wrote a certain letter, the contents of which have not been disclosed; some years afterwards, he paid a hundred guineas to get it back again. On getting it, he instantly burned it, exclaiming, that when he wrote it, he must have been the greatest idiot on the face of the earth!

328. Fools.

"The fool-crop seems as good this year as last."—*Charles Kingsley.*

329. Fools.

"For the mischief that one blockhead, that every blockhead does, in a world so feracious, teeming with endless results as ours, no ciphering will sum up."—*Carlyle.*

330. Fools, The.

"It is a difficult question to which the answer cannot be elicited, 'Who is the greatest fool in the world?' But every candid and sensible man knows thoroughly well the answer to the question, 'Who is the greatest fool that he himself ever knew?' Himself."—*A. K. H. B.*

331. Force, Divine.

Professor Tyndall, in speaking of the conservation of energy, says, "Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves, magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude, asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ may melt into air, the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls

in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy, the manifestations of life as well as the display of phenomena, are but the modulation of its rhythm!" But Wordsworth gives this a personal character when he finely sings :—

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

332. Forebodings.

It is said that John Foster, great mind though he was, was so morbid that he could never heartily enjoy the fine, bright summer weather, for, thinking how every sunny day that shone upon him was a downward step towards the winter gloom.

333. Foretastes of Heaven.

Speaking of Lincoln Cathedral, quaint old Thomas Fuller remarks, "The south side meets the travellers thereunto twenty miles off, so that *their eyes are there many hours before their feet.*" Do not we often sing ?—

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !"

334. Forgetting his own Work.

Burke once managed to find an early portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, as a joke, took it to the great

artist as a specimen of a young man's work, about whom he was anxious to know if he should continue in the profession. "Is the painter a friend of yours?" "Yes," was the reply, "I know him, and am much interested in him." "Well," said Sir Joshua, again studying the portrait attentively, "I really don't feel able to give an opinion one way or the other. *It is a cleverish thing*, but whether there is sufficient promise in it to justify me advising the young man to adopt art as his profession, I cannot say." He had completely forgotten his own picture.

335. Forgiveness, Commanded.

When the Moors were conquering Spain, one of the Spanish leaders who was dragged before Sultan Hakam, told him in the heat of his fanatical rage, that, in hating him, he was obeying the voice of God, to which the Sultan made reply, "He who commanded thee, as thou dost pretend, to hate me, commands me to pardon thee. Go and live in God's protection."

336. Forgiveness, Generous.

The Emperor Octavius of Rome, after his long conflict with Antony and subsequent victory over him, was magnanimous enough to declare that he had burned unread all the papers that might have incriminated his opponent.

337. Forgiving Heart.

Emerson in his essay on "Greatness" describes Abraham Lincoln as an example of the "Great style of hero" who "draws equally all classes." His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

338. Foundation, Importance of.

"The safety of the spire is not in the thinness of the top, but in the firmness and solidity of the bottom."

339. Friends.

"The man who can count his friends upon his fingers is comparatively safe."

340. Friend, Loss of.

Emma Lazarus used to tell how pathetically W. E. Channing spoke of his friend Thoreau's removal. He never spoke of his death but always of "Thoreau's loss," or "when I lost Mr Thoreau." One day when I sat with him in the sunlit wood, looking at the gorgeous blue and silver summer sky, he turned to me and said, "Just half the world died for me when I lost Mr Thoreau. None of it looks the same as when I looked at it with him!"

341. Friendship.

"No soul is utterly desolate so long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence."—*George Eliot.*

342. Friendship, Painful.

The book in which Matthew Arnold uses the weapons of wit and humour and caustic sarcasm most, he calls with refined satire, "Friendship's Garland." It is a garland made up mainly of stinging nettles!

343. Friendship, Waning.

The reason there is so little abiding friendship is that most of it is based upon policy rather than principle.

344. Frivolity cannot enjoy the Good.

"When I heard Parsifal at Bayreuth I felt more than ever the impossibility of producing it at Drury Lane or Covent Garden before a well-dressed company of loungers who had well-dined, and were on their way to balls and suppers afterwards."—*H. R. Haweis.*

345. Fun even in Flowers.

"Quaint orchids—those flower-jesters which seem always making faces and fun at us and all nature."—*Dr John Brown.*

346. Fuss not Force.

"We bustle: God works."—*Charles Kingsley.*

347. Future, Confidence as to the.

Almanzor of Spain who started in life as an insignificant student at the University of Cordova, dreamed of power, and confidently predicted that one day he would be master of Andalusia. He even asked his school-fellows—who were little more than boys—what posts they would prefer to have when he came to power. When that event came to pass—as it did—he did not forget his promises.

348. Future, Mercy hiding the.

If the June rose could guess
Before the sunbeam wooed her from the bud
And reddened into life her faint young blood,
What blight should fall upon her loveliness
What darkness of decay, what shroud of snow—
Would the rose ever blow?

If the wild lark could feel
When first between two worlds he carolled clear,
Voicing the ecstasy of either sphere,
What apathy of song should o'er him steal,
What broken accents and what faltering wing—
Would the lark ever sing?

Alas, and yet alas
For glory of existence that shall pass!
For pride of beauty and for strength of song!
Yet were the untried life a deeper wrong.
Better a single throb of being win
Than never to have been!

—*Kate P. Osgood.*

349. Gambling.

Among the Romans gambling was deemed disreputable, and was forbidden during the Republic, except at the time of the Saturnalia, though both Greeks and Romans allowed very aged men to amuse themselves that way.

350. Generosity.

Once when at the height of his popularity in Paris, the great musician Liszt was found by a friend holding a crossing-sweeper's broom at the street corner. "The fact is," he replied, "I had no small change for the boy, so I told him to change a five-franc piece, and he asked me to hold his broom for him till he returned."

351. Genius.

"Sculpture is of the arts the one most likely to fall into flat commonplace, and the most difficult to keep up in the

region of art and out of the region of mere imitation. Nothing is more tiresome in sculpture than anything that falls short of the best. A mediocre sculptor is lost. He must be a genius or he will be a nobody."—*Van Rensselær.*

352. Genius Admired.

Liszt was only twelve when he first played at the Italian Opera, and at the close of a *bravura cadenza*, so absorbed were the band in watching the young prodigy that they forgot to come in with their accompaniment. Their failure was worth a dozen ordinary successes, and made the pianist the talk of the country.

353. Genius and Poverty.

"Come back to my memory like as thou wert in the day-spring of my fancies—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard. How have I seen the casual passer-through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblichus or Plotinus: for even then thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts: or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar: while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed the accents of the inspired Charity-boy!"—*Charles Lamb.*

354. Genius Depressing Others.

Mr Frith, R.A., says: "At Antwerp, Rubens is seen in all his glory. A terrible sense of inferiority takes possession of all sensible painters on seeing the work of the greatest men. To approach them, much less to rival them, seems utterly hopeless. This depressing feeling has to be subdued; and then a reverent study of the methods and principles dis-

played in immortal works will improve all who study them with intelligence."

355. Genius Needing New Instruments.

Paganini and Liszt are the creators of the modern violin and pianoforte. Their genius demanded modifications that to all intents transformed the instruments. Their great brain and daring originality revealed in how many particulars both the instruments might be improved.

356. Genius Privileged.

"There is a difference between the license taken by one man and another in depicting nature, which makes the license of the one admirable and the other punishable."—*Ruskin.*

357. Genius, the Reward of.

Parsini, the artist, on one occasion brought to his friend Paganini a concerto of extraordinary difficulty to read at sight, and placing a choice Stradivarius violin in his hands said, "This shall be yours if you can play that concerto at sight in a masterly manner." "If that is the case," replied Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it," and playing it off at once, he retained the violin.

358. Gentlemen, Questionable.

A certain good-looking orange-seller in London was induced by Mr Frith, R.A., to sit to him as model. One day, in trying to interest her in conversation, he asked her if she was not sometimes annoyed by the soldiers and street-loafers of Albany Street, where she usually stood to sell her fruit.

Her reply was very significant. "Yes, sir, sometimes I am bothered; but it is by swells. Gentlemen is much greater blackguards than what blackguards is!"

359. Gladness, Rarely indulged.

In the rear of the chapel of the Convent of Saint Catherine on Mount Sinai, is a place that the monks call the "place of the burning bush" and this is backed by a rock, through a rift in which the sun enters a single cheerful gleam but once a year. It knows three hundred and sixty-four days of gloom and only one of gladness.

360. Gloom suddenly dispelled.

"Once in the heart of the Southern Catskills we were lost in the fog. We began to go very slowly, for we were on the track of an avalanche, which looked perilously steep. But all of a sudden we had one of the finest surprises of our whole trip, for swiftly whirled up by the breeze, the fog lifted like a curtain rolled up, and then new wonders, new views awaited us every moment, till at last the whole valley below us stood in the clear sunshine."—*John Burroughs.*

361. God.

"Time and space are not God; but creations of God: with Him it is an universal Here: so it is an Everlasting Now."—*Carlyle.*

362. God, Belief in.

"Oliver Cromwell believed in God, like a man whose Great Commander's eye was always on him."—*Carlyle.*

363. God ever present.

"The Almighty God is not like a clockmaker, that once, in old immeasurable ages, having *made* His horologe of a Universe, sits ever since and sees it go."—*Carlyle.*

364. God Immutable.

When the followers of Mahomet stood mourning beside his bier one of them roused the others by the enquiry, "Is it Mahomet that you have believed in, or the God of Mahomet?" The rebuke was effective, and they returned to do Mahomet's service, conscious that God remained unchanged.

365. "God in the Little."

Writing on the grass of the field Dr Macmillan says: "Its exquisite perfection enables us to see how God cares for helplessness and lowliness. In studying it, we seem to get behind the veil within which the Creator works in secret: we come into contact as it were with Him who is invisible. Each blade whispers to us, 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' and we reply, 'Surely the Lord is in this place.'"

366. God, Revealed.

In some parts of Southern France when the lavender is in bloom the perfume penetrates everywhere. It steals into the houses through every crack and cranny, and has no need to announce its presence. If God possesses us, His love will be shed abroad in our hearts as a penetrating fragrance, and of that revelation of God as of our Master it will be said, "It was noised abroad that He was in the house." Christians fragrant with the grace of God repeat the Incarnation.

367. God, Symbols of.

"The universe is but one vast symbol of God, nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself, but a symbol of God."—*Carlyle.*

368. God, The Peace of.

Wordsworth describes St Mary's Lake as being so utterly calm that the "swan floats double swan and shadow." God's peace is so calm and eternal that whilst all the needs of all His creatures find their answer and response in Him, nothing disturbs His deep serenity.

369. God, Universal idea of.

"Have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal: as existing in a Universal Here, an Everlasting Now?"—*Carlyle.*

370. God's Treasure—The Bible.

Many of the river sands of Ceylon consist of fragments of rubies, sapphires and garnets intermixed with others of quartz and mica. The bed of the Manickganga in particular is so full of ruby, as to remind one of the story of Sinbad. Such is the Book of God in spiritual enriching and beauty. No wonder that as those that findeth great spoil, devout hearts can say "Thy word is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

371. Goodness unrecognised.

"Were we to crown all deserving people, we should see crowds of crowned heads walking the streets. How many men and women devote their lives to others, take but an

indifferent share of what they earn, and after a life of hardship creep to their graves without an idea that they have done a meritorious action? There are heroes unknown and unnoticed as great as those who wear the Victoria Cross."

372. Gratitude.

A blind woman who was enabled by a very skilful operation to see, asked to be at once taken to see her minister; she had longed for years to see his face who had led her to see in the Lord Jesus the altogether lovely.

373. Gratitude.

"The lesson which men learn as individuals they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit."—*Ruskin.*

374. Gratitude.

When Leech read the notices of his sketches which Thackeray wrote in *The Times*, he was hugely delighted and exclaimed with enthusiasm "That's like putting £1000 in my pocket."

375. Gratitude.

"Let us not forget that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living."—*Ruskin.*

376. Gratitude, Songs of.

"If anyone looked over the plain of cornfields in early spring, there would be seen brown dots in the air, everywhere

brown dots, and each a breathing creature, larks ceaselessly singing, and all unable to utter fully their joy. Swift as is the vibration of their throats, they cannot pour the notes fast enough to express their eager welcome. As a shower falls from the sky, so falls the song of the larks. There is no end to them: they are everywhere: over every acre away across the plain to the downs and up on the highest hill. Every crust of English bread has been sung over at its birth in the green blade, by a lark."—*Richard Jefferies.*

377. Gratitude, Touching.

Wordsworth was once so warmly thanked by an old man for cutting through at one blow a root at which he had been long haggling in vain, that the tears in the old man's eyes drew from the poet these lines:—

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning:
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

378. Gravity of Mind.

"Not that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among Chancery Suitors, but rather the gravity of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano. into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly stars, but perhaps also glances from the regions of the Nether-fires." —*Carlyle.*

379. Great Men.

All history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the History of the great men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, the modellers, patterns,

and in a wide sense the creators, of whatever the general mass of men contrived to do or attain. All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outward material result, the practical realisation and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world.

380. Great Men.

"Great men are the inspired texts of that Divine book of Revelation whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch by some named History."—*Carlyle.*

381. Greatness and Simplicity.

"All simple people are not great, but all great people are simple!"

382. Greatness, Strange Ideas of.

In the Malay Archipelago man-slaying is a proof of greatness; the hero is the murderer. In the island of Ceram no one is allowed to marry until he has cut off one head at least.

383. Greatness, True.

President Lincoln once found a poor fluttering bird in the grass, fallen out of its nest. At considerable trouble he climbed the tree and put it back into its place.

384. Growth, Gradual and Destructive.

The first lichens to appear on rocks are mere stains; but, by the growth and decay of successive generations of these, a thin film of soil is formed, upon which larger kinds take root in their order, and at last one may see rocks, or old tombstones, covered with a crust of lichen an inch or more

thick. At last the mineral matter of the rock is not only reduced to powder, but mixed with organic remains, without which the higher order of plants could not live.

385. Growth, Sudden, very precarious.

Most of the Pacific islands are of volcanic origin, hills and islands of volcanic matter having been raised to a height of several hundred feet in the course of a few hours; but they are ever liable to as sudden a disappearance.

386. Grumblers.

"Some really good men and women cannot let slip an opportunity of saying anything that may be disagreeable. There is something very unsound about the man whom you never heard say a good word of any mortal, but whom you have heard say a great many bad words of a great many mortals."—*A. K. H. B.*

387. Guidance in the Dark.

In Durham Cathedral in ancient times from a chamber in the north porch a monk watched ceaselessly to give immediate entrance. The chamber has been destroyed, but the old knocker still hangs where it has hung since late Norman days. The empty eye-sockets of the grotesque face, that is still a fine bronze mask, were probably once filled by a flame set behind them, that even those whose flight should be in the darkness, might be guided safely and aright.

388. Guilt, Emblem of.

It is an old law in Scotland that when a murderer is caught in the very act of guilt he may be immediately executed, without any formality or delay. One criminal so caught was

hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of his victim scarce dry upon his fingers.

389. Guilt, Sense of.

"Larkin's dog made a raid upon our camp, but as he was disposed to be too friendly, and to claim too large a share of the lunch, we gave him the cold shoulder. For some days he did not again appear, but one day he slyly stole in and began to investigate the pails that stood in the shallow waters of the creek. He had uncovered the butter and was about to taste it when we shouted, and he made quick steps for home with a very "kill-sheep" look.

When we again met him next day, he could not look us in the face, but sneaked off, utterly crestfallen. This was a clear case of reasoning on the part of the dog, and afterward a clear case of the sense of guilt from wrong-doing. The dog will probably be a man before any other animal is."—*John Burroughs.*

390. Habits, Control of.

If a railway engine-driver found that he could not stay nor stop his engine nor reverse its action when he wanted to do so, he would soon find out the reason, and have the matter looked to. When our habits are our slaves we can respect ourselves: when we are slaves to our habits we neither respect ourselves nor do others respect us.

391. Habits, Fixed.

"He knew our nature best who said that it is not good that man should be alone. Solitary men grow very fossilised in their notions and actions, and cannot endure to be roused up out of them. If people mean to share their lives with others

they should do so before they have settled too rigidly into their own peculiar ways."—*A. K. H. B.*

392. Habit, Force of.

Edmund Kean was a great smoker, and during his last illness the relinquishment of this habit by his doctor's orders was a great privation to him. During the momentary absence of his attendant (when his death was only thought to be a matter of hours), he made his way with great difficulty into the next room and then lighted a cigar. He was persuaded to return to his bed, and never again rose from it.

393. Habits, Picture of Evil.

Worms frequently undermine and even penetrate the walls of old buildings, and by causing them to sink have by degrees helped to bury them. No building is safe from their burrowing, so it is said, unless its foundations be carried down to a depth of six or seven feet.

394. Hand Guided by Mind.

"The hand is ever guided only by mysterious operations of the mind."—*Carlyle.*

395. Handshake, Hearty.

Speaking of an invitation to dine with Mr Gladstone which he once received, T. Sidney Cooper says: "After dinner, as Mr Gladstone had to go to the House of Commons, he left us about eleven o'clock, and upon parting with me he again thanked me with a shake of the hand—such a shake! one that had the heart in it and went straight to mine. I have had hands in mine that had no more life or heart in them

than the touch of a 'shorn sheep's tail,' but Mr Gladstone's was very different."

396. Happiness.

"The Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator."—*Carlyle.*

397. Happiness: An Art.

"Happiness is an art, and we have to learn how to be happy just as we have to learn how to be good."

398. Happy Hours.

Someone has recently called the slow, sweet hours that pass, "As diamond dust within Time's magic glass!"

399. Health, Importance of.

The hygienic rules of the Talmud and Koran were of the greatest wisdom. The idea of parasitical and infectious maladies, of which we now hear so much, was at the back of the ceremonial laws of Moses. The animals prohibited for food were those specially liable to parasites, and the organs of those animals which were eaten, which were forbidden, are precisely those organs which are specially liable to disease.

400. Hearers, Outgrowing.

"We have all known cases of young preachers who at twenty-five drew great crowds but who ten years later, having grown and become a good deal tamed and sobered and in the judgment of competent judges vastly improved, now attracted no more than a respectable congregation. For whilst the

preacher has matured, many hearers remain immature and their tastes have not advanced with his."—*A. K. H. B.*

401. Hearers, Quality in.

Speaking of some fine Chamber Concerts held in Willis's Rooms some years ago a modern musician says: "The rooms were never really full on these occasions, but those who were there, loved music and showed it by their intense listening and deep appreciation. The players all seemed to feel the atmosphere sympathetic and genial; everyone played heartily and the artists—the best that could be obtained—gave their best."

402. Heart, Big.

"He could clasp the whole universe into his bosom and keep it warm; it seemed as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph."—*Carlyle.*

403. Heart, Eternity in the.

"The little pool in street or field apart,
Glasses the heavens and the rushing storm:
And into the silent depths of every heart
The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form."

—*C. E. Markham.*

404. Hell on Earth.

A well-known literary man who met Mr George Kennan on his return from Siberia declared, "I have been talking with a man who has seen hell!"

405. Hell, The modern.

"The thing a man does infinitely fear (the real hell of a man) is that he do not make money and advance himself.

The modern hell is the terror of 'not succeeding,' of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world, chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular hell?" —*Carlyle.*

406. Hero Eulogising.

On the day of John Brown's execution—the man whose abortive raid led to slave-emancipation in America—there were religious services held, and funeral bells were tolled. "Some eighteen hundred years ago," said Thoreau, "Christ was crucified: this morning perchance Captain Brown was hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links." "The road to heaven," said Theodore Parker, "is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps also as easy." Emerson, using a yet stronger figure, had already called him "a new saint, waiting yet his martyrdom, and who, if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross."

407. Hero, The real.

"No man is a hero in the eyes of his valet," is a proverb untrue of real heroes, who are more heroic the more truly we know them, but is true of most men, who are best at a distance and cannot be known intimately.

408. Hills and Valleys.

"The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose: the inactive plain sleeping like the firmament with cities for stars, and the fiery peaks with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven saying, 'I live for ever.'"—*Ruskin.*

409. Hint, Kindly.

Mr Frith, R.A., relates that when as a lad he was travelling with his father by mail-coach from Leeds to London they were packed closely with two other travellers inside the coach. "Is this your son?" said one. "I believe so," replied my father. "Then would you mind asking him to manage his legs a little better? I should like to get to London with some skin on my shins, if it's all the same to the young gentleman."

410. History, Godless.

"A godless century looking back on centuries that were godly produces portraitures more miraculous than any other. How shall the poor philosophic historian, to whom his own century is godless, see any God in other centuries?"—*Carlyle.*

411. History in Houses.

"The oldest nations, with the chisel, or the brush dipped in indelible colours, wrote down upon tablets of rock or upon the walls of their buildings, all that they knew. A house was something more to an Egyptian or a Ninevite than a mere place to dwell in: it was a book as well. The libraries were the towns and cities crowded with volumes large and small, from the pyramid and temple down to the humble home of the labourer. Everywhere, in the square, on the palace-front, on both sides of the way, the whole lore of the world was so displayed that he who ran might read."—*Professor Hosmen.*

412. Holy Places.

"George Fox turned from the clergy with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his leather-parings and his Bible. That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Loretto-shrine or Vatican."—*Carlyle.*

413. Home, Lonely.

You take your wife and children over to the railway station, and you see them off to the seaside, whither you are to follow by and by. You come back from the railway station—to what? Home? No! The house is there, but it is not home. How startlingly quiet! You go to the nursery and you feel the silence. There are the pictures on the walls: the little chairs: some flowers still quite fresh, lying upon the table laid by the little hands. Gone! Yes: for life and love make home, not merely four walls, however splendidly decorated and furnished.

414. Home, Love of.

Sir Walter Scott used to say that he loved the honest grey hills of Scotland as his very life, and that if he did not see the heather once a year he thought he should die.

415. Home, Love of.

"The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott. On the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears to his eyes."—*Carlyle.*

416. Home, Yearning for.

Lieutenant Greely of Arctic fame, says: "I have seen cold stern men from the harsh, hard north who blanched not in battle's heat, feared no foe, and stood at no fatigue, in strange-wise waste slowly away, falling sick unto death for lack of face and voice that had been left behind in their burning zeal for our country's cause."

417. Honesty, Despising.

Mr Frith, R.A., tells of a certain picture-dealer of whom his pupil used to say that he was one of those who acknowledged that "honesty was the best policy, but thanked God they could do without it!" It is said of him, too, that shaking hands with his gloves on, he would say, "Excuse my glove, sir; it is the honester skin of the two."

418. Honours, Doubtful.

So common did personal decorations in France become, that there was a satirical proverb current there to the effect, "No one can escape death, and the Legion of Honour!"

419. Honour, Fading.

Ez-Zaghal, one of the Moorish conquerors in Spain, was at last overcome by Ferdinand. He was allotted a small territory with the title of King of Andarax. He did not remain long in the land of his lost glory and present shame. He sold his lands and went to Africa, where he was cruelly blinded by the Sultan of Fez, and passed the remainder of his days in misery and destitution, a wandering outcast—pitied by those who could recognise the former hero in a mendicant's rags, or read the badge which he wore, whereon was written in the Arabic character, "This is the hapless King of Andalusia."

420. Honour, Manly.

When a proposal was made to Alexander that he should make an attack upon Darius at Arbela, under cover of the night, he replied with great warmth—"I steal no victory,' and this was practically his motto all his days.

421. Hope, Deathless.

General Grant was a man of unbounded hopefulness and sanguine enthusiasm. After a long and fierce battle the tremendous roar to the left, growing momentarily nearer and nearer, told of an attempt to cut him off from the river and from retreat. Grant sat on his horse, quiet, thoughtful, almost stolid. Said one to him, "Doesn't the prospect look gloomy?" "Not at all," was the quiet reply. "They can't force our lines around these batteries to-night—it is too late. Delay counts everything with us. To-morrow we shall attack them with fresh troops, and *drive them, of course.*"

422. Hope deferred.

When the American Civil War seemed to be near its end, there was the keenest excitement for the news of the final defeat of the slavery-upholders. Day after day hope was deferred and prediction failed, troops did not come, ships did not arrive, railroads remained broken, messengers failed to reach their destination. The Washington telegraph operators listened for the ticking of their instruments conveying the news and listened in vain.

423. Hope ever.

Out on a world that's gone to weed!
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed:
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil.
The heart is still young in the mother-soil:
There's sunshine and bird-song, and red and white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light's white as ever, sow and believe:
Clearer dew did not glisten round Adam and Eve:

Never bluer heavens nor greener sod,
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God:
There's a sun to go down, to come up again.
There are new moons to fill, when the old worlds wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?
Who'll that babe be, in yon cottage door?
While your Shakespeare, your Milton takes his place in the tomb,
His brother is born and will presently come;
There's glancing of daisies and running of brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world's not all wisdom, nor poems, nor flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four hours,
The same light, the same night. For your Jacobs, no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years:
There's waving of wheat, and the tall strong corn,
And his heart-blood is water that sitteth forlorn.

John Vance Cheney.

424. Hospitality.

"The perfect host so entertains that on leaving the guest feels more pleased with himself than with his host."

425. Humanity, Indifference to.

A modern writer speaking of a certain gifted professor says: "His chief misfortune is that he does not take notice of other persons. He knows Sanscrit and chemistry, political economy and history; but when he meets men and women, his eyes discharge blank cartridge at them. When a human being is to be perceived, he is helpless."

426. Humility, Ability and.

David Cox, the magnificent water-colour artist, was never appreciated during his lifetime at his proper worth. Many of his choicest works hung through the season without finding a purchaser; he sold them by the score for a few shillings each: gave them as presents to children, and was troubled to find they were deemed not gay enough in colour. He exchanged some of them with a brother-artist for a tube of colour worth sixpence, with a frame-maker in payment for the trouble of mounting a drawing. Yet he knew his work was good, but his knowledge was mixed with true humility. Standing before one of his own works, he had been heard to say softly, "Not so bad, David, not so bad!"

427. Humility, Genuine.

When an exhibition was held of John Leech's sketches, it took London captive. It was full all day long and as full of mirthful delight. But from his reserve, and humble sensitiveness, Leech himself could never be got to go into the room, except alone. He had a strange horror of being, what he called, "caught and talked at by enthusiastic people."

428. Humility of Knowledge.

Diodorus, an old Greek historian, relates that when Semiramis, the Assyrian queen, had subdued many nations, loaded with spoil, she broke into Ethiopia. There she came upon a beautiful lake, whose waters were ruby red in colour, and of a sweet flavour like that of old wine. Whoever tasted it became intoxicated and confessed his misdeeds. Deep draughts of the waters of knowledge will humble a man and make him to know how little he has known, or known aright.

429. Humility, Touching.

When President Lincoln was elected to his high office, his home at Springfield became a very Mecca, at which gathered all manner of admirers. Travellers stopped for a few hours to shake hands with him; newspaper correspondents made it a temporary headquarters to send pen-pictures home of his personal appearance, his daily habits, his home and public surroundings. Artists came to paint his portrait, ambitious politicians and veteran statesmen to exchange views and press favourite theories; but Lincoln remained unchanged both in himself and his daily routine. There was no sign of elevation, or rulership, or even elation. He kept the same bearing, which, for a quarter of a century, had made his name a household word for manly affection, virtue and honour.

430. Humour.

"That mysterious quality called humour, that fragrance and flavour of the soul, which God had given us to cheer our lot, to help us to 'take heart and hope and steer right onward,' to have our joke, that lets us laugh and make game of ourselves when we have little else to laugh at or to play with—of that which gives us when we will the silver lining of the cloud, and paints a rainbow on the darkened sky out of our own troublous tears."—*Dr John Brown.*

431. Humour and Strength.

An American poet has been described as being "a merry lad, brimming with mischief, and, like the saddest natures, continuing to effervesce as the gladdest do, all his days. Such a temperament is like *a marble gladiator hiding behind the spray of a fountain.*"

432. Humour, Irrepressible.

At a time when it was raining in torrents day and night, and rations were very scarce, General F—— ordered an Irish soldier, for some misconduct, "to be confined for ten days on bread and water." "Thank yer honour kindly for the bread," said Pat; "it is not often we sees the likes of that. But never mind the wather: we gits plenty of it from above."

433. Hunger, Risking Life to assuage.

After a victory attended with great slaughter, the victorious troops were seen to ransack the haversacks of the killed, to find coffee and sugar and other articles of food to which they had been for a long time strangers. It was astonishing to see into what places of peril the soldiers would go in the hope of finding something to eat: they would often face the severest fire on the chance of securing a full haversack.

434. Hurry.

You live in a hurry. Your mind gets into a feverish state. You live under a constant feeling of pressure. You think while you are doing anything, that something else is waiting to be done. Such a feeling as that is quite fatal to doing one's best. Lord Chancellor Thurlow used to say, "I divide my work into three parts. Part I do: part does itself: and part I leave undone." But most of us could not, dare not resolve to do the last. So we go with a will at our work, till body and mind rebel.

435. Idea, Birth of an.

Mr J. Randell, the author of "My Maryland," one of the most thrilling of the American war-songs, tells us how it

came to be written. He says: "I read the news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore, and it excited me greatly. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung. About midnight I lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit seemed to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect."

436. Ideas, Noble.

There is an Eastern story of two brothers each wishing to perform a deed that should be immortal. One reared a massive obelisk carving it with beautiful devices and inscriptions. The other digged a well and planted tall date palms around to shade the pilgrims, who now bless his name and memory daily.

437. Ideals, Value of.

The tendency to contend for an ideal state of Society, strongest in the most worthy minds—is the essential law of all advance. Without this, we could not advance one step. Such men as Cromwell, Fox, Fourier, Carlyle, Emerson were the dreamers who perceived and so helped the practical workers to achieve far more than else would have been possible without lofty ideals.

438. Ideal, Waiting for an.

Describing the statue of Richter at Bayreuth, a modern writer says: "I do not know who was the artist—not a

Canova, certainly. His head is kindly and commonplace —he wears a flower, which looks like a penny one, in his buttonhole. He holds a pencil in one hand and a pocket-book in the other. He is waiting for an idea! He has been waiting now for more than fifty years in all sorts of weather, and the idea will probably never come to him now!"

439. Idleness.

"Out of the loud-piping whirlwind, audibly to him that has ears, the Highest God is again announcing in these days, 'Idleness shall not be.' God has said it, man cannot gainsay."—*Carlyle.*

440. Idlers.

It is a curious perversion of the notion of merit that dignity should be attached, not to those who do something, but who do nothing. Dr Johnson was once asked to define a gentleman and he said bitterly that he was one "who had no visible means of gaining an honest livelihood."

441. Idlers.

"A high class without duties to perform is like a tree planted on precipices, from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling."—*Carlyle.*

442. Ignorance, Pretentious.

After the second Punic War the wealthy citizens of Rome made it the fashion to have libraries or book-rooms in all their houses. So fashionable did it become, that ignorant persons quite unable to read tried to give themselves the appearance of learning by building book-rooms and furnishing them with elegance.

443. Ignorance, Tragedy of.

"Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny must the soul be blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas! This too was a breath of God: bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded. That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy."—*Carlyle.*

444. Imagination.

"Not our logical, mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one, is king over us: I might say, priest and prophet to lead us heavenward: or magician and wizard to send us hellward.

The understanding is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst not make it; but fantasy is thine eye with its colour-giving retina, healthy or diseased."—*Carlyle.*

445. Imagination better than Acting.

A writer in the *Magazine of Art*, speaking of the beauty of Kynance Cove, near the Lizard, Cornwall, says: "The place cannot be well depicted. It is like one of those Shakspearian plays, which, having often read, we are sorry to see played, even ever so well. It is a place to be enjoyed and recalled in the memory, rather than to be transferred to canvas."

446. Immortality.

Who shall estimate what shall be made of us in eternity? Think of a spiritual body, a perfectly pure and happy soul. A sculptor once carved three colossal faces, to represent Life, Death, and Immortality. Life was a careworn, anxious,

weary face, that seemed to be full of vague enquiry and yearning. Death was a face of solemn rest, with closed eyes. But Immortality was full of life, but with a calm self-satisfaction, and a sublime gaze at the far away and immortal, as though it said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

447. Immortality, Assurance of.

In the catacombs at Rome the most frequent symbols on the tombs of Christians, are the ship representing the Church sailing safely through the flood of corruption; the palm-branch, the sign of victory, the lyre denoting festal joy and sweet harmony.

448. Immutable, Nothing.

Change does not seem to belong to the so-called fixed stars. But every one of the millions of observations that have been made shows that even these are subject to slight alteration of relationship to one another. Only come to a view of them close enough, and all is change there as elsewhere.

449. Impractical Genius.

Once when Coleridge and Wordsworth with Cottle the publisher went for a drive, they set to unharnessing the horse at the end of their journey. First the publisher could not get off the collar; Wordsworth next attempted it, but with no better success. At last Coleridge came to the charge, and worked away with such violence that he nearly thrawed the poor horse's head off. He at last was forced to desist, remarking as a protest that "the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on." The servant girl

at the inn, passing through the yard came to their rescue, turning the collar upside down and slipping it off in a trice.

450. Impromptu Speech, Difficulty of.

"This is a phenomenon frequently to be seen at public dinners, also at wedding festivities. Men at other times quite rational, seem to be stricken into idiocy when they rise to their feet on such occasions: and the painful fact is, that it is conscious idiocy."—*A. K. H. B.*

451. Impulses, Holy.

"Where a man acts from a pure impulse, it is because his flesh is at harmony with, and obeys his spirit. If the will which drives be a spiritual and holy will, it is the highest state of harmony and health, the rare moments of life in which our life is not manifold but one—body and soul and spirit working together."—*Charles Kingsley.*

452. Inaction causing Fear.

A soldier in one of the regular batteries of the army of the Confederacy, had displayed conspicuous bravery in a dozen engagements whilst serving with his gun as a cannoneer. At the battle of Chickamauga he was assigned the duty of a driver only, and instead of participating in the excitement of loading and firing, had nothing to do but sit quietly on his horse, and watch the havoc created around him by the enemy's shot. He soon became seized with a terror which completely unmanned him, and after the battle, implored his commanding officer to send him back to his gun. His courage leaked away when he had nothing to do.

453. Incompleteness.

Speaking of a certain rugged and wild district in Missouri, where the rock formations are peculiarly fantastic and grim, a Californian profanely remarked, "If this is called specially God's country, it must be because He is still at work on it."

454. Inconsistency.

It is related of the priest De Rancè, that his zest for sport was as great as his unction for the priestly office, and that once he exclaimed—laying one hand on his heart, and waving the other through the air—"This morning I preached like an angel; I'll hunt like the devil this afternoon."

455. Indecision.

A well-known newspaper projector and proprietor had an idea brought to him by a man who was not rich enough to bring out the paper himself. The man of wealth hesitated and dallied, and at last went along the Strand to Stationer's Hall to register the idea, and met a man carrying a placard, announcing the publication of *Punch*, a new comic journal to be published every week. That was the very publication he had wished to register, but it had now passed into other hands!

456. Indecision.

A certain man had the habit of debating whether he should rise or not at eight o'clock in the morning, and generally carried on this lazy, unready debate so long, that it was nine before he got down. This unreadiness begun in the morning, influenced every other hour in the day and spoiled it all.

457. Indifference.

"Am I to view the stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two hundred, or two million times?"—*Carlyle.*

458. Indifference to Others.

Dr Johnson once suggested a very strange and sensitive test as to the depth of one person's feelings for another. Multitudes in London, he said, professed deep distress at the hanging of Dr Dodd, but how many of these took less breakfast than usual on the morning of his execution?

459. Indifference to Religion.

Greek philosophy led largely to utter disdain of all religion. Kings grew so tolerant of all faiths, that people soon began to think them mere fashions, and this found expression in one philosopher who declared that "the gods were but deified men, and all faith only the effect of the knave working upon the fool."

460. Indiscretion.

"A good cause seldom fails through the judiciousness of its enemies, but often through the injudiciousness of its friends."

461. Indolence.

"The African is often blamed for being lazy, but it is a misuse of words. He does not need to work: with so bountiful a nature round him it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in the tortoise. The fact is, Africa is the nation of the unemployed."—*Professor Drummond.*

462. Indolence, Perils of.

When the Goths overran Spain they found the Romans in a condition of effeminate luxury and degeneracy. The Romans when their conquering work was done, and the world was at their feet, abandoned themselves to the pleasures that wealth and security secure. They were no longer the stern, brave men who lived simple lives and left the ploughshare when a Scipio or a Cæsar summoned them to defend their country or to conquer a continent. In Spain the richer classes were given over to luxury and sensuality, whilst the masses of the people were debased slaves.

463. Infallibility, Imaginary.

Steele in one of his dedications told Pope that the only difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome as to their certainty of doctrine was this: The Church of Rome was infallible; the Church of England was never in the wrong. He had heard of a certain French lady who, in a quarrel with her sister, said: "I do not know how it is, sister, but I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right."

464. Infidelity, Shallow.

When Coleridge was at school, one of his brothers was attending the London Hospital, and from his frequent visits there the Blue-coat boy imbibed a love of surgery and doctoring, and was for a time set on making this his profession. He devoured Latin and Greek books on medicine and had by heart a whole Latin medical dictionary. But this dream gave way, or led on to a rage for metaphysics, which finally anded him in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, and after

perusing this he sported infidel. When this new turn reached the head-master Bowyer's ears, he sent for Coleridge. "So, sirrah, you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you." So saying, the doctor administered the severest, and as Coleridge used to say, the only just flogging he ever received.

465. Infinite, The.

"The Infinite is more sure than any other fact."—*Carlyle.*

466. Influence, Gracious.

Charles Kingsley's father, when Rector of Clovelly, would, whenever the fishing fleet put out to sea, go down with his wife and boys to the quay, and whatever the weather was, give a short parting service in which men and women too would take part, singing the 121st Psalm in the Prayer Book version, with the fervour of those who have danger and death staring them in the face.

467. Influence.

"There is not a Red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipeg, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it. Will not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe."—*Carlyle.*

468. Ingratitude.

In the early days of Carthage, if a general was defeaten, he was generally cruelly and unjustly treated, of his own people, and sometimes condemned to banishment. In one engagement the leader Malchus besieged a city and compelled it to surrender, but was content to put to death only ten of his

chief opponents. Not long after the very men he spared plotted against him, brought him to trial, and condemned him to death.

469. Ingratitude.

When Maclise heard of the death of Haydon, the erratic artist, by suicide, he hastened to tell the news to Turner, who was at the Athenæum Club. Without looking up from his paper Turner replied, "Why did he stab his mother?" "But," said Maclise, "you don't mean——" "Yes. He stabbed his mother." No explanation could be obtained from Turner, but he referred without doubt to Haydon's attacks upon the Royal Academy, to which he owed his art education.

470. Injustice.

"If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded, no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes."—*Carlyle.*

471. Insignificance, Our.

People who stay very much at home feel their stature, bodily and mental, much lessened when they go far away from home, and spend a little time among strange scenes and people. For after all it is only a small part of us that goes. Our house, our children, our servants, our garden, all remain behind, and they are a large part of ourselves.

472. Insincerity.

"Thousands of those who visit the picture-exhibitions, notably the Royal Academy, go not to enjoy Art, but to

talk about the pictures afterwards. One has well said: "It is rather curious, after being at the Royal Academy, or the New Gallery, to go to the National Gallery. No carriages are waiting in long file outside; you have not to wait before your umbrella is ticketed and put away; no crowd of bonnets and lorgnettes is before the Gainsborough you want to see. That Society which spells its name with a capital S is in fact conspicuous by its absence. Yet the real object of a picture-gallery should be not to furnish a topic for chatter, but to supply people with beautiful things that will delight, instruct and refine."

473. Insincerity.

"It was the custom of old, when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk, and boldly say, "The victim is spotted, but it is not therefore in vain that his mighty heart is laid on the altar of men's highest hopes."—*George Eliot.*

474. Insincerity.

"In reading Pope we are pursued hy disagreeable misgivings. We don't know what comes from the heart, and what only from the lips. When the real man is speaking and when we are only listening to old commonplaces skilfully vamped."—*Leslie Stephen.*

475. Inspiration.

Writing of Father Taylor, the celebrated Boston sailor preacher, Professor Bartol says: "He was a possessed man. He was a ruddy child, and as he grew up his brown hair had in it a tint of fire, as if from an ever-burning flame in his breast. Even as a little child he would gather his audience

of negro boys and girls to listen to the gentle oratory of the six-year-old. Later on he held every hearer by spells against which none could resist for long."

476. Inspiration, a Life's.

It is said that Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., received the inspiration for his life-work as an artist and portrait-painter from the loan of a Velasquez portrait lent him by the Earl of Elgin. This really great work of a great master, closely and lovingly studied, fashioned the taste and moulded the style of the young and impressionable student.

477. Inspiration needed.

A National Hymn is one of the things that cannot be made to order. No man has ever yet sat him down and taken up his pen and said, "I will write a National Hymn," and composed either words or music which the nation was willing to take for its own. The song that is to live must be an inspiration, the result of fiery feeling long confined, and suddenly finding bent in burning words or moving strains.

478. Integrity, Transparent.

When Drusus, one of the most exalted and noble men Rome ever possessed, was building a house on the Palatine, his architect offered to make it so that no observer could see into it, but he said, "Rather, build my house so that whatever I do may be seen by all!"

479. Intellect and the Gospel.

Mr Gladstone once said to Henry Ward Beecher, "Forty years and over have I spent in the service of my country, and during that time I have come in contact with sixty of the

master-minds of the world, and all of them were Christians but seven."

480. Intellectual Rest, Times of.

"Toil is the condition of our being. Our sentence is to labour from the cradle to the grave. But there are Sabbaths allowed for the mind as well as the body, when the intellect is stilled, and the emotions alone perform their gentle and involuntary functions."—*Charles Kingsley.*

481. Interdependence, National.

The Rhine carries to the sea every year carbonate of lime enough to make the shells of thousands of millions of oysters, and as it empties itself into the German Ocean, the oyster beds on the coast of Kent are supplied with their house-building materials which have been collected for the purpose far away in both Switzerland and Germany.

482. Interruptions averted.

Says Mr Frith, R.A., "When a painter is hard at work, visitors should be rigidly and resolutely excluded. I have a wife who guards me like a dragon in that respect and am saved from interruptions which though they may take but a little time, cause a wrench from one's work that is not only painful, but injurious."

483. Inventive Genius.

In November 1792 a party of Georgian gentlemen visiting at a house in Savannah fell into conversation about the difficulties of cotton preparation and the need of a rapidly-working cleaning machine. Their hostess said: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr Eli Whitney; he can make

anything." The young law-student was sent for, introduced, and had the mechanical problem laid before him. He modestly disclaimed his hostess's extravagant praises, but set to work with such earnestness and success that in a few months he was able to exhibit the newly-invented cotton-gin, with which a negro turning a crank could clean fifty pounds of cotton per day, and so made cotton-culture the leading industry of the Southern States.

484. Invigoration by Song.

After the surrender of General Lee to the Federal troops, a party of Confederate officers were invited to hear some war-songs sung by Northern officers. The singing was rapturously applauded, and at its end one of the Confederates in a voice trembling with emotion after expressing their thanks said, "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have licked you out of your boots!"

485. Irritability and Genius.

Southey the poet, in many matters most exemplary, had a very crochety temper always ready to take offence. He was always falling out with his associates in the *Quarterly Review*, with his editor and publisher.

486. Isolation.

"Isolation is the sum total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary; to have a world alien, not your world: all a hostile camp for you: not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are!"—*Carlyle.*

487. Jesus.

"Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago: His sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones,

took captive the ravished souls of men: and being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments and rich symphonies, throughout all our hearts: and modulates, and divinely leads them."—*Carlyle.*

488. Jewels.

In the early days of Carthage, her trade with India was mainly by bartering comparatively worthless goods for the finest and most precious jewels. Precious stones were very plentiful and the savages were utterly ignorant of their true value. From Carthage itself too, the carbuncle came in such abundance that it was called the "Carthage Stone."

489. Journalists.

"Journalists are now the true kings and clergy."—*Carlyle.*

490. Judgment, Human.

"The touchstone by which men try us is most often their own vanity."—*George Eliot.*

491. Judgment, Mistaken.

"You find it hard to give a man credit for being possessed of sense and talent, if you hear him make a speech at a public dinner, which approaches the idiotic for its silliness and confusion. And the vulgar mind readily concludes that he who does one thing extremely ill, does nothing well. But the man who fails in one thing is by no means a fool in all: in his own realm he may be a genius and a success."—*A. K. H. B.*

492. Judgment, Startling.

"About a quarter of a century ago an infidel got up on one of the heights of the Catskill Mountains, and in the presence

of some atheistic companions defied the God of heaven to show Himself in battle. He swung his sword to and fro, and challenged the Almighty to meet him in single combat. The Almighty paid no attention to him, of course, but He just commissioned a little gnat, so small that it could scarcely be seen by a microscope, to lodge in his wind-pipe and choke him to death."—*Dr Pierson.*

493. Judgment, trying to escape.

In a Polish Jew's burying-place there are a number of stones having no names or other inscriptions upon them. The idea is that at the last day the angel of eternal life will call the sleepers reading the names upon the stones, the good to inherit bliss, the wicked to suffer. If the stone is however without a name, the sleeper may be passed over.

494. Justice.

Autolycus robbed the gardens of Trebonius, a private citizen, who forgave him. Then Trebonius was chosen consul, and Autolycus robbed him again; Trebonius thereon condemned him to the gallows, because he could forgive an injury done to himself but not one done to the State; she only could forgive that.

495. Justice.

"Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world, and will last with the world and longer. For Justice and Reverence are the everlasting central law of this universe; and, to forget them and have all the universe against one, God and one's self for enemies and only the Devil and Dragon for friends, is not that lameness like few?"—*Carlyle.*

496. Justice, Heaven's.

"May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In his true nature."

—*Shakespeare.*

497. Justice, Imperfect.

"Before the awful throne of Zeus," said Hesiod, "Dikē stands and weeps whenever the earthly judge decides wrongly." "No wonder then," adds a caustic critic, remembering some of the judgments of rural magistrates, "that our modern sculptors represent Justice on town-halls with a bandage on her eyes; she has seen so much injustice, she has gone weeping blind!"

498. Justice, No Substitute for.

Speaking on the question of International Copyright, Mr J. Russell Lowell said: "To steal a book I have bought is theft; to steal a book I have made—what is that? There is one thing better than a cheap book; that is a book honestly come by." And then he added this memorable golden sentence: "No successful substitute for justice has ever been discovered—nothing with the lasting quality of justice."

499. Justice, Unswerving.

A band of conspirators against the Roman State were brought before Brutus, and among them to his dismay were found two of his own sons. With the unswerving justice of a

Roman he condemned them to death with the others, and they were executed before his eyes.

500. Killing, Instinct for.

Professor Drummond says in his "Tropical Africa": "Walking through the forest to-day, some distance ahead of my men, I suddenly came upon a rhinoceros. The creature was poking about in the bush with its head down and did not see me, though not ten yards separated us. My only arms were a geological hammer and a revolver, so I had simply to lie down and watch him. Presently my gun-bearer crawled up, but unfortunately by this time the pachyderm had vanished and was nowhere to be found. I broke my heart over it at the moment, though why in the world I should have killed him I do not in the least know now. In the presence of such temptation one feels the veritable savage."

501. Kindliness, Vague.

It is recorded that at a certain public dinner a preacher was called upon to give a toast. As nearly everybody had been already toasted, the cleric was somewhat at a loss to know what person or class should be the subject of the toast. But rising from his seat he said that without troubling them with any preliminary observations he begged to propose the health of "All people that on earth do dwell!!!"

502. Kindness, Early.

When Sidney Cooper, as a small boy, was drawing Canterbury Cathedral on a slate, a strange gentleman made him a present of some pencils and paper that he might preserve his sketches. Many years after, at a social meeting of artists, Cooper told the story of this unknown man's kindness, when

up jumped George Cattermole and said, "Why, Sidney, are you the slate? Then I am the pencils. I am the man who gave them to you."

503. Kindness, Mistaken.

When Wagner was in Venice, he used to be seen walking in the evening with his family in the arcades and streets. The military band, which played occasionally in the great square, had produced a version of the *Lohengrin* overture in his honour, but played it after such a fashion that poor Wagner was constrained to take refuge in a pastrycook's shop, and stop his ears with both hands.

504. Kindness of Spirit.

There was nothing so great a mark of John Leech's gentleness of nature as his steady abstinence from personalities. His correspondence was large, and a perusal of it only shews how careful he must have been to have shunned many traps that were laid to make him a partizan in personal quarrels. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, but he had a most keen scent for, but dislike to, everything in the shape of personality.

505. Knowledge, and Humility.

Writing on Coleridge as an interpreter of Shakespeare, Principal Shairp says, "He taught, and himself first exemplified, that he who would understand Shakespeare must not Dr Johnson-wise seat himself on the critical throne, and thence deliver verdict as on an inferior, or at best, a mere equal, but that he has need to come before all things with reverence, as for the poet of all poets, and that, wanting this, he wants one of the senses, the language of which he is to employ."

506. Knowledge, Limited.

"Know! What do you know? Do you know what the word 'God' means? Do you know what 'holiness' means? Do you know what 'sin' means? Do you know what 'heaven' means? Do you know what 'hell' means? Do you know how to set right what has gone morally wrong in God's world? Nay! we all come within the range of the prayer, 'Father, forgive them, *they* know not what they do.'"—*Stanford.*

507. Knowledge, Our limited.

"To the minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident of its native little creek may have become familiar, but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade-winds and monsoons, and moon's eclipses; by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may from time to time (miraculously enough) be quite overset and reversed?"—*Carlyle.*

508. Knowledge, Special.

General Sherman's acquaintance with his officers was remarkable, and of great advantage, for he learned the character of every command, even of regiments, and could assign officers to special duties, with ample knowledge of the men to fill the vacancies so made. The army appreciated these personal relations, and every man felt in a certain sense that Sherman had his eye on him.

509. Knowledge stilling Fear.

"How calming is the arrival of the man who knows! A great doctor for instance, at a sick house. Before he comes

all the household have been tossed by a tumult of fears. Someone dear to them has been stricken down by sudden pangs. The temperature flies up to perilous heights, the pulse beats furiously. Everyone is flurried, distracted. And then there is a quiet push at the door, a quiet even step across the floor. It is the man who knows. How calm he is as he stands at the bedside, his firm hand on the pulse, his steady eye on the poor sick face. He has taken it all in at a glance. A few directions from his lips, everyone is put to work in the right way, everything is brought into order, the confusion yields to a disciplined peace. That is the calm that attends the man who knows."—*H. Scott-Holland.*

510. Labour, Not ashamed of.

A certain Alderman Flower heard at different times so many people whisper about him that he had been a porter, that he put his porter's knot in a glass-case in his entrance hall.

511. Labour, Proud of.

In ancient Rome, the bride dressed herself in a long white robe; the pair walked around the altar hand in hand, received the congratulations of their friends, and then the bride, taken with apparent force from the arms of her mother, was conducted to her new home, carrying a distaff and a spindle, emblems of the industry that was thought necessary in the household work she was to perform or direct.

512. Labour, Shunned.

"The old Latin has '*Ne Palma sine pulvere*'; but young ambition is too often attracted by the prize of glory without the dust of the race."—*George Eliot.*

513. Language.

"Examine language: what if you except some few primitive elements, what is it all but metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised: still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for."

514. Laughter.

"No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be irreclaimably bad."—*Carlyle.*

515. Law, a Benediction.

"You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices: you violate his liberty, and keep him away—even were it in a strait-waistcoat—from precipices."—*Carlyle.*

516. Laws, God's.

"This Universe has its laws. If we walk according to these, the Law-maker will befriend us, if not, not. Nations cease to be befriended of the Law-maker, when they walk not according to the law."—*Carlyle.*

517. Laws, God's.

"The Maker's laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai thunder, to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise, are the laws of God, transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. The man who believes this finds his whole work on earth is an emblematic spoken or acted prayer. Be the will of God done on earth—not the Devil's will nor any of the Devil's servant's wills! He has a religion, this man: an everlasting loadstar that beams the brighter in

the Heavens, the darker here on earth grows the night around him."—*Carlyle.*

518. Law, Reverence for.

Almanzor, the Conqueror of Spain, so admirably exerted his authority at Cordova, that never had the city been so orderly, or the law so justly administered. His own son was beaten publicly because he had transgressed. He allowed no exceptions in the execution of the law. By this policy he added to his laurels: having won over the army and pleased the populace, now he had won the favour of all law-abiding citizens.

519. Law-Courts.

"They are, in fact, the worst of them, something: chimneys for the devilry and contention of men to escape by."—*Carlyle.*

520. Lawless, City of the.

When Rome was first founded it was practically a city of the lawless. It was proclaimed by Romulus an asylum, to which any who were oppressed might resort to be safe, and all who had incurred the vengeance of the law, would there be protected from punishment. It became literally a very nest of the dregs of society.

521. Leader, Dead, and Enemy.

When the great Cid Ruydiez died, his followers, at his bidding, took his body, embalmed it, set it upon his favourite horse, as when alive, fastened the saddle well, so that he sat erect, with his countenance unchanged, his eyes bright and fair, and his beard flowing down his breast, and his trusty sword Tijoud in his hand. With five hundred knights to guard it,

they slowly cut their way through the besiegers, and took the road to Castile, leaving the Moors, their foes, amazed at their departure, for they knew not that the Cid was dead.

522. Leader, Enthusiasm for.

Whatever General Lee did, his men thought it the best that could be done under the circumstances. Their feeling towards him is well illustrated by the remark of a "ragged rebel," who took off his hat to the General as he was passing, and received a like courteous salute in return. "God bless Marse Robert! I wish he was Emperor of this country, and I was his carriage-driver!"

523. Leaders.

"Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors. He obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, braver, wiser: and will for ever obey such, and even be ready and delighted to do it."—*Carlyle.*

524. Leaders, Christians, the True.

"After all, my brothers, it is true of our promised land, even as of that Jewish one of old that the *priests'* feet must first cross the mystic stream into the good land and large, which God has prepared for us."—*Kingsley.*

525. Leader, Preciousness of.

In one of the fierce conflicts of the American Civil War, General Lee was advancing to follow a Texan regiment that was about to go at the charge. When the men saw that, they shouted, "We won't go on unless you go back." One of the men dropped to the rear, and, taking the bridle, turned his horse around, while the General Gregg came up and urged him to do as the men wished.

526. Leader, Value of good.

After the battle of Blenheim, Marlborough, in taking note of the prisoners, saw a fine grenadier, stalwart, proud and unbending, even though beaten. "Ah!" said Marlborough in French, "if Louis XIV. had a hundred thousand such men as you he would carry on the war a little differently." "'Tis not," said the soldier as he saluted him, "'tis not a hundred thousand such as me he wants, *mon général*, but one such a man as you."

527. Learner, Ever a.

Wordsworth and his sister wandered about various out-of-the-way parts of England, where they were strangers, and found not only delight but instruction in conversing with all whom they met. The lonely roads were open schools to them. There, as he entered into conversation with the humblest, and heard from them their own histories, he got a new insight into human souls; discerned in them a depth and a worth, where none appear to careless eyes.

528. Learning, Display of.

At Glasgow University there is a story told of a student who, in a voluntary examination for a prize, was so anxious to impress the examiners with his immense learning, that he came up with a wheelbarrow containing the works on which he was willing to be examined.

529 Liberty, Fancied.

"True: from all men thou art liberated but from thyself and the Devil. This absurd pot of heavy wet oppresses thee. Thou art not the thrall of Cedric the Saxon, but of

thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor, and yet thou pratest of thy Liberty! Thou entire Blockhead!!" —*Carlyle.*

530. Liberty, Fit for.

"On my lawn is a goat tethered by a rope to a stake. He is not at liberty. Why not cut the rope and let him go where, and do as, he pleases. Because if I do he will gnaw the bark of the young trees, trample down the garden-beds, pull up the strawberry plants by the roots. In a word, because he is not able to perceive and be obedient to the invisible law, he must be subjected to a visible and tangible one. But I have a collie dog who has learned obedience and has acquired his right to liberty."—*Dr Lyman Abbott.*

531. Liberty, Preciousness of.

At the Isthmian Games, A.D. 197, Flaminius caused a trumpet to command silence and a crier to proclaim that the Roman Senate restored to the Grecians their lands, laws, and liberties. So astonished were the people that they asked the crier to repeat it. Then a shout arose that was heard from Corinth to the sea.

532. Liberty, Sham.

Writing in reference to the Fourth of July celebrations in America, Abraham Lincoln trenchantly remarks on the inconsistency of boasted liberty that still enthrals others. He says: "When we were the political slaves of King George, and wanted to be free, we called the maxim that 'all men are created equal' a self-evident truth: but now when we have grown fat, and lost all dread of being slaves ourselves, we have become so greedy to be *masters* that we call the

same maxim a 'self-evident lie.' The Fourth of July has not dwindled away: it is still a great day for burning fire-crackers!"

533. Liberty, True.

"Prick and stitch away thou noble George Fox: every thrust of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery, and world-worship, and the Mammon-God. There is one Free-Man in broad Europe, and thou art he."—*Carlyle.*

534. Liberty, The Gospel and.

The Spirit of God's Book and the Gospel of God's Son destroyed the monster slavery in the early history of the Church under the most despotic government. The same Spirit and Gospel struck the chains from four millions of slaves in America. Back of the hand that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation was the hand bearing the print of the nail in its palm—a hand that was once nailed to the cross.

535. Life, Abundant.

In an eloquent paper on "The Higher Life in Art," Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., says: "We do not know what life is until the master-musician comes and touches the keys. Art is our master-musician. Blot out of our life all that we have received from books and pictures and music, and leave us only our personal experiences, and very little will be left to tell us what man is, or whether God has been mindful of him at all. The books we have read, the music we have heard, the pictures we have seen, have become part of our very being and lives. They shape those lives to fair or foul issues." The Bible tells us too of another

Master-musician who can touch our life and bring music therefrom.

536. Life Abundant in Unlikely Places.

To the traveller who crosses the Ural mountains for the first time in June, nothing is more surprising than the fervent heat of Siberian sunshine and the extraordinary beauty and profusion of Siberian flowers. In some places wild roses, violets, primroses, marsh marigolds, yellow iris and tartar honeysuckles simply carpet the ground, completely hiding the grass.

537. Life and Sorrow.

"Life's sweetest roses are often plucked with bleeding fingers."

538. Life: A Poem.

"If we can but keep alive a spiritual meaning in every little action, we shall have no need to write poetry—our life will be a poem."—*Charles Kingsley.*

539. Life as Destroyer.

A humble lichen will produce more effect on a piece of rock with the sulphuric, oxalic, or nitric acid it contains than an equal amount of acid would do if otherwise applied; nor would a dead lichen, however acid, be able to do what a living one does.

540. Life a Sphinx.

"How true is that old fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside propounding her riddle to the passengers, which if they could not answer, she destroyed them! Such a Sphinx

is this life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, Experience, however we name this grand unnameable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them: a destroying fiend to them who cannot."—*Carlyle.*

541. Life, Brevity of.

"We start out of Nothingness, take figure and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is eternity; and to eternity, minutes are as years and æons."—*Carlyle.*

542. Life, Creed and.

"Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless, till it convert itself into conduct. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action."—*Carlyle.*

543. Life's Dualism.

"In Tuefelsdröckh there is always the strangest dualism: light dancing with guitar-music will be going on in the forecourt, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail."—*Carlyle.*

544. Life ever of interest.

In later picture exhibitions, such as the Royal Academy and other galleries, the "touch of nature" has been much more frequently reproduced, and the deepest emotions of the heart are eloquently stirred by those who are true artists. Hence the growing popularity and largely increased attendance of the general public.

545. Life from Secret Sources.

Lichens will grow loose on the surface of the sand in Peru, and attach themselves to the dry bones of mules which have died by the wayside. The myriad spores by which they are propagated are for ever floating in the air, and being furnished with a gummy fluid are able to attach themselves to the barest, smoothest surface and in some mysterious way obtain their nourishment even there.

546. Life's great Power.

The island of Aldabra, north-west of Madagascar, is being gradually reduced and destroyed by the silent inroads of the mangroves, which grow along the base of the cliffs and have eaten their way into the rock in so many directions that the island is completely riddled by creeks of their making.

547. Life, Ideal.

"The highest state I should define as that in which a man can know most of God, and work most for God."—*Charles Kingsley.*

548. Life, Lacking.

"When painters club together to buy a costume or a suit of armour, and set it up in their midst, and paint it, with *something* inside it, they may have a keen appreciation of the effect of light on polished steel, or the blending and contrast of colour: but of the hearts that should beat within that armour or that costume they are content to tell us—nothing!"—*Sir Wyke Bayliss.*

549. Life, Lacking.

Charles Kingsley, in sending to a friend a copy of some verses he had written, said: "I have laid a poem that wouldn't hatch."

550. Life made Permanent.

A New York physician, the windows of whose house overlook the East River from the bluff on the east side of the city, is too busy to go after photographic subjects, so at the window of an upper room he has a camera set with a drop shutter—used for instantaneous work—carefully adjusted. From his easy chair in his consulting room on the lower floor he can look out on the river, can see the river craft. When one of these looms within the range of the lens, the doctor by touching an electric button at his inkstand releases the shutter and secures the photograph.

551. Life more than Living.

The age clamours, "Teach us how to get a living"; but the University should pay like heed to this, listening to the profounder call that issues from all the ages and from the deep heart of humanity itself, "Teach us how to live." Life is more than livelihood.

552. Life must be active.

"I am a part of all that I have met:
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little."—*Tennyson.*

553. Life not mere Possession.

"Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom."—*Carlyle.*

554. Life, Plant.

At Nassau, in the Bahamas, there is a most extraordinary production of nature called the "life-plant." It grows low on the ground, and if a leaf or two be gathered and fastened on the wall of a room without water and without soil, tiny shoots will begin to spring from the parent leaf, and in time the marvellous little plant will multiply itself and spread until all the walls will be lined by it as by a thick green velvety paper.

555. Life's Possibility.

"Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much: the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life."—*Carlyle.*

556. Life's Possibilities.

"It seems to me that one of the main characteristics of human beings is, not that they are actually much, but that they are something out of which much may be made. There are untold potentialities in human nature. The tree cut down, concerning which its heathen owner debated whether he should make it into a god or a three-legged stool, was positively nothing in its capacity of different developments when we compare it with each human being born into the world."—*A. K. H. B.*

557. Life, Short views of.

"Most young people think it will be a dreadful thing to grow old: a girl of eighteen thinks it must be an awful sensation to be thirty. Believe me, not at all. You are brought to it bit by bit, and when you reach the spot you rather like the view. We grow able to do and be, and bear that which is chosen for us."—*A. K. H. B.*

558. Life, Thwarted.

What kind hearts have run to waste! Men and women who would have come out into beauty and excellence if so it might have been. But they were weighted down in life's race. With others the gravestone tells of those who promised to be the best and noblest specimens but they died in early youth. That was the flower of the flock, but the first to fade. Thank God there is an immortality, and the fleeting beauty of the rainbow here is permanent there, the "rainbow round the throne."

559. Life, Worship and Battle.

Visiting the convent of Saint Catherine on Mount Sinai, a recent traveller remarks: "No situation could be more charming, in the narrow valley, nestled at the foot of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set *both the cannon and the cross*! It was both castle and convent that we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then constant watchfulness and strict defence have been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighbourhood until our credentials were examined and approved."

560. Light.

"Is not light grander than fire? It is the same element in a state of purity."—*Carlyle.*

561. Light and Joy.

Wagner used at night to have his sitting-room a blaze of light with quantities of wax candles. "Where light is there is joy," Wagner used to say, quoting the Italian proverb.

562. Light in Early Day.

The ancients had a saying that "the morning hour comes with gold in its mouth." Artists agree that the light is purest about mid-morning and they seize it for their work.

563. Light in the Soul.

But it is with man's soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bands. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed soul as once over the wide-weltering chaos it is spoken, "Let there be light!"—*Carlyle.*

564. Light, Killed by the.

There are some kinds of reef-making coral that can only exist under the water, a very short exposure to the sun destroys them.

565. Literature, Ephemeral.

"The present generation is, we fear, neglecting the great writers of the past in the mild relish and exuberance of the too-copious present. It will be an evil day when the world only reads what was written yesterday and will be forgotten to-morrow."—*Dr John Brown.*

566. Little Deed, Greatness revealed in.

One day President Lincoln and a friend were walking together in a field, when they found a tiny bird fluttering in the grass. It had fallen out of its nest in the bushes, and could not get back again. The great, gentle-hearted man stopped in his walk, stooped down, picked up the little thing and put it back into its place. The slave's emancipator was the bird's tender helper.

567. Little leading to the Great.

Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister wished to make a short walking tour, for which five pounds were needed, but were not forthcoming. To supply this want they agreed to make a joint-poem, and send it to some magazine, which would give the required sum. Accordingly, one evening as they trudged the Quantock Hills, they planned the "Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream of a friend of Coleridge. The poem soon grew into far larger dimensions than they intended, and was then planned for a volume.

568. Littles.

There is a legend that when Jesus rose from the tomb He walked through Joseph's garden and in every footstep there sprang beauty and fragrance in the form of sweet white lilies. That is only a parable of the track of blessing that was His who all His life "went about doing good." Not the great and startling, but a smile here, a cheering word there, the sick healed, the sorrowing comforted and the weary sent forward with new strength and hope.

569. Littles, Power of.

A mere dribble of water flowing perpetually over limestone rocks will, in time, produce results as seem to be quite out of proportion to its size: and we may safely affirm that even the most sluggish stream wears its bed more or less, in one way or another, either chemically or mechanically.

570. Littles, Power of.

Canon Kingsley mentions having seen a large flat stone raised up in a single night by the growth of a crop of tiny mushrooms.

571. Lofty Nature.

The remains of Greek coinage that we possess to-day, prove to us that when all surrounding nations were buried in the barbarism of wild life, or sunk in the mire of sensual life, the Greeks were showing the most intense vitality, and the finest mental susceptibilities. The subtlety, the infinite variety, the exalted ideal which pervade Greek art could never have had a beginning in men who were mere materialists or dullards.

572. London.

"That monstrous tuberosity of civilized life: that ink sea of vapour: black, thick, and multifarious, as Spartan broth." —*Carlyle.*

573. Loneliness.

"Edgar Allan Poe thought the most touching of all words 'Nevermore.' Ellesmere in *Gretchen* tells of a sermon he heard in Germany, in which the pathetic word 'Lost' occurred as a sad refrain many, many times; but there is no more pathetic and powerful word in its force to move the heart than the word 'Gone'! The blank in the landscape when the tree is gone that you have known all your life; the empty chair which you remember so often to have been filled by one who will never again be seated there. Then comes the blank sense of having been left, and left alone."—*A. K. H. B.*

574. Loneliness, Fear and.

Among soldiers "two o'clock in the morning courage" is recognised as the highest form. It is the hour of darkness, silence and loneliness, when the mind magnifies the slightest sounds. The stoutest nerves require a good deal of bracing

when a camp is startled out of its sleep by an attack at such an hour.

575. Love.

"Love of men cannot be bought by cash-payment, and without love men cannot endure to be together."—*Carlyle.*

576. Love.

"Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the finite, of the Ideal made real."—*Carlyle.*

577. Love and Art.

Carolus Duran, the celebrated French painter, lecturing to his students on how to paint the balcony-scene in Romeo and Juliet, said: "It is not by reproducing this or that scene of Shakespeare's drama that you can paint these creations of his genius. They are above all the expression of love. It is the picture of love that moves us, not the mere personality of those who experience it. Ask your *heart* how to paint Romeo and Juliet. It will give you a response. Then you will be eloquent."

578. Love, Brotherly.

Between Charles and Louis Blanc there was an extraordinary bond of warm fraternal love. Once when, before the Revolution of 1848, Louis was the subject of a murderous attack, Charles, living far away in another part of France, exclaimed that some dreadful accident must have happened to his brother—which indeed turned out to be true. It was this incident that Dumas used as the foundation of the "Corsican Brothers" story.

579. Love glorifies.

When Professor Syme saw Richmond's drawing of himself, the great surgeon after scrutinizing it, said laughingly, "Yes, it is like; but then—it is good-looking!" "Ah! you see," said the artist, "we do it *lovingly*." The best portrait of a man is the ideal of him realised. As Coleridge used to say, "A great portrait should be liker than its original."

580. Love, Idealising.

Leech's lovely English maidens were all inspired by his wife who was very beautiful and in every way worthy of him. It was not until after his marriage to her that he drew his loveliest and best, and as she grew more matronly, he still delighted to use her as model for his older women.

581. Love, Picture of.

The Jew defied the Pharaohs. Babylon tore him from his ancient seats and led him captive by strange waters, but not for long. He had fastened his love upon the heights of Zion, and like an elastic cord, that love broke not, but only drew with the more force as the distance became greater. When the grasp of the captor weakened, that cord, uninjured from its long tension, drew back the Hebrew to his former home.

582. Love stirring Taste.

"I stood before that great Gospel in colour, 'The descent from the Cross' in a foreign art gallery. Many came and went, giving but a careless gaze. One aged woman I saw standing before the canvas who seemed rivetted to the spot as Mary at the side of the crucified. She gazed and wept.

Her trembling lips were more eloquent than speech. She had eyes to see, they were her affections. The treasures of Jesus' love and grace were hidden from others, but to her He was the 'chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely.'

583. Love teaches.

The Jewish Rabbins have a saying, "God could not be everywhere and so He made mothers." It is because the true mother has so much of the Divine Love that by instinct she learns how to train and nurture her children, even though before she may have had little or no experience of domestic duty.

584. Love unreciprocated.

In Japan it is etiquette for a lover to select some choice plant and place it at night in a vase or flower-pot that hangs suspended by three slender chains from the verandah of such dwellings as possess one or more marriageable daughters. Should his suit be favoured, the floral gift is watered and carefully tended, but if, on the contrary, his advances are coldly received by the maiden, or her kinsfolk object to the alliance, the plant is found withered and forsaken in the garden-walk the next morning.

585. Love, Watchful.

John Leech was at seven years of age sent to the Charterhouse School, but his mother hired a room in one of the houses that overlooked the ground. Here, unknown to him, she would sit behind a blind day by day happy and content if only she could get these glimpses of her loved boy.

586. Luxury, Forbidding.

When the last of the Punic wars was pressing heavily upon Rome, a law was passed that no woman should wear any garment of divers colours, nor own more gold than half-an-ounce in weight, nor ride through the streets of a city in a carriage drawn by horses, nor in any place nearer than a mile to a town, except for the purpose of engaging in a public religious solemnity.

587. Mammon.

"Mammon is not a God at all, but a devil, and even a very despicable devil. Follow the Devil faithfully, you are sure enough to go to the Devil; whither else can you go?"—*Carlyle.*

588. Man.

"We touch heaven when we lay hands on a human body. Is he not a Temple then? The visible manifestation and impersonation of the Divinity? There is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity, and too often the bow is but pocketed by the former. How often, too, does the body appropriate what was meant for the cloth only."—*Carlyle.*

589. Man, Greatness of.

"Man's unhappiness, I construe, comes of his greatness: it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. The shoeblack has a soul quite other than his stomach."—*Carlyle.*

590. Manhood, Complete.

"Quickness and tenacity of moral perception is not so much an intellectual as a moral gift. The faculty that will

best catch the many aspects and finer traits of character must be a nice combination, an even balance between mental keenness and moral emotion. It is the heart within the head which makes up that form of philosophic imagination most needed by the moralist."—*Principal Shairp.*

591. Mankind, Solidarity of.

One of our greatest statesmen, some years ago, rode in Hyde Park with his beloved daughter on her eighteenth birthday. She wore an elegant riding-habit which set off the beauty and grace of her form, and as her father rode by her side he felt proud of his daughter. Within ten days she sickened of malignant typhus, and she died. It came out afterwards that the riding-habit had been made by a poor woman in a destitute district, who lived in an attic. Her husband, as she wrought the robe, lay on the bed shivering with the fever, and, to relieve the cold and the rigour, she would at times throw the robe over him to give him a little warmth. The robe took up the infectious germs and transmitted them to one of the highest families in the realm.

592. Marriage, Sanctity of.

"She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place."—*George Eliot.*

593. Master-Musician.

One has described Bottesini, the great double-bass violin player, saying: "He bewildered us by playing all sorts of melodies in flute-like harmonies, *as though he had a hundred nightingales caged in his double-bass!* He aimed at nothing less than perfection, and he never missed it!"

594. Master's Presence, The.

Beethoven's secretary, Schindler, wrote in 1823 to him, "You will be present at little Liszt's concert, will you not? It will encourage the boy. Promise me that you will go." And Beethoven went. When the "little Liszt" stepped on to the platform, he saw Beethoven in the front row: it nerved instead of staggering him—he played with an *abandon* and inspiration which defied criticism.

595. Materials, Poor.

Nature has sorted and transformed sand and mud into sandstones, clays, slates, etc: and man has taken them up where she left them, and has used them from the earliest ages to pile up those vast heaps of stone, brick, glass, tiles, and slates, which we call towns and cities. The tower of Babel was baked mud, and so are our modern Babylons.

596. Meanness.

On one occasion, a descendant of Nabal, having put a crown piece in the collection plate instead of a penny, started at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused by the old Scotch doorkeeper. "In once, in for ever," said he. "Aweel, aweel," grunted the vexed giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," replied the pawky doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

597. Meanness of Soul.

The will of Napoleon the First proved that he pensioned the would-be assassin of his great antagonist, and proved the truth of that which, when Wellington said it, was put down to mere spite. "Ah," said the duke, shaking his head,

"Napoleon was a great general, but he was sometimes a very little man."

598. Melancholy Parent.

"Will my father be there?" said a little Scotch boy to someone who had been telling him of the happiest place in the Universe, and recounting its joys. "Yes," was the reply. Said the little man with prompt decision, "Then I'll no gang!"—*A. K. H. B.*

599. Memories.

"Little light-islets in the world of haze."—*Carlyle.*

600. Memory, a Radiant.

Dr John Brown speaks of his first meeting with Thackeray as being a memorable night, "a green spot on the path of time."

601. Memory, Unreliable.

"What recollection have we of the sunsets that delighted us last year? The energy of an impression fades from the memory and becomes more and more indistinct every day. We constantly affirm that the thunderstorm of last week was the most terrible one we ever saw in our lives, because we compare it, not with the thunderstorm of last year, but only with our faded and feeble recollection of it."—*Ruskin.*

602. Mercy.

"What we need most is mercy. Justice would ruin us."

603. Mercy even to Slaves.

Slavery is a comparatively mild and humane institution in the hands of a devout Mahommedan. "God," said Mahomet,

"hath ordained that your brothers should be your slaves: therefore, to your brother you must give of the food, when you have yourself eaten, and of the clothes, wherewith you clothe yourself, and not order him to do anything beyond his power. A man who ill-treats his slave shall not enter paradise."

604. Mind, Restored.

During the Secession War, a negro was wounded in the head by the explosion of a shell. He wandered about for several years to all appearance a drivelling idiot, when certain surgeons took an interest in his case, and concluded that the removal of a piece of the skull which had been driven in and pressed upon the brain, might restore his reason. They performed it, and were almost appalled when, after the lapse of so many years, as they lifted the piece of skull and removed the pressure upon the brain, the light of intelligence returned to the eye of the man, who said: "We were at Manassas yesterday: where are we to-day?"

605. Minds, Small.

"Many minds otherwise good and even noble are unsound upon the point of vanity, others in respect of suspiciousness, many in that of absurd prejudice. There are human beings whom to manage into doing the simplest and most obvious duty, needs, on your part, the tact of a diplomatist, combined with the skill of a driver of refractory pigs."—*A. K. H. B.*

606. Mind, The Power of the.

"The sublimity of the mountain is not in the mountain, but in us."

607. Miracles.

"Perhaps the rising from the dead were no violation of Nature's laws but a confirmation: were some far deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by spiritual force, even as the rest have been brought to bear on us, with its material force." —*Carlyle.*

608. Misanthrope, The.

Lord Byron has attested on the tombstone of his dog that he deemed him a nobler animal than man, and worthier of friendship. Man has had his revenge on the noble poet, who died self-banished from the society he scorned.

609. Misery.

"All misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way."—*Carlyle.*

610. Misery, Picture of.

"As comfortable as wet chickens."—*George Eliot.*

611. Mistake, a Fatal.

During the advance to a new position after the victory of the "Wilderness" a sudden volley of shot was poured into the Confederate ranks by their own friends, who, failing to recognise them through the intervening timber of the woodland, mistook them for the foe. This lost to them the fruits of the splendid work recently done. General Jenkins was killed and Longstreet seriously wounded. The troops quickly prepared to return the fire, when General Kershaw called out, "They are friends," every musket was lowered, and the men dropped upon the ground to avoid the fire. But it was a sad, sad blunder.

612. Mistake Overruled.

Having occasion to purchase mules for the army, General Donaldson ordered a person in whom he had confidence to "Buy as many as you can," supposing he would secure a few thousand at the most. Meeting his friend a few weeks afterwards, he was paralyzed to hear him say he had purchased twenty thousand or more. The astonished general could only exclaim, "I am a ruined man! I shall be court-martialed and driven from the army!" He returned to his home deeply depressed, but had scarcely entered before a messenger came from his superior officer bidding him come at once to headquarters. This seemed to be the sealing of his fate: but imagine his surprise when General Thomas said, "Donaldson, how many mules have you?" With trembling he replied, "Upwards of twenty thousand." "Is it possible that you have this number? Accept my most heartfelt thanks: *you have saved this army.*"

613. Mob, Pleasing the.

"No man even *struggled* to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation: his standard must be their lower desires, and not his own best insight."—*George Eliot.*

614. Mockery.

After the siege of Jerusalem, Titus submitted the conquered Jews to every form of cruel insult and taunting degradation. He had as a crowning insult the sacred vessels from the Temple carried through the streets of Rome as the prize of war. The golden table, the seven-

branched candlestick, the sacred tablets containing the laws of Moses. The broken hearted Hebrews were forced to behold these sacred things, hitherto preserved with loving reverence in their innermost shrines, exposed to the touch and gaze and mockery of the vile Gentile rabble. And cruel, heartless Rome exulted in the humiliation it inflicted.

615. Modesty.

"John Leech was singularly modest, both as a man and as an artist. This came by nature, and was indicative of the harmony and sweetness of his essence: but, doubtless, the perpetual going to Nature, and drawing out of her fulness kept him humble as well as enriched him; made him what every man of sense and power must be, conscious of his own strength: but before the great mother he was simple and loving, attentive to her lessons as a child, for ever learning and doing."—*Dr John Brown.*

616. Modesty, Deep.

It was only at the urgent entreaty of his friends that John Keble was induced to publish "The Christian Year." He was not anxious for poetic fame, and never thought that his poems would secure it. His own plan was to go on improving the series all his life, and leave it to come out, if judged useful, when he should be fairly out of the way.

617. Money cannot fully pay.

"Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another, nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world."—*Carlyle.*

618. Monks, Modern.

"The live specimens that go about still under that character, are too evidently to be classed as spurious in natural history."—*Carlyle.*

619. Monuments.

"The man who deserves a monument never needs one, and the man who needs one never deserves it."

620. Moods, Men's.

Go and see a great organ, of which you have heard. Touch it, and you hear the noble tones at once. The organ can produce them at any time. But go and see a great man, touch *him*: that is, get him to begin to talk. You will be much disappointed if you expect to hear anything like his book or poem. A great man is not one who is always saying great things. He is a man who can on occasion say them, but the staple of his conversation is commonplace enough.

621. Mortality, Our.

"Thus like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit host, we emerge from the Inane; haste scornfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Inane; we come through mystery to mystery, from God to God."—*Carlyle.*

622. Mother's Love.

"She softly sings, and paces to and fro,
Patient, unwearied, bearing in her arms
The fretful, sickly child, with all his harms,
Deformed and imbecile, her love and woe.

Croons with caressing intonation, low,
Some sweet, old minor melody that charms
The ear that listens and the sufferer calms,
And her own sorrow soothes with silver flow.
Oh holy tenderness of motherhood!
Most pitiful and patient to the child,
Foolish, unlovely, seemingly defiled
By powers of death and darkness. The All Good
Alone so loveth and remembereth,
And like a tender parent pitieth."

Abby S. Hinckley.

623. Motives, Mixed.

The early biographer of Julius Cæsar tells us that he liked to wear the laurel crown, which afterwards became distinctive of empire, "partly because it was given him by his fellow-citizens in recognition of service done, partly because it covered his baldness!"

624. Motive, Varied.

What a variety of motives brings the motley groups gathering that in winter-time are seen all day long in St Paul's Cathedral! Tramps asleep in the seats; country visitors to gape and stare at its vast dome; business men keeping appointments to talk bargains, and some devotees to pray.

625. Motives.

"The preacher who preaches for his salary, not for the spiritual well-being of his hearers, is a mercenary; the physician who practises for his fees, not to cure the sick, is a mercenary; the lawyer who pleads for his honorarium, and not for justice, is a mercenary; the politician who aims at his personal

advancement rather than the good of the community is a mercenary."

626. Mountains.

To the poet they are altars of nature on which the gold-robed sun offers his morning and evening sacrifice—footstools of God where he kneels hushed in awe.

627. Mystery in our Bodies.

In man nature's works are most complex and mysterious. The laws which regulate our physical being are discovered but slowly and by the most ingenious and profound research. Those which govern the nutrition of our bodies have been shrouded in mystery and remain very largely mystery still. We see the effects, but as to the processes they still baffle our keenest analysis. Our bodies refuse to answer the mystic "How?"

628. Mystic.

"Whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the Universe is an oracle and temple, as well as a kitchen and cattle-stall—he shall be a delirious mystic."—*Carlyle.*

629. Narrow Ability.

In the map-drawing department of the Government Ordnance Survey Office there are men who have been for many years drawing and engraving only hills, or trees, or roads, or rivers, as the case may be, and these in the most minute and conventional form. Dexterity in the special detail dooms the man to repeat the same kind of work to the last.

630. National Declension.

"One might as well have tried to be publicly great in the days of George I. and Walpole as an ordinary standard foot-soldier might to attain the stature of an Amalekite. The whole nation was grovelling and mean. Hogarth's pictures were literally sold dirt cheap. Shakespeare could not draw an audience. Vice was publicly taught upon the stage as a spirited thing. Everything was distraught."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

631. National Pride.

"If the average sentiment of our nation—(the American)—on our prospects as a people were reduced to a single voice and note, it would be a whoop of satisfaction at having emerged from the woods in which humanity has hitherto wandered, and of confident exultation in having found a straight path in an open country to the celestial city—whatever the conception of that may be."—*T. Munger.*

632. National Prosperity.

"It is a small matter what happens to the millionaire compared with the true prosperity of the millions."

633. Natural Beauty.

The neighbourhood of the magnificent Niagara Falls is now being restored to its original rugged and impressive beauty. Entrance-fees have been abolished; many eye-sores of mills and fences and vulgar places of amusement have been removed. In future people will be expected to come to look at Niagara, not to picnic or play, or gaze at mountebanks, nor even to see the falls under coloured calcium lights, but as free from all artificial intrusion and vulgarity as can possibly

be secured, and with full play given to their sublime grandeur to impress and elevate the onlooker.

634. Naturalness.

When Thomas Carlyle was installed as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University the enthusiasm was tumultuous. When he rose to speak he slipped off the gown of black and gold and talked to the students in the homeliest manner.

635. Nature.

"All objects are as windows through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself. The heavens and the earth are the time-vesture of the eternal."—*Carlyle.*

636. Nature.

"Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art thou not the living garment of God?"—*Carlyle.*

637. Nature-taught.

In Wordsworth's home there was one small room containing a few books, which was called, by courtesy, the library. But the poet was no reader: the English poets and ancient history were the only two subjects in which he was well read. He told a friend that he had not spent five shillings on new books in as many years. His study was in the open air.

638. Nature, Soul of.

When the Spaniards first landed in America, their superstitious eyes saw everywhere the Cross, so they called the place Vera Cruz, or the True Cross.

639. Nature's Colour.

The autumn sunsets are the most varied and beautiful. The colours on Nature's palette are spread in gorgeous

beauty over the calm western sky, and the day dies, surrounded by retainers in crimson and gold and glory indescribable. The leaves of the trees touched with the fiery finger of the season, blush into loveliness and fade into sweet and fair attractiveness.

640. Nature's Detail.

"There is not an inch of the meadow in early summer without a flower. Old walls are not left without a fringe: on the top of the hardest brick wall, on the sapless tiles, on slates, stonecrop takes hold and becomes a cushion of yellow bloom. Nature is a miniature painter and handles a delicate brush, the tip of which touches the tiniest spot and leaves something living."—*Richard Jefferies.*

641. Nature's Healing Power.

"He fled into the wilds of Nature, as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. A murmur of intensity, of Death and of Life, stole through his soul."—*Carlyle.*

642. Nature's Indifference to Man.

Outside of, and far beyond man, his hopes and fears, his strivings and aspirations, there lies the vast immensity of nature's forces, which pays him no homage, and yields him no sympathy. He may smile or weep, he may live or die: they care not. They are the same in all their ongoings, happen what will to him. They respond to the sunrises and sunsets, but not to his sympathies. Man holds his festal days, and nature frowns: he goes forth from the death-chamber and nature affronts him with sunshine and the song of birds.

643. Necessity sharpening Faculties.

During the war between France and England, in the last century, it is said that the sharks learnt to know when a naval engagement was about to take place, and would assemble in the neighbourhood to be in readiness; so in a similar way during the French occupation of Egypt, the vultures became so well acquainted with the meaning of the roar of artillery that they would flock together from all quarters as soon as the first gun was fired, in search of their food.

644. Necessity and Strange Device.

On one occasion the only desk on which General Grant could write his despatch after a battle was the back of a somewhat restive pony. He avowed that it did not contribute to good composition or neat caligraphy.

645. Need destroying Fear.

"The most annoying animal to the camper-out in the Catskills," says John Burroughs, "is the cow. Backwoods cows and young calves seem always to be famished for salt, and they will fairly lick the fisherman's clothes off his back, and his tent and his equipage out of existence if he gave them a chance."

646. Nemesis.

It is said that the celebrated "Bull" of the tyrant Phalaris —an instrument of torture in which victims were enclosed and roasted alive—had its first victim in its inventor.

647. New, Bartering the Old for the.

At the beginning of this century, hidden away in old Italian convents and wayside inns lay the masterpiece violins of

such men as Stradivarius, Bergonzi, and others. A shrewd carpenter, named Tarisio, hearing of this, was wont to call with a new instrument and offer to repair the old. This generally ended in the exchange of a comparatively valueless instrument for one of incomparable sweetness and fabulous worth.

648. Noble Deed, Prompting to.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who boasted that her two boys were her jewels, is said to have pleaded with Tiberius the elder son to do some great work for the State, urging as the reason that she was called "the daughter of Scipio," but she wished to be known to posterity as "the mother of the Gracchi!"

649. Novel, Fashionable.

"Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall induce me, as a private individual, to open another fashionable novel."—*Carlyle.*

650. Obedience.

"To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing. He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide, and deliverer of many: that is the meaning of true mastership."—*Carlyle.*

651. Obedience.

"There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness."—*George Eliot.*

652. Obedience.

"Whoso cannot obey, cannot be free, still less bear rule: he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing."—*Carlyle.*

653. Obedience, Implicit.

General Scott was once over-ruled by President Lincoln in his judgment as to evacuating a fort. When, however, the old General heard the order, he replied, drawing himself up to his full height, "The Great Frederick used to say, 'When the king commands, all things are possible.' It shall be done."

654. Obedience, Withholding.

For six hundred years the greater part of the Mahommedan Empire was nominally under the authority of a central ruler called a Khalif, a "Successor or Substitute." At first the authority was real and powerful: the Khalif appointed the governors of all the provinces from Spain to the borders of the Hindu Koosh and removed any of them at his pleasure. But the empire was too large to hold together round a central pivot for any length of time, and gradually various local governors made themselves virtually independent, although they generally professed the utmost devotion to the Khalif and paid him *every honour except obedience.*

655. Observation, Keen.

Wordsworth relates that at the age of fourteen he noticed how the boughs and leaves of the oak darken and come out when seen against the sunset. "I recollect distinctly," he says nearly fifty years afterwards, "the very spot where it first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. I saw how much of natural effects and beauties were unnoticed by the poets, and I made a resolution in some degree to supply the deficiency."

656. Occupation, Change of.

"You have heard doubtless, of the mill horse which all the days of the week but Sunday was engaged in walking round and round a narrow circle. It spent Sunday in walking round and round in the opposite direction from that in which it walked on week-days. It found rest, not in idleness, but in change of labour. I commend that horse."—*A. K. H. B.*

657. Offence, Justifying the.

It is reported of Jacob Bell, the great connoisseur and picture-buyer, that his father, a rigid Quaker, watched his son's purchase of pictures with great disapproval, and that he said one day to him: "What business hast thou to buy those things, wasting thy substance?" "I can sell any of *those things* for more than I gave for them, some for twice as much." "Is that truly so?" said the old man, "Then I see no sin in thy buying more."

658. Old Age, Sweet.

"It is a noble thing when a man grows old, retaining something of youthful freshness and fervour all the time. It is a fine thing to *ripen without shrivelling:* to reach the calmness of age, yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth."

659. Omen of Success.

When the Constitution of the United States was being signed, Washington was the first to write his name. Then the other delegates one after another went up to the table. As the southern members were affixing their names, Franklin, looking towards the President's chair, on the back of which

was cut a sun, said to those about him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. "I have," said he, "often and often in the course of the session had my hopes and fears as to the issue, and looked at that behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now, at length, I know it is a rising and not a setting sun."

660. Opinions, Immature.

"Clever young men and women, when their minds begin to open and they begin to think for themselves, pass through a stage of mental development which, by and by, they quite outgrow; and entertain opinions and beliefs, and feel emotions, on which afterwards they look back with little sympathy or approval, but only a smile. Yet the human boy often thinks he is a man, and more. He fancies that his mental stature is as big and solid as it will ever become." —*A. K. H. B.*

661. Opinions, Preacher's.

"What a man is convinced is true, that God constrains him to tell out fearlessly: but his opinions—he is bound to keep to himself, lest having reason to change them, he should find out hereafter that he has been teaching a lie."—*Charles Kingsley.*

662. Opponents, Similarity of.

It has been remarked that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were singularly alike in many respects. Both were born in Kentucky, both nearly the same age, only nine months separating them. Both were taken in their early years from their birthplaces by the emigration of their parents. Both

were soldiers in the Black Hawk war against the Indians, both were candidates for presidential elector in 1844. Both were soon elected for Congress. Both were successful politicians and popular orators. Both instinctively studious: both became the chiefs of rival sections in a great civil war, and then how wide the gulf and contrast between them!!

663. Opportunity, Neglected.

Amalthea, the mysterious sibyl of Cumæ, came one day to Tarquin with nine sealed prophetical books which she said contained the destiny of the Romans and the way to secure it, and offered to sell them. The King refused, and thereupon she went away and destroyed three of them. Then she returned soon after and demanded the same price for the six that she had asked for the nine. Once more the monarch declined the offer, and again the sibyl destroyed three more, demanding the same price for the remainder. The King's curiosity was now roused and he bought the three books, upon which the prophetess vanished.

664. Oppression, The folly of.

So terrible is the espionage in Russia that a group of gentlemen in St Petersburg who meet at stated intervals for the discussion of public affairs, and who are neither conspirators nor revolutionists, spend the evening in a pretence of gambling, in order that neither the servants nor the police may suspect them of secret machinations. In the eyes of the Government a club of gamblers is a safe and innocent organisation, but a private debating society is a dangerous menace to social order, and to the rights and privileges of the Supreme Authority.

665. Ornaments, but no Taste.

A traveller in Palestine tells of a shepherdess whom he met in the wilderness, who reluctantly submitted to the ordeal of the camera. He says: "While posing her, I took an inventory of her neck and head gear. On the top of her head, four trousers-buttons were united by cords in the form of a Greek cross. Near each temple was an iron harness-ring, one and a quarter inch in diameter, and one-eighth inch thick. From these rings down to the edges of the face-veil, ran two pieces of iron and brass jack-chain. From the rear-button a cord ran backwards. Bunches of beads hung from the cords at her temples, and a lot of beads with a silver disc as large as a dollar hung from each ear. Bracelets graced each arm; there were rings on her fingers and thumbs. Nineteen necklaces hung round her neck: some of turquoise, some of amber, and one was made up of the iron ferrules from the sticks of tourists' umbrellas."

666. Others, Envying.

"Aunt Jarvis was one of those persons who consider other people's blessings in the light of personal affronts, as if they were so many flags of triumph wantonly flaunted in their faces by the victors."

667. Outwitting the Foe.

When the Romans and Carthaginians met in battle in Sicily the latter used elephants, and the Roman armies did not venture to offer battle where the ground was suitable for the action of these formidable creatures. By and by they began to find out that it was easy to make them as dangerous to their friends as they could be to their foes, then they dared to face them. One of the Carthaginian Generals used them in

attacking a town, but when the archers showered arrows upon them from the walls, driven to madness by their wounds they turned round and broke down their own ranks.

668. Pardon by Enlistment.

When Rome was in serious need of recruits for her army, and few were forthcoming, bands of brigands were induced to enlist by promises of full pardon for past offences: and even slaves were recruited. As many as eight thousand soldiers were gained in this way for Hannibal's forces.

669. Passion, The Ruling.

General Grant always asked after a battle and victory one question: "How many prisoners have you taken?" His great idea was to get the campaign completed.

670. Past, Abuse of the.

Men as they grow to middle-age often despise themselves as they were a few years ago. It is such a bitter thing for a man to confess that he *is* a fool: but it costs little to say that he *was* a fool, a good time since!

671. Past, Despising the.

"I can imagine how a fine old orange tree that now bears oranges with the thinnest possible skin, and with no pips, juicy and rich, might feel that it has outgrown the fruit of its first years, when the skin was half an inch thick, the pips innumerable and the eatable portion small and poor."—*A. K. H. B.*

672. Past, Relying on the.

When Thorwaldsen had finished his famous statue of the Christ, now in Copenhagen Cathedral, a deep sadness over-

came him. When questioned as to the reason, he replied, "My ability is waning, for I am satisfied with my achievement."

673. Past Reminiscences.

Violins are said to possess extraordinary sensitiveness and resonance. Mr Hill, a celebrated maker of them, says that as he sits in his workroom, where old violin-cases are piled in hundreds on shelves and cupboards pell-mell, ribs, bellies and backs, he constantly hears them muttering and humming to themselves, in answer to his tools, the stroke of his hammer, even the sound of his voice.

674. Patience.

"Take the case of a sour, backbiting, malicious, wrong-headed, lying old woman, who gives her life to saying disagreeable things and making mischief between friends. It needs much patience to bear with such. But if you knew all, you would not be severe. You do not know her physical irritability of nerve and weakness of constitution. You do not know the unkind treatment she had in youth. The polite snubbings and ladylike torture which are often the lot of the genteel poor and dependent. If you knew all these things you would bear more patiently with my friend Miss Limejuice." —*A. K. H. B.*

675. Patience.

"How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait."—*Carlyle.*

676. Patience.

"Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his

might at the close of the account were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He died indeed, but his work lives, very truly lives."—*Carlyle.*

677. Patience Tried.

A quaint New Englander, who had seemed to complain, was asked if her patience had worn out and she replied, "No! it is not worn out but is getting very frayed at the edges!"

678. Patriotism, Supreme.

Walt Whitman tells of nursing in an army hospital a young Baltimorean, and in the adjoining ward his brother, an officer of rank in the Union army. It was in the same battle both were hit. One was a strong Unionist, the other a Secessionist; both fought on their respective sides, both badly wounded and brought together here, after a separation of four years. Each died for his cause.

679. Peace.

One of the American poets had said that the day is yet coming when some sweet bird shall build her nest in every rusting cannon's mouth, and the song of the bluebird shall be the only sound that shall come from the iron throat of these instruments of destruction and death.

680. Peace after Storm.

Describing one of Beethoven's sonatas, Dr John Brown says: "He begins with a trouble, a wandering and groping in the dark, a strange emergence of order out of chaos, a wild

rich confusion and misrule. Wilful and passionate, often harsh, and as it were, thick with gloom : then comes, as if it stole upon the air, the burden of the theme, the still sad music—*Largo e Mesto*—so human, so sorrowful, and yet the sorrow overcome, not by gladness, but by something better, like the sea after a dark night of tempest falling asleep in the young light of morning and whispering how meek and gentle it can be."

681. Peace, Deep.

I seek its aerie shore as one enchanted
Where falls a mystic, dim-delicious glow
On dusky violets and wistful daisies,
And ghosts of roses loved long years ago,
While pallid lily-bells, slow swinging, toll
Not sound, but silences, into the soul.

And oh ! its hawthorn blossoms mock the snow-drift
But never melt and never wear away,
While fair below the gently waving branches
Gold-shimmered mists and azure shadows play
Close where a silver streamlet runs along
So softly, it has neither laugh nor song.

L. V. Boyd.

682. Peacemakers.

When the Romans and Sabines were at strife, the Sabine women rushed into the midst of the din and carnage, and putting themselves between the combatants urged them not to make them widows or fatherless. Their appeal resulted in peace, and the two peoples agreed to form one nation, the ruler of which should be alternately a Roman and a Sabine.

683. Peacemakers.

It is said of the ancient inhabitants of the island of Rhodes, that they exhibited a phenomenal morality in a time of general lawlessness and lack of principle, and that they were thus enabled continually to become mediators and peacemakers between peoples at variance.

684. Peace, The Coming of.

'Tis not in seeking,
'Tis not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found:
Be still and listen,
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.
Not for the crying,
Not for the loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near.
Rest with palms folded,
Rest with thine eyelids fallen:
Lo! peace is here.

—*E. R. Sill.*

685. Perfection in God's Work.

The ordinary daisy of the field is not the simple thing it at first appears. Seen under a powerful microscope it is really a small bouquet of flowers, each petal being a separate bloom, whilst the yellow eye is another posey massed together in the centre. God has touched with His own perfect skill and finish this homely blossom.

686. Persecuted, Help for the.

"Jeremiah is my favourite book now. It has taught me more than tongue can tell. But I am much disheartened and am minded to speak no more words in His name. Yet all these bullyings teach one, correct one, warn one, shew one that God is not leaving one to go one's own way. 'Christ reigns' quoth Luther."—*Charles Kingsley.*

687. Persecution and Hypocrisy.

During the persecution of the Jews in Spain in the thirteenth century, many Hebrews became nominally Christian. They were almost universally still Jews at heart, though many ascended to positions of the highest eminence. Even in the church the frock of the friar covered thousands whose confession was only a pretence. There were heads covered with the mitre whose homage was never really rendered to the Host, but in secret before the parchments of the Law. The lordliest hidalgoes bowing before the Virgin in public lifted a tapestry, and by a secret door entered a shrine set forth with Jewish symbols.

688. Perseverance.

"Permanence, persistence, is the first condition of all fruitfulness in the ways of men. The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities: it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak, the civilised burgher from the nomadic savage, the species Man from the genus Ape!"—*Carlyle.*

689. Personal Influence.

For a performance of one of Wagner's dramatic compositions it was necessary for certain girls to be swung up and

down in the Rhine depths, singing all the time. They refused at first to face a situation more suitable for acrobats than singers. But when Wagner, with tears in his eyes, besought them to try, all went easily and more than well.

690. Personality, Fascinating.

Newman used to tell how one day, when he was an undergraduate, a friend with whom he was walking in the Oxford street cried out eagerly, "There's Keble!" and with what awe he looked at him! A few years, and the same took place with regard to himself. In Oriel Lane, light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper "There's Newman," when, head thrust forward, and gaze fixed, as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step, he glided by. Awe fell on them for a moment almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed. To the outer world he was a fascinating mystery.

691. Persons more than Places.

Go back after several years to the house where you and your brothers and sisters were children together, and you will wonder to find how small and how blank it will look. It will touch you, and perhaps deeply, but you will soon discern that it is not places, but persons that are the true objects of personal affection. How little is Greece, how little the Holy Land! Strip them of their sublime history and associations and they are utterly insignificant.

692. Pests, Prolific.

Says Professor Drummond in his *Tropical Africa*: "Routing the ants from the boxes and provision stores was also an

important and vexatious daily item. Some ants are so clever that they can break into everything, and others so small that they can crawl into anything : and between the clever ones, and the small ones, and the jam-loving ones, and the flour-eating ones, and the specimen-eating ones, subsistence, not to say science, is a serious problem."

693. Philosopher, Impractical.

Principal Shairp says, in all seriousness, that Samuel Taylor Coleridge, having to go from home for several days, his wife packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him strictly to be sure and use them. On his return, opening his portmanteau, she was astonished to find no shirts there. Asking him to account for this, she found that he had duly obeyed her directions and had put on a shirt every day, but never taken off one. There were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, *but on his own back ! ! !*

694. Philosophy, Hermit.

"Plato's conversations on philosophy did not form a clear or easily-grasped system, and were interpenetrated with a mystical element in the speculative sense, making the unseen and imperceptible the most real, and substituting for the facts given to the senses, the speculation of the intellect. His philosophy was transcendental as being above the people. A theory for the cloister and the schools, not for the high-ways and thoroughfares of life."—*Dr Mahaffy.*

695. Philosophy, Transcendental.

Father Taylor of Boston could not endure the pretentious phraseology of the transcendental craze of fifty years ago. He once described it as "a gull with long wings, lean body, poor feathers and miserable meat !"

696. Pity.

"The shark is an unamiable creature. It is voracious. It will snap a man in two. Yet even it is not unworthy of pity. Its organization is such that it is for ever suffering from ravenous hunger. You can scarcely imagine the state of intolerable famine in which it roams the ocean. People talk of its awful teeth and vindictive eye; and yet hunger has driven even human beings to as barbarous deeds as those of which shark was ever accused!"

697. Pity, Wasted.

Mr Sidney Cooper tells of how he engaged a Highland drover to come and sit to him at an inn where he was staying in Scotland. It was a pouring wet day and he and his collie were drenched, so he took off his plaid and laid it on the floor by the dog. When the sitting was over and the artist had paid the man for his trouble, he came to look at his portrait and began to compassionate the painter as he supposed he couldn't get much for such things. And then he added in a patronizing way, "But there, I suppose we must take different drifts, for we can't all be drovers!"

698. Pity with Sentence.

Bishop Thirlby was appointed by Queen Mary, and went as her ambassador to Rome to swear anew England's allegiance to the Pope. But when he performed the ceremony of degradation over Archbishop Cranmer, he wept with keenest sorrow as he did it.

699. Plagiarism, Shameless.

"A cousin, now long dead, was listening with me to a young preacher-puppy, whose sermon was one tissue of un-

acknowledged plagiarisms of the most barefaced kind. We were doing little else than nudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another—for this ass did not know his master's crib. William whispered to me, 'Look at him—I declare his very whiskers are curving into inverted commas,' and it was true, such was the shape of his whiskers, that his face, and especially his grinning and complacent mouth which they embraced looked one entire quotation."—*Dr John Brown.*

700. Pleasure, Nemesis of.

One of the greatest signs of Rome's national decay came when the rabble of the capital, accustomed to be amused and fed by their despotic and corrupt rulers, cried out in the streets, "Give us bread for nothing, and games for ever." It taught them to abhor honest labour and think of nothing but pleasure, and so prepared for every vice that undermines the state.

701. Poetry, Analytical.

"Some of Browning's analytical poems are like skeleton-clocks: we forget their office as revealers of the time, in admiration of the intricate and dexterous display of the mechanism within. It marks the introspective period in song in which thought is drawn from the picture as a whole, to the function of its separate parts."—*E. C. Stedman.*

702. Poor, Helping the.

Count Tolstoi's daughter shares with him his views as to the obligation of manual toil, and is accustomed to work in the fields with any poor neighbour who is in need of assistance. "It is better," says the Count, "to labour with the poor than give them the results of your labour. You then set them an example, and teach them self-respect, industry, and contentment with their lot."

703. Poor, Kindness to the.

Liszt was ever foremost in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, the sick, and the helpless. He seems, indeed, to have been unable to pass a beggar, and they soon found that out; they even intruded on his privacy, and waylaid him in his own garden. The proceeds of many a splendid concert went to widows and orphans, the sick and the blind. He founded pensions and provided funds for poor musicians, and even set up monuments to great artists. In the great commercial crisis of 1834, at Lyons, he gave concerts for the artizans out of work, and in Hungary not long after, when the overflow of the Danube rendered hundreds homeless, Liszt was again to the fore with his brilliant performances for charity.

704. Popularity, Hunting.

When Alcibiades lived at Athens, he affected Athenian extravagance, kept race-horses, gambled, dressed in the extreme of fashion and luxury, and never appeared in public but with a crowd of dependents, an equipage of flatterers and servants following him. But when he went to Sparta, which is but a few miles away, he conformed to the Spartan method, dismissed his retinue, put on a coarse, mean habit, and lived as the hardest Spartan. Moving into Thrace, the accomplished flatterer put on his military habit, strutted about all armed, and talked of nothing but wars and fighting. Flying into the Persian dominions, he clothed himself in silks and gold, put on an Eastern habit, and became a finished Persian debauchee, conforming to luxury and vice, as he did before to goodness, honesty and virtue. What is this tickling King Mob, better than pleasing King Despot?

705. Popularity, Spoiled by.

"C—— began his career with finished and studied pictures, which never paid him: he now degrades his fine talent to the superficialness of public taste, and *blots his way to emolument and oblivion.*"—*Ruskin.*

706. Poverty, Honourable.

Sydney Smith, when asked for a motto for the *Edinburgh Review*, suggested *Tenui Musam Meditamur Avena*, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

707. Power of the Church.

In Norman days, the bishops of Durham were made palatine-princes as well—were allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. For four hundred years later they were the judicial and military, as well as the spiritual, lords of their people. Those who were said to have broken the peace within their borders were offenders, not against the King, but the bishop; and with the bishop rested the power of life and death, even when murder or treason itself was in question.

708. Praise, Greedy for.

"He must be a weak man who loves to be tickled with compliment, and fed with soft dedication all day long. Praise is cream, custard, pap: simple truth is strong meat. A good action is its own best reward. In the next world lies, bruits or noises, and voices—especially the voice so oft mistaken, that of Fame—will be dead: but the voices of Conscience

and Truth will for ever remain. Our final Judge will know, and we shall know, what and how much we did—

> "As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
> Of so much Fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
>
> *J. Hain Friswell.*

709. Praise, Too Late.

Mr Wyke Bayliss, writing on David Cox the artist, says: "It would be an endless as well as graceless task to cite from the realms of newspaper articles in which he was assailed. It is sufficiently known that the writers of the Press were all too late in their discovery of his transcendent genius to do more than crown his head with laurels, just a little time before he lay it down for his last sleep beneath the turf of the village churchyard, steeped in the sunshine or shadowed by the clouds he so loved to paint."

710. Prayer, An Extraordinary.

Father Taylor of Boston on a Sunday before a State election at which an earnest Christian man was a candidate, whom he was anxious to have returned on that account prayed in public thus: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear Thee, men who obey Thy commandments, men who—But, O Lord! what's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all round the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for governor!" His prayer was answered on the next day.

711. Prayer Answered.

"Some years ago in the great State of Minnesota, the Granary of the West, there came a scourge of grasshoppers that threatened to destroy the whole wheat crop. The

Governor who was a very devout Christian called upon the people to observe a day of fasting humiliation and prayer for the removal of the plague. Secular papers laughed this action to scorn, and scouted the idea of an appeal to God. Spring came, the wheat appeared and the grasshopper with it, and then the secular press said, 'What is the result of your day of prayer?' But after a little while as the grasshoppers grew, there came a parasite that not merely made the grasshopper impotent to destroy the wheat, but also impotent to propagate itself. And from that day there has been no scourge of grasshoppers in the State of Minnesota."—*Dr Pierson.*

712. Prayer Answered from Heaven.

During a blizzard in America, folks in Philadelphia who desired to communicate with Boston, sent a cablegram to London, and by way of London, reached their friends in Boston. Prayer to God for men has sometimes done far more than pleading with men for God.

713. Prayer for Victory.

The mother of Lieutenant Cushing who was anticipating a very fateful engagement in naval warfare, says: "Well do I remember the dreary day in the fall of 1864, when Will, home on a brief visit, invited me to ride with him over the Arkwright hills. It was a dark cloudy day, and looked lonely: but where no one could see or hear, as Will said to me, 'Mother, I have undertaken a great project, and no soul must know it until it is accomplished. I *must* tell you, for I need your prayers.' After that came those days of suspense, every hour an agony, until from my son Howard came the glad telegram, 'William is safe and successful.'"

714. Preacher, Eccentric.

Father Taylor of Boston never wrote his sermons. He said he shivered from head to foot at the sight of an inkstand and pen. If he undertook composition he was bereft of his power. He prepared himself after his own fashion for the pulpit; yet if a text was handed to him at the last moment, it was like a drill-borer on a sudden touching deep in earth an oil or gas-well, which bursts up, perhaps in flame.

715. Preachers, Effeminate.

"I begin to hate these dapper young-ladies' preachers like the Devil; for I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about with every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible. I am sickened by its day-by-day occurrence."—*Charles Kingsley.*

716. Preacher like Painter.

Both artist and preacher have to be seers for others, and then in turn, declarers to others, of truths liable to be overlooked. The discourse of the one, as the canvas of the other, should both so reveal truth, as to make men to say, "Yes, that is so, but I had not noticed it."

717. Preacher, Inspired.

"I have heard in my time all the brilliant lights of bar and platform and stall, and though I recall marvellous effects from one or other of them, I never had anything in the way of vocal utterance to shake me through and through like Father Taylor's personal electricity in his sermons, in the little old sea church in Boston, those summer Sundays just before the Secession war broke out."—*Walt Whitman.*

718. Preacher, The.

"That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful; even in its great obscuration and decadence it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavour to save the souls of men."—*Carlyle.*

719. Preaching to Oneself.

"The opinions of the essayist or the preacher, if deserving of notice at all, are so because of their inherent truth, and not because he expresses them. And be sure of this that the writer or the preacher, if earnest and sincere, addressed all he said to himself as much as to anyone else."—*A. K. H. B.*

720. Precocity, Juvenile.

John Leech's little boy was the main warmth and brightness of his father's life; he was a child of extraordinary precocity too. Dr John Brown says: "I was in the house when he said to a new nurse-maid who had just appeared, 'Nurse, papa says I am one of those children that can only be managed by kindness, and so I'll trouble you to fetch some sponge-cake and oranges!'"

721. Prejudice, Rebuked.

Wagner once wrote a diatribe against Jewish influence in music and, it is said, prepared a composition specially to vindicate against the Hebrews the superiority of a purely Teutonic taste; but when it came to the performance, lo! the patriotic master beheld the first violins all in the hands of the aliens whose dark sparkling eyes were scanning serenely

the tangled score that was to bring them to confusion! The fact was that none but Jewish performers could be found skilful enough to take the burden of the performance!

722. Presence, An Inspiring.

John Kemble was once acting in the Edinburgh theatre, and being out of sorts was playing languidly and ill, when suddenly he played out into his full power and went on magnificently to the close. William Murray said to him afterwards, "How was it you began so ill and finished so well?" "Oh!" said Kemble, "didn't you see? Sir Walter came in." He had played up to Sir Walter Scott.

723. Presence of Beloved One.

"With Romola near, Tito was floated along by waves of agreeable sensation that made everything seem easy."—*George Eliot.*

724. Pretension, Excessive.

The portico of Peterborough Cathedral is said by eminent architects to lack proportion and affinity with the main structure. It is an elaborate screen and not a true front or portico, and a screen which bears exaggerated testimony to the building behind it. Thomas Craddock, the learned guide and historian to the cathedral, says of it, "It raises ideas which no building even of extraordinary size could adequately satisfy."

725. Pride of Skill.

"I do not think I ever beheld a human being whose aspect was of such unutterable pride as a man I lately saw playing the drum in a certain military band. His bosom was swelling

with the lofty belief—probably quite true—that out of the four or five thousand persons present there was not one who, to save his life, could have done what he was doing so easily." —*A. K H. B.*

726. Pride, Pitiful.

The pride exhibited in the baronet's family filters down into the servants' hall. The butler and upper servants are very severe and exclusive with the kitchen servants; while, to carry the matter through, the kitchen totally despises the scullery. Just as Theodore, King of Abyssinia, kept around him a number of courtiers, each of whom in savage pride despised the other, whilst the king at the top despised them all.

727. Pride, Wounded.

Liszt was once a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle Caroline, the daughter of St Cricq. But in an interview with the father his pride was deeply wounded. "Difference of rank," said the Count. That was quite enough for Liszt. He rose, pale as death, with quivering lip, uttering never a word.

728. Priests, False.

"As a priest or interpreter of the holy is the noblest and highest of all men, so is a sham-priest the falsest and basest; neither is it doubtful that his canonicals, were they the Pope's tiaras, will be torn from him one day to make bandages for the wounds of mankind or even to burn into tinder for honest scientific or culinary purposes."—*Carlyle.*

729. Privations Gladly Endured.

Before the Secession War in America ended, Lee's soldiers were terribly reduced by sufferings and privations. A new

pair of shoes or an overcoat was a luxury, and full rations would greatly have astonished them. Yet they took it cheerfully in their devotion to their loved commander and their cause, and complaints were very seldom heard. Such men were dangerous foes to encounter upon the line of battle.

730. Procrastination.

On the 12th March 1881, the late Czar of Russia signed a proclamation announcing to his people his intention to summon a national assembly and to grant a constitutional form of government. On the very next day, before the proclamation was made public, he had been assassinated.

731. Profanity.

The yellowstone country of America a few years ago was so utterly godless that a proverb was current to the effect that "west of Bismarck there is no Sunday, and west of Miles City there is no God."

732. Profusion.

Thomas Jefferson, the actual writer of the American Declaration of Independence, was a great garden-lover. At his little mountain homestead he had a cascade, a temple, a grotto, a moss-couch and numerous other quaint and beautiful devices. For the general garden, not merely a profusion of flowers, but ornamental trees and vines. In addition to domestic animals there was a preserve for wild animals, with a buck-elk or a buffalo to be monarch of the woods. And this he modestly called his "Garden"!

733. Promise, Fulfilling the.

When Count Julian left Spain with the daughter of King Roderick, given to him as wife, his royal father-in-law made a parting request that the Count would send him some special kind of hawks that he needed for hunting. Julian made answer that he would bring him such hawks as he had never seen before. He did, by returning with an army of fierce Arabs to attack the nation.

734. Prophets.

"Men to whom the Divine ideas of the universe shine through in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty on their souls: who are rightly therefore accounted prophets, or God-possessed."—*Carlyle.*

735. Prophets, True.

"Melodious voices from the Eternal Heart of Nature once again; souls for ever venerable to all that have a soul."—*Carlyle.*

736. Prosperity, Dangers of.

The long reign of Philip of Macedon—over forty years—witnessed the great decadence of the Hellenic Empire. When he came to the throne she was still a strong empire full of fairest prospects. But he was one of those characters that are only kept within the bounds of good sense and justice by the sternest adversity. As soon as he found himself safe, his idleness, his tempers and lusts broke out. It was a misfortune both to himself and the world that he was not obliged, like his predecessors, to recover by arms the kingdom to which he had succeeded by right. Prosperity enervated him, adversity would have braced him.

737. Protected, Wondrously.

George Washington was present at a fierce engagement against the Indians at Fort Duquesne. He was so marvellously delivered from death so many times that an Indian Chief, pointing to him, cried to his braves: "Fire at him no more. See ye not that the Great Spirit protects that chief. He cannot die in battle."

738. Prudence.

General Grant said of President Lincoln: "He is one of the few visitors I have had who has not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my plans. He not only never asks them, but says it is better he should not know them, and then he can "be certain to keep the secret."

739. Prudence Deified.

The Stoic philosophy taught the wise man's complete independence of all the world, and his contempt for human politics, carried on by *fools*, and they called themselves the uninitiated or the unconvinced. And yet upon occasion, they were quite ready to theorise for the vulgar, and to direct public affairs.—*Dr Mahaffy*.

740. Punctuality.

Napoleon used to say that the great general was to be distinguished from an inferior one by always being a quarter of an hour beforehand.

741. Purifying, Trial.

Crystallisation is a purifying as well as a hardening process. The Cararra marble which is sent from the Apennines to all

parts of the world is found in large masses of sparkling whiteness embedded in stone of a very dark colour, consisting of manifold impurities which have been driven to the surface by the process of crystallisation. Part of this dark stone is usually left on the blocks of marble as a proof of its genuine origin and special quality.

742. Puritan, The.

What is the Puritan to the modern man? A rude destroyer of things ancient and therefore to be respected! A randal devastator of things rare and beautiful and too precious ever to be replaced! A brutal scoffer drinking at the altar, firing his musket at the figure of Christ, stabling his horses amidst the handiwork of beauty under the roof of God! Yet the very man who uses this harsh language about the Puritan owes every precious political and religious right to that Puritan who championed the liberties of the people against a tyrannical, though weak, king, and a narrow and persecuting, though sycophantic priesthood.

743. Puritanism, The real.

"Shallow-minded people fancy Puritanism to be prosaic, because the laces and ruffles of the Cavaliers are a more picturesque costume at a masked ball than the dress of the Roundheads. The Puritan has become a grim and ugly scarecrow, on whom every buffoon may break his jest. But the genuine old Puritan spirit ceases to be picturesque because of its sublimity: its poetry is sublimed into religion." —*Leslie Stephen.*

744. Purpose, Practical.

Sir Walter Scott met Mungo Park once at Yarrow's deep pool, and was amused and surprised to find him throwing

one stone after another into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles as they rose to the surface. Said Scott, "This appears but an idle amusement for one who has seen so much adventure." "Not so idle as you suppose," answered Park; "this was the way I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa." He was then meditating his second journey, but had told no one.

745. Quacks.

"Quack and dupe as we must ever keep in mind are upper-side and under of the self-same substance."—*Carlyle.*

746. Quickness, Needful.

"In handling the cross-bow it was very needful to be careful of the aim, and very quick in shooting. The herd, as Shakespeare tells us, at once recognised the sound of a cross-bow; the jar of the string, tight-strained to the notch by the goat's-foot lever, the slight whiz of the missile, were enough to startle them and to cause the rest to swerve and pass out of range."—*Richard Jefferies.*

747. Quietness, Value of.

There is an Italian proverb that says "He that speaks doth sow; but he that holds his peace doth reap."

748. Raiding the Enemy.

During the siege of Granada by the Moors, much mutual taunt was indulged in by both besiegers and besieged. On one occasion one of the citizens waxed so venturesome that he cast a spear almost into the royal pavilion. As an answer to this, a Moorish leader gathering a small band of followers

rode in the dead of night to a postern gate in the walls of Granada, and surprising the guards, galloped through the streets until he came to the chief mosque, which he forthwith solemnly dedicated to the Virgin, and in token of its conversion nailed a label on the door inscribed with the words, *Ave Maria.* Granada was awake by this time, and soldiers were gathering in every direction; but Pulgar put spurs to his horse, and amid the amazement of the people, plunged furiously through the crowd, galloped back to the gate, fought his way through and rode back in triumph to the camp.

749. Raiment, Startling.

Among the negroes in Kentucky there was one Peter Cotton by name, who united the vocations of wood-chopper and exhorter. One moment he might be seen standing on his log chopping away, and the next kneeling down beside it praying. He got his mistress to make him a long Jeans coat, and on the ample tails of it to embroider by his direction sundry texts of Scripture. Thus literally clothed with righteousness Peter went from cabin to cabin preaching the Word. Well for him if that other Peter could have seen him.

750. Rationalism.

"A rational University, in which all were quickly enough blown out into a windy state of argumentativeness whereby the better sort must soon end in sick, impotent scepticism, and the worser sort explode in finished self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become dead."—*Carlyle.*

751. Rationalists.

"Logic-choppers and treble-pipe scoffers and professed enemies to wonder; illuminated sceptics walk abroad into

peaceful society in full daylight with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding and guarding you therewith, though the sun is shining, and the street populous with mere justice-loving men."—*Carlyle.*

752. Readiness.

How many persons can think next day, or even a few minutes after, of the precise thing they ought to have said or done, but which would not come at the time. But it so often happens that unless it come in time even the right thing is useless. Theodore Hook used to say that his most brilliant ideas always came to him as he rode in the cab going home from a dinner-party.

753. Reading, Love of.

"I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading."—*Macaulay.*

754. Ready for Action.

"No proficiency in knowledge, cultivation, poetry, or the fine arts can give a man anything like compensation for a lack of decision, a want of command over himself and his faculties. Reduce him to an aimless, actionless man, and he is less than an automaton. He will dally and fritter away all his fine qualities, and become more contemptible than the untaught man who does his little after his own small light. Readiness is especially a Christian virtue. The highest voice that ever spoke has cried to us, 'Be ye, therefore, also *ready*,' and told us that those who were *ready*—and only those—went in with Him."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

755. Rebellion, Jubilant.

When the South Carolina convention broke up with a declaration of secession from the north, and the Civil War was thereby proclaimed, there were great jubilations. Bells were rung, cannon saluted, and the streets were filled with the noise and display of great parades. But what a drama of blood it led to, and what a tragedy of disastrous defeat was its end!

756. Rebuke of Rudeness.

Dr John Brown tells of one Robert Forsyth who, a century ago, studied for the Church, but who gave up the ministry and went to the bar. The members of that institution cared little for a new adherent to their ranks unless he came recommended by his connection with some aristocratic family. One of their number was specially opposed to Forsyth, and one day had the audacity to say, "Who are you, sir, that would thrust yourself into the faculty? Are ye not the poor bellman's son of Biggar?" "I am," coolly replied Forsyth; "I have a strong suspicion that had you been a bellman's son you would have been your father's successor."

757. Rebuke, Stern.

Cromwell wrote to the Rev. Mr Hitch of Ely, that "he should forbear altogether the choir-service, so unedifying and offensive, lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the Cathedral-church." But it was in vain. So, under the octagon of Ely, Cromwell therefore appeared in person and shouted to Mr Hitch to "leave off your fooling and come down, sir!"—in a voice which Mr Hitch "did now instantaneously give ear to."

758. Rebuke, Wise.

Early one morning, when General Sherman, who had worked all night, was sitting fast asleep on a log with his back against a tree, some men marching by saw him, and one fellow ended a slurring remark by: "A pretty way we are commanded!" Sherman, awakened by the noise, heard the last words, "Stop, my man," he cried; "while you were sleeping last night I was planning for you, sir; and now I am taking a nap."

759. Recall, No.

Remember three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed: it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee: but it has perished not:
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
These three will never more return.

—*C. E. Brooks.*

760. Recklessness, not Courage.

Recklessness often masquerades as courage, but it is of different mettle and quality altogether. Plato, in reasoning on this subject, says: "As knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom, so a mind prepared to meet danger, if exerted by its own eagerness and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than courage."

761. Records, Permanent.

The slabs of Assyrian history in the British Museum have held their sculptured record for twenty-five hundred years. If we follow one school of geologists, we know that a time may come when this present era may come to an end amid the rush of oceans or the bursting forth of volcanic fires. But that old literature, entrenched securely within its rocky tablets, will mock the very forces of nature, as it defied in Egypt the torches of the Arabs.

762. Recovered Character.

On one occasion during a desperate assault in battle, a company-officer deserted his men, ran to the rear as pale as a corpse, trembling like an aspen, the picture of an abject craven. He even tore off his shoulder-straps that he might not be recognised as an officer. He heeded neither shame nor threats: he was past both: he was absolutely demented. It was the more distressing because he was a man of great intelligence, and possessed many good qualities. When the engagement was over, the only question seemed to be whether he should be cashiered or shot: but he begged so hard of his commanding officer to be given another trial, to grant him one more chance to redeem himself from disgrace, that he was finally released from arrest, and allowed to go into battle again with his company. He fulfilled his pledges most faithfully. Wherever there was danger, he was seen in the midst of it: his conduct in every subsequent engagement was that of a hero, and he was finally promoted to the rank of a field-officer. He had effaced the blot from his escutcheon. He was no coward at heart, but had lost his courage under the first murderous fire.

763. Refinement, Excessive.

"I knew a country clergyman, a very interesting plain preacher. But he obtained a tutor's chair and had to preach in the College chapel, and by way of suiting his discourses to an academic audience, he re-wrote them carefully, rubbed off all the salient points, cooled down whatever warmth was in them to frigid accuracy, toned down everything striking. The result was that his sermons became eminently classical and elegant, only they became impossible to attend to, and impossible to remember. And when you heard the good man preach, you sighed for the rough and striking heartiness of the former days."—*A. K. H. B.*

764. Reformer, The.

"Before the monstrous wrong he sets him down—
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a-building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces jibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die: what is the right,
And where is justice in a world like this?
But by-and-bye earth shakes herself, impatient:
And down in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel, and battlements.
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars."

E. R. Sill.

765. Relics, Doubtful.

Barnum was once asked by a visitor to his Museum to be allowed to see "the spear that killed Captain Cook." "Oh!" said the ready showman, "you will find it in the next room." "Guessed as much," retorted the shrewd Yankee, "never knew a respectable collection that didn't own it."

766. Religion.

"I do not mean what a man professes, but what a man's heart owns to as most mighty and most irresistible in all things round him; what he bows down to and sincerely worships in the secret sanctuary of desire and will; what he holds highest and most precious, most excellent and most Divine in what he knows and thinks of, most worthy his homage, his labour, his interest, the spending his life for. That is truly a man's religion, the object of which fills and holds captive his soul and heart and mind, in which he trusts above all things, which imposes on him reverence and awe, which above all things he longs for and hopes for."—*Dean Church.*

767. Religion, A Mercenary.

When the Moors overran Spain, they did not persecute other faiths, but laid upon their adherents a heavy poll-tax. So valuable was this, that the Sultans of Cordova were much more disposed to discourage than welcome any considerable missionary fervour that might deprive the State of so useful a source of revenue.

768. Religion, A Real.

"Moolu" (his native follower), says Professor Drummond, "could neither read nor write, he knew only some dozen words of English. Until seven years before he had never seen a white

man, but I could trust him with everything I had. 'Mission blacks,' in Natal and at the Cape, are a by-word among the unsympathetic, but I never saw Moolu do an inconsistent thing. He was not pious, he was neither bright nor clever, he was a commonplace black, but he did his duty and never told a lie. The first night of our camp, after all had gone to rest, I remember being roused by a loud talking. I looked out of my tent; a flood of moonlight lit up the forest, and there, kneeling upon the ground, was a little group of natives, and Moolu in the centre conducting evening prayers. Every night afterwards this service was repeated, no matter how long the march was nor how tired the men. I make no comment. But this I will say—Moolu's life gave him the right to do it. Mission reports are often said to be valueless, they are less so than anti-mission reports. I believe in missions for one thing, because I believe in Moolu."

769. Religion, Perfunctory.

In *Alton Locke*, Charles Kingsley says: "After sunset and before dinner we went into the Cathedral. The choir had just finished practising. Certain exceedingly ill-looking men, whose faces bespoke principally sensuality and self-conceit, and whose function was that of praising God, on the sole qualification of good bass and tenor voices, were coming chattering through the choir gates, and behind them a group of small boys were suddenly transforming themselves from angels into sinners, by tearing off their white surplices and pinching and poking each other noisily as they passed us with as little reverence as Voltaire himself could have desired. I had often been in the Cathedral before—indeed, we attended the service daily, and I had been appalled rather than astonished by what I saw and heard: the unintelligible

service—the irreverent gabble of the choristers and readers—the scanty congregation—the meagre portion of the vast building which seemed to be turned to any use, but never more than that evening did I feel the desolateness, the doleful inutility of that vast desert nave, with its aisles and transepts—built for some purpose or other now extinct. The whole place seemed to crush and sadden me."

770. Religion, Sentimental.

The German poet Heine, in one of his letters written from Paris, says: "Only with pain could I drag myself to the Louvre, and I was nearly exhausted when I entered the lofty hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay a long time, and I wept so passionately that a stone must have had compassion on me. Therefore the goddess looked down pityingly upon me, yet at the same time inconsolably as though she would say: 'See you not that I have no arms, and that, therefore, I can give you no help?'"

771. Religion that Coddles.

"A boy who has learned to swim by the aid of cork and bladders is very apt to sink when that support is taken away. His power of swimming is not worth much. It seems to me to be even so with that form of religion which can be kept alive only by a constant series of visits, exhortations, tracts and multiplied meetings. I care not for the sickly exotic, but the hearty evergreen that can bear frosts and winds." —*A. K. H. B.*

772. Religions, Contrasted.

"Andreas, too, attended church, yet more like a parade-duty for which he expected pay with arrears in the other

world ; as I trust he has received : but my mother, with a true woman's heart and fine though uncultivated sense, was, in the strictest sense, religious."—*Carlyle.*

773. Religious Exclusiveness.

In connection with Solomon's temple was an outer enclosure, an eighth of a mile on each side. On one side was a precipice where the gorge came close up to the foundations ; on the others, Solomon's wall, some of the stones of which were sixty feet in length. And, lest all this should not speak loudly enough of sharp separation from all other peoples, on the pillars of the outer court, the court of the Gentiles, was written in Greek : "Let no stranger enter the Holy Place."

774. Religious Symbols.

"Highest of all symbols are those wherein the artist or poet has risen into prophet, and all men can recognise a present God, and worship the same : I mean religious symbols."—*Carlyle.*

775. Remedies, Doubtful.

The late Dr Marshall Hall said : "Of the whole number of fatal cases of diseases in infancy, a great proportion occur from the inappropriate or undue application of exhausting remedies."

776. Repentance, Beautiful.

Wagner was intensely nervous and impressionable, and sometimes very irritable, but his self-recovery was rapid. He sometimes wounded even his friends by the intense and passionate sincerity of his language : but he atoned so sweetly for a passing heat of temper, that they loved him only the more. "In Wagner," said one of his orchestra at Bayreuth, "it is the *Second Movement* that is so good."

777. Repetition, Mechanical.

Coleridge once accosted a man in the street who was shouting "Old Clo" and begged him to say "Old Clothes." "Yes, sir," he replied, "I can say Old Clothes as plainly as you, but not when having to shout it a thousand times a day."

778. Repetition of Truth.

F. D. Maurice once said: "People sometimes tell me that I repeat myself—they apparently wish to hear something new every time they come to my church, or read a new book of mine, but," he added, "I never had but one or two things that I was anxious to say, and I have been saying them over and over again for thirty years."

779. Repression, Folly of mere.

The way to get a high-spirited horse to be content to stay quiet in its stall is to allow it to have a tearing gallop, and so get its superfluous nervous excitement and vital spirit worked off. All mere repression is dangerous.

780. Reprobate, The.

In the seventeenth century it was no unusual thing if a clergyman became a man of depraved morals, to give him a chaplaincy of a man-of-war or pack him off to the colonies. "Many came," says Hammond, in 1656, "such as wore black coats and could babble in a pulpit, swear in a tavern, exact from their parishioners, and by their dissoluteness destroy rather than feed their flocks."

781. Reproof, Severe.

Once when Paganini was playing at Ferrara a singer failed him, and he induced a danseuse, who had a pretty voice, to

come to the rescue. Some brutal fellow in the audience hissed her singing, which caused Paganini to reply to him. In his last solo he imitated the cries of various animals, and suddenly advancing to the footlights, caused his violin to bray like an ass, with the exclamation, "This is for the man who hissed!!"

782. Reputation, Literary.

"It takes a very powerful voice and a very clear utterance to make a man audible to the fourth generation."—*Leslie Stephen.*

783. Reputations, Shallow.

Liszt once speaking of professional reputations, said: "There is a good deal of humbug," and pretending to hold a watering-pot very carefully he added, "and some require a great deal of judicious watering. I could mention some who had the good fortune to marry people who beautifully watered them in the newspapers. It makes some difference, you know. I don't say you can create a reputation without talent: but the humbug is too often at the top, and the talent at the bottom."

784. Resistance Causing Beauty.

We might suppose that with no dust in the air we should at least have more light; but, while it is undoubtedly true that the sunbeam shows us the motes, it is no less true also that the motes and finer dust actually show us the sunbeams, and that one is invisible without the other. The purest natural air, like the purest natural water, is never free from dust, or it would be black and not blue!

785. Resolve, Grim.

A recent military writer says: "In a battle the cry was heard, 'The enemy are forming for another assault; we have

no more ammunition; what are we to do?' 'Fix bayonets and go for them,' was the reply. Along the whole line ran the order, 'Fix bayonets.' On came the enemy; our men were lying down. 'Forward,' was sounded. In an instant they were on their feet. Forward they went to meet the charge. *When bayonet meets bayonet, one side gives way.* The enemy fled."

786. Rest, Retirement and.

Each boy at Uppingham School has a study of his own, intentionally made quite small, usually about five feet by six, which is meant to be for him a real sanctum, a little home where he can be alone when he wishes, either for study or that retirement which boys as well as men need at intervals in order to collect anew their moral forces during the rough struggles and the temptations of daily life.

787. Rest—Yonder.

"A little further on—
There will be time—I shall find rest anon:
Thus do we say while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the jest
With smiling confidence—I shall find rest
A little further on.

"A little further on—
I shall find rest; half-fiercely we avow,
When noon beats on the dusty field, and care
Threats to unjoint our armour, and the glare

Throbs with the pulse of battle, while life's best
Flies with the flitting stars; the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where Love soft-nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little further on.

"A little further on—
I shall find rest: half-sad at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned, then—all depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet, so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We so unblest
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest,
And, feeling round our feet the sweet, cool clay,
We speak the fading world farewell and say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little further on."

R. Burns Wilson.

788. Reticence Wise.

Taste and genius are revealed more in not doing and saying than in declaring all we know. Power hidden is power proved.

789. Retreat, No.

Abd-er-Rahman, the Sultan of Cordova, was besieged by a rival Moor who had recently come from Africa. Hearing, however, that the enemy had somewhat relaxed their precautions, he gathered together seven hundred of his bravest followers, kindled a great fire, and, saying that it was a

question of death or victory, flung his scabbard into the flames. The seven hundred followed his example in token of their resolution never to sheathe their swords until they were free, and, sallying out after their leader, fell upon their besiegers and utterly routed them.

790. Retribution.

"Foolish men imagine that, because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accidental one here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! In the centre of the world-whirlwind verily now as in the oldest days dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is JUST."—*Carlyle.*

791. Revenge, Danger of.

"Revenge is a naked sword—
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would'st thou wield this brand of the Lord;
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

"But the closer thy clutch of the blade
The deadlier blow thou would'st deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made,
It is *thy* blood reddens the steel.

"And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou may'st find it sheathed in thy own!

C. H. Webb.

792. Reverence for Language.

"Even if we should reject the idea of Divine inspiration, how extraordinary is the ancient literature of the race. In originality, poetic strength, and religious importance, it surpasses that of all other nations. The old Hebrew writers seldom employ their genius upon any trifling matter, but occupy themselves with the most momentous questions of life: as if persuaded that God had dignified the characters of their language by tracing them with his finger upon tablets of stone, they dare not employ an alphabet so consecrated upon any frivolous theme."—*Professor Hosmer.*

793. Reverence from Fear.

During the Civil War in Palestine the king surrendered to Pompey, but the people, refusing, took refuge in the temple, and they were only overcome after a siege of three months. Pompey explored the temple, examined the golden vessels, and table of shew-bread, and the candlesticks in their places, but was surprised to find the Holy of Holies empty, with no representation of the Deity. He refrained from touching the gold, the spices, and the money that he saw, and ordered the place to be cleansed and purified, that service might be resumed.

794. Reverence, Instinctive.

"Know that there is in man a quite indestructible reverence for whatever holds of heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead that a soul higher than himself is actually here, were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship."
—*Carlyle.*

795. Reverse, Terrible.

The city of Tiberias, once so full of splendour and pride, is to-day little more than a romantic ruin. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed: fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse-troughs: threshing-floors are paved with bits of frieze, chiselled after Grecian designs and paid for by Herod Antipas. Such is the once splendid city named after the proud Roman.

796. Revision, Doubtful.

"All emendation of poetry long after its first composition runs the risk of spoiling it. The author has to take up in one mood what was originally conceived in another. His first warm feeling of the sentiment has grown cold, and he cannot at a later time revive it. This is true of all poetry. More especially of that which deals with subtle and evanescent emotions which can never perhaps recur exactly in the same form."—*Principal Shairp.*

797. Rewards.

"For the Son of Man, there is no noble crown, well-worn or even ill-worn, but is a crown of thorns."—*Carlyle.*

798. Reward, God's.

"What nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy
Is virtue's prize."

"Virtue cannot be paid fully in this world, the world's coinage is not current in her kingdom. Sometimes virtue is

starved: she is often beaten, imprisoned, gagged, and hurried out of house and home, but she carries her reward, her consolation, her food, comfort and glory with her in her bosom: it is a little herb of grace—the love of God."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

799. Rewards, The World's.

"The day's-wages of John Milton's day-work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works*, were ten pounds paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death upon the gallows. Cromwell's wages were, as I understand, burial under the gallows-tree near Tyburn turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two, till you discover that they are gods—and then take to braying over them, still in a long-eared manner! The Godlike could not, and cannot be paid, but the earthly always could."—*Carlyle.*

800. Rich, Children of the.

Writing upon "Uppingham School," a recent author says: "Here a boy drops rank, wealth, luxury, and for eight or ten years, and for the greater part of these years, lives among his equals in an atmosphere of steady discipline, which usually compels a simple and hardy life, and in a community where the prizes and applause are about equally divided between mental energy and physical vigour. Here respect and obedience become habitual to him; he learns to regard the rights of others and to defend his own; to stand upon his feet in the most democratic of all societies—a boy republic. Above all, he escapes the mental and moral suffocation from which it is well-nigh impossible to guard boys in rich and luxurious homes."

801. Rich, Indulgence of the.

"No dream of the idle savage ever equalled the reality of the European noble or rich man. Not only has he no need to work, but others work willingly for him and anticipate his every want. Inventors tax their busy brains to give him more novelty, sailors go over every sea to bring him the produce of distant countries. If he so choose—and how many do!—he may be absolutely lazy. All that society asks of him, is that he shall spend the money that others earn, and that he shall not be absolutely vicious or utterly mad."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

802. Righteousness reigns.

"Acts of Parliament are venerable, but if they correspond not with the writing on the Adamant Tablet, what are they? They are cherishing destruction in their bosom every hour that they continue otherwise."—*Carlyle.*

803. Romantic, Love for the.

"To the eye of Nathaniel Hawthorne, an old cottage, an ivy-grown wall, a country churchyard with its quaint epitaphs, things that are commonplace to most Englishmen and are hateful to the sanitary inspector, were a delight, and refreshing to every fibre of his soul."—*Leslie Stephen.*

804. Royalty, Correcting.

Liszt never forgave Louis Philippe for abolishing certain musical pensions and in other ways snubbing art. One day when the king paid a private visit to a piano exhibition of Erard's he surprised Liszt who was trying a piano just as His Majesty entered. The King advanced genially towards him and began a conversation, but Liszt merely bowed with a

polished but icy reserve. "Do you still remember," said the King, "that you played at my house when you were but a boy and I the Duke of Orleans? Much has changed since then." "Yes, sire," replied Liszt dryly, "but not for the better."

805. Rural Sincerity.

"Wordsworth believed that in country people what is permanent in human nature, the essential feelings and passions of mankind, exist in greater simplicity and strength. Their manners, he thought, spring more directly from such feelings and more faithfully express them, and their lives and occupations are surrounded with what is grandest and most beautiful in nature. These were the reasons he gave for selecting his subjects from humble life, and within this range he, for the most part, confines himself."—*Principal Shairp.*

806. Rulers.

"The abbot's mitre once upon his head, he knew rest no more. 'Double, double toil and trouble,' that is the life of all governors that really govern; not the spoils of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs."—*Carlyle.*

807. Rulers, Choice of.

"The most important social feat a body of men can do, to winnow out the man that is to govern them."—*Carlyle.*

808. Sabbath, The.

T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., was once asked, "Do you paint on Sundays?" "No," said he; "if I can't get my living in six days, I should not manage it in seven."

809. Sabbath, The.

You may pull the ox out of the mire on the Sabbath day, but don't push him into the mire during the week in order to do so.

810. Sacraments, Witness to the.

"In the catacombs at Rome there are many quaint pictures, sculptures and epitaphs. Among the former the two Sacraments are represented, the Lord's Supper and Baptism. A picture exhibits the Saviour in the midst of His disciples reclining around the table instituting the Holy Communion.

Of baptism there are several pictures. The catechumen stands in water or rises out of water, while the baptizer stands on the shore, completing the act or helping the baptized. River baptism, or as the 'Teaching of the Apostles' has it, baptism in living water, was the favourite mode in the first three centuries, in imitation of Christ's baptism in the Jordan."—*Dr Schaff.*

811. Sacrilege that was Justified.

During the siege of Carthage, the manufacture of arms was carried on night and day within the walls. Men and women alike toiled, and the sacred enclosures, and even the temples themselves, were turned into factories.

812. Safety in Stupidity.

The heavy dray-horse walking along the road may possibly advance at a very lagging pace, or even stand still; but he is never likely to steeple-chase the hedge or gallop off at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It requires a thoroughbred to go wrong in that fashion.

813. Salt, Desire for.

"Salt is perhaps the greatest luxury and the greatest rarity the north-end African can have, and the avidity with which these young rascals received their homeopathic allowance proved the instructiveness of the want. I have often offered native boys the choice between a pinch of salt and a knob of sugar, and they never failed to choose the first."—*Professor Drummond.*

814. Satire, Cautious.

Saloman once said to George III., whilst instructing him in the subtle art, "Fiddlers may be divided into three classes. To the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second, those who play badly, and to the third, those who play well. You, sire, have already reached to the second class!"

815. Satire, Severe.

The late Lord Beaconsfield, who was a discerner of spirits, was a very poor linguist. A compatriot of his who met him at the Berlin Conference said, "There is one thing British about him—that is—his French."

816. Sea, Clearness of the.

In the harbour of Nassau, in the Bahamas, the water is so clear that down in the water at the depth of sixty feet, one can see dark sky-blue fishes, orange-coloured fishes, coral, submarine plants, sea-fans, anemones, as clearly and in detail as if only beneath glass and at a few inches depth.

817. Sea, Life in the.

It had been supposed that the depths of the ocean were devoid of both animal and vegetable life, but the voyage of the *Challenger* has shewn that this is a mistake. Even at three miles depth animal life is found everywhere, though it is less plentiful in the extreme depths.

818. Sea, Restlessness of the.

"The sea is never quiet, east and west,
The nations hear it like the voice of Fate.
Within vast shores its strife makes desolate
Still murmuring 'mid storms that to its breast
Return as eagles screaming to their nest.
Is it the voice of worlds and isles that wait,
While old earth crumbles to eternal rest,
Or some hoar monster calling to its mate?
O ye that hear it moan about the shore,
Be still and listen! that loud voice hath song,
Where mountains rise, where desert sands are blown;
And when man's voice is dumb for evermore
'Twill murmur on, its craggy shores among,
Singing of gods, and nations overthrown."

W. P. Foster.

819. Secret Learned by Cunning.

The Brothers Elers who for many years kept the valuable secret of the manufacture of white salt glaze pottery, lost it by the dishonourable cunning of a clever potter and rival named Astbury. He obtained employment in their works as a mere labourer, by feigning idiocy learned the process, and then became their competitor.

820. Selection and Separation.

The sun when he drinks from the sea takes pure water, leaving salt, lime, and all else behind in the ocean.

821. Self.

"Self goes with us to bed; it rises with us in the morning; we carry it to our counting-houses; the priest puts it on with his vestments; it kneels with each one of us at his prayers."

J. Hain Friswell.

822. Self-Consciousness a Sign of Imperfection.

When our breath becomes visible to ourselves, it is a proof that the air we are breathing is not only cold but more or less dusty and defiled.

823. Self-Consciousness, The Mischief of.

Sir Henry Raeburn the great portrait painter was always trying to get his sitters to forget themselves. It was self-consciousness he would say that spoiled most portraits and made it impossible to get at the essence of the man—his inner soul—and put that on the canvas.

824. Self-Control.

"To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole satanic school spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative, yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times."—*Carlyle.*

825. Self-Deception.

The Pharisees were the constant vexation of the gentle spirit of Jesus. They were ritualists, and He taught that self-merit, self-service, self-glory were nothing before God. No

wonder they did all they could to slay Him. And they thought they were doing God service! Like Saul who held the clothes of those who battered out the life of Stephen with the cruel stones. Like the fighting Quaker on board ship who would not fire the gun, but was most active in serving out the powder to those who did.

826. Self-effacing.

It has been well said that the hardest instrument to play in any orchestra is the *second* violin. Many will be eager to play the first who boggle and shy at the second. And yet the artist whose chief ambition is to reveal himself and his own skill has failed in his art. The hiding of self is often the best revealing of power, the being willing to be nothing a proof that we are something.

827. Self-Hiding.

Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher of Boston, was once talking to Dr Charles Lowell about a famous preacher who added, "I should like to come and see him and hear him preach." Taylor instantly broke out with "You cannot see him, sir, he's always behind his Master."

828. Self-Intrusion.

As a rule, when in a band any particular violin is heard above the rest, it usually belongs either to a novice or a bungler, sometimes to both.

829. Selfishness, Cowardly.

"A keen, unvarying, engrossing regard for one's self is a great safeguard against over-excitement or enthusiasm in regard to all the questions of the day, social, political, and religious."

830. Self-Love, Intrusive.

It is possible not only to serve and suffer, but even to die in seeming sacrifice, but in real self-pleasing. "I must decrease" is our last and greatest victory.

831. Self-Satisfaction.

"All violinists, including infants on eighteen-pennies, admit that to their own ear the sounds produced are nothing but delightful; it is only those who do not make them who complain."—*H. R. Haweis.*

832. Self-Suppression.

Mr Spurgeon was once listening to a man who was telling of some discreditable acts in which he had taken a part. Feeling his indignation rising, he suddenly left the room, and when he returned and was asked why he had left he replied, "I went out to get cool, for I was tempted to say some things very unpleasant for you to hear."

833. Self-Restraint.

An eminent French surgeon used to counsel his students, especially when engaged in critical operations, "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for we have no time to lose." To master himself was to be fit for the operation, to grow fevered and flustered was to lose power and risk life.

834. Self-Revealing Genius.

When Liszt was in Italy he endeavoured to preserve his *incognito*, but he conspicuously failed. He entered Ricordi's shop at Milan, and sitting down at a grand piano began to improvise. Suddenly he heard Ricordi whisper to his clerk, "'Tis Liszt or the devil."

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835. Shadows.

The Italians have a proverb, "Where the sun comes not the physician must." Even the lowest form of vegetable life will not live vigorously in abiding gloom, but will struggle up to the light. In the animal world the denizens of the dark ultimately lose their faculty of sight.

836. Sheep Knowing the Shepherd.

A gentleman travelling in Syria stopped to watch three shepherds who, at a well, were watering their flocks. The three flocks were inextricably mixed: to the traveller's eye the mass seemed one. Presently one of the shepherds began to call out "Men-ah" the Arabic for "Follow me." Thirty sheep immediately separated themselves from the mass and began to follow the shepherd up hill. The same happened with the second flock and shepherd. The traveller was astonished and enquired, "Would they follow me?" The man shook his head. "Give me your cloak and crook, and let me try." He did it and cried. But no sheep stirred, they only blinked lazily at him in the sunshine. "Do they never follow anyone but you?" said the traveller. "Only when they are sick, then the silly creatures will follow anyone."

837. Shekinah.

"The true Shekinah is Man: where else is the God-presence manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?"—*Carlyle.*

838. Shrewd Device.

When Theodemir was defending a city against Tarik, having scarcely any men left in the city, he made the women put on

male attire, arm themselves with helmets and long rods like lances, and bring their hair over their chins as though they wore beards. Then he lined the ramparts with this strange garrison, and when the enemy approached in the shades of evening, they were disheartened to see the walls so defended. A truce was agreed upon, and, when the gates were opened at the dawn of day the Moslems were astonished to see only the leader and his page, followed by a multitude of old men, women and children. "Where are the soldiers that I saw lining the walls last evening?" "Soldiers I have none," answered Theodemir, "as to my garrison, behold it before you. With these women did I man the walls, and this page is my herald, guard, and retinue." So struck was the Moorish general with the boldness and ingenuity of the trick that he made Theodemir Governor of Murcia.

839. Sick, Compassion for the.

It is said that when Hereward ruled the "Camp of Refuge" in the neighbourhood of Ely, he ravaged the whole district, robbing the Church of St Peter (Peterborough Cathedral), despoiling the altar, carrying off the vessels and other treasures to save their falling into the hands of the advancing Normans. But he spared the hospital, and when William's fighting abbot came he found it still standing over the head of a single invalid old brother.

840. Sickness and its Compensations.

Mr Haweis in his "Musical Life" says: "Most boys find it difficult to keep up their music at school: with me it was the reverse, my ill-health was the making of my music. Sir Benjamin Brodie ordered me to Brighton because I was suffering from hip disease, saying it did not matter where I

went as I could not live. Whilst here my violin was my solace and loved companion, indeed all my time was spent on music, and at Brighton I began rapidly to mend."

841. Silence.

It is said that Maturin, the dramatist, when he felt himself getting into the full flood of composition, used to stick a wafer on his forehead, to signify to any member of his family who might enter his room that he must not be distracted by being spoken to.

842. Silence and Love.

"They were both content to be silent and separate, for that first blissful consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed y immediate sensations."—*Carlyle.*

843. Silence, Sad.

The reason why God's name is so seldom in people's mouths is not that they reverence Him, as they say, too much to talk of Him, but because they do not think of Him."—*Charles Kingsley.*

844. Similarity, Danger through.

"I have found myself in the African forest gazing at what I supposed to be a solitary zebra, its presence betrayed by some motion due to my approach, and suddenly realised that I was surrounded by an entire herd which were all invisible until they moved."—*Professor Drummond.*

845. Simplicity.

Of painting, Mr Ruskin says: "It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated, far more difficult to sacrifice

skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately."

846. Simplicity of Method.

Dr Culross once stated to a party of students that in making his lectures, sermons or addresses, he always had in view an ideal hearer. This was a bright, intelligent youth of about fifteen, and thought, illustration, argument must all be such as he would appreciate.

847. Sin Deified.

It is said that the pirate Ætolian admirals of Philip V. set up shrines to impiety and perjury, and so came to be regarded as outlaws and assassins by all civilised states.

848. Sin Exposed.

So terrible was the usury in ancient Rome and so indifferent were the senators to the oppression of the people by the usurers that it seemed as though all hope of redress had perished. But one day a poor but brave debtor, who had been at the very front of the wars, broke out of his prison; and while the wind flaunted his rags in the face of the populace, he clanked his chains and told the story of his calamities so effectually, in words of natural eloquence, that the Commons were aroused to madness, and resolved at last to make a vigorous effort and to seek redress for their wrongs in a way that could not be resisted. The figure of this man stands out upon the pages of Roman history, as he entered the forum with all the badges of his misery upon him.

849. Sin Punished.

"If you have been to the ruins of Pompeii, you will see that other Sodom that was destroyed by another rain of fire

from heaven where the same lusts that prevailed in Sodom have left their records even on the stones of the city. If God did not keep the scourges of nature doing their work, the human race would rot in its own iniquity."—*Dr Pierson.*

850. Sin, Unchangeable.

When the Goths came down upon Europe they brought their own special vices with them. The rich were sunk in the same slough of sensuality that had proved the ruin of the Romans. "King Witiza," says the Chronicles, "taught all Spain to sin." Spain indeed knew well how to sin before, but the Goths gave a fresh license to the general corruption. The vices of barbarians often show a close resemblance to those of a decayed civilisation, and in this instance the change of rulers brought no amelioration of morals.

851. Sin, Vitality of.

A satirical poem written during the Secession war and entitled "Finality," thus speaks of the evils of slavery :—

"To kill twice dead a rattlesnake,
And off his scaly skin to take,
And through his head to drive a stake,
And every bone within him break.
And of his flesh mince-meat to make,
To burn, to sear, to boil and bake,
Then in a heap the whole to rake,
And over it the besom shake,
And sink it fathoms in the lake,—
Whence after all, quite wide awake
Comes back that very same old snake."

852. Sin's Marring Power.

Someone has described Monaco with its gambling-den as being of surpassing natural beauty : "It is heaven with a hell in the very heart of it!"

853. Sincere though Imperfect.

Count Tolstoi has been attacked because his practice does not fully carry out his preaching, but it must be remembered that he is not absolutely free. His family do not share his beliefs, and in the attempt to put his ideas into practice he has to choose between involving others in suffering, or being somewhat modified in his action compared with his belief. Under these circumstances it is unjust and ungenerous to attack him upon this ground, since he is precluded by the very nature of the case from making any defence.

854. Single Difficulties, Coping with.

When Horatius had the three Sabines to meet in combat, he pretended to retreat that he might separate them, and then kill each in succession. This was perfectly successful, and he conquered by dividing his opponents.

855. Snaring through Need.

To capture certain American wild doves who are in the vicinity of a spring or a brook, the waters are salted and the ground about it strewn with grain and salt. This the stragglers quickly find, and for a few days they are allowed to come and go at will, and as the food is eaten more is served. At each feeding-time the guests arrive in greater numbers until finally vast armies accept the spot as feeding-ground, and no amount of slaughter can keep them from it. Then the killing by thousands begins.

856. Sneering.

"A cynical temper is no proof of talent: it often proves greenness and want of experience, or it argues ill-health and little ease in the mind. Boys who are unsettled: young

geniuses who would be Lord Byrons: persons who, with upcurled nose can say, 'Ha! ha! what is man?' 'Frailty thy name is woman!' So we fall into vile arrogancy, and a dangerous conceit."—*J. Hain Friswell.*

857. Socialism, Fallacy of.

If a man lived on a desert island his wealth and prosperity would depend on the ability and energy with which he worked. Skill, intelligence, industry, would command a greater result than stupidity, idleness, and carelessness. If he is thus recompensed with a larger share of possessions when alone, why should he lose when he becomes part of a community? The socialistic principle that every man ought to work for society according to his ability, and be paid only according to his bare needs, is palpably unjust.

858. Solitude.

I love thee, O thou Beautiful and Strong,
Invisible comrade, mute, sweet company.
More dear than friend or lover! But to thee
My fondest hopes, my fairest dreams belong
For evermore! Amid the world's gay throng
I yearn for thy soft arms that lovingly
Soothe all the fevered wounds once fretting me.
At thy deep heart there springs the fount of song
Whose drop shall cool my burning lips a-thirst,—
At thy blest hand, by starlit paths untrod
My soul draws near unto the face of God!

Stuart Sterne.

859. Solitude.

In Sir Walter Scott's library at Abbotsford there was only one chair: this was significant, a hint to all that when there at work he must be alone.

860. Solitude.

A woman when quite alone in a house at night may be tortured by a sense of fear and alarm which completely destroys her piece of mind: but let there be a child in the same room with her, and she will feel but little apprehension of danger. The relief has come not from any protection she believes the child could afford, but from her escape from the fearful sense of lonesomeness which unnerved her.

861. Solitude and Strength.

The Esquimaux have a legend to this effect: whosoever boldly lays down his goods and weapons and bravely turning his back on the outer world flees fasting into waste and desert places, to him shall come unusual and almost miraculous strength. The strongest bear, the largest whale, the most ferocious walrus, shall fall victim to his lance. The reindeer shall not distance him in speed. He shall swim like the seal, run as the deer, and no harm shall come to him.

862. Solitude, Helpful.

When in the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister set up house at Racedown in Dorsetshire; so retired was the place that the post only came once a week. But the two read Italian together, gardened, and walked on the meadows and on the top of the combes. These were their calm delights, their glad lonelinesses.

863. Song and Toil.

All the while the harvest of the vintage is in progress in Italy and in Palestine the merry songs of the labourers will be heard on every hand, only broken by a respectful greeting,

as you are espied passing through the vineyards, and a free and abundant gift of fruit is offered you.

864. Sorrowful Separation.

Writing of a certain pillar that marks the boundary spot between Russia and Siberia, George Kenman, the traveller, says: "No boundary spot in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heart-broken people. Heart-rending scenes have been enacted here, for here hundreds of thousands of exiles have said goodbye for ever to friends, country, and home. Some pressed their faces to the loved soil of their native land, and gathered a little earth to take with them into exile: and some pressed their lips to the European side of the brick pillar as if kissing farewell to all that it represented."

865. Soul's Depths, The.

"Lightness and laughter are with such as he
Only the surf upon the soul's deep sea:
Passions of time but froth the upper main
While far beneath, eternal passions reign."

C. F. Bates.

866 Soul, Nurture.

You cannot grow grapes on the north-east wall of a poor cottage, nor English pine-apples in the bare exercise-yard of a workhouse. And you cannot grow noble in the society of those who never feel a noble sentiment or give birth to a fine thought; whose talk is of sport, or intrigue, or cattle, or money; whose one ambition is fine company, and whose God is gold. The soul of the large nature must have its suitable sphere, or like the lark that lives only with sparrows it becomes dumb.

867. Soul, The poet's.

Wordsworth tells us in the Prelude how he found "that first great gift, the vital soul." The vital soul, if ever it dwelt in man, dwelt in him. Not the intellect, nor the heart, nor the imagination, nor the conscience, nor any of these alone, but all of them condensed into one, and moving all together. In virtue of this vital soul, whatever he did see, he saw to the core. He did not fumble with the outside or the accidents of the thing, but his eye went at once to the quick—rested on the essential life of it.

868. Soul's, The, View of Things.

"A sorrower went his way along
And I heard him sing and say:
'The noon is bright, but soon the night
Will come, the grave of day.'

"Then I smiled to hear his woeful song
And sent this word for nay:
'The noon is bright, but the blackest night
Cradles another day.'"

Richard E. Burton.

869. Speech, Good.

William Cobbett used to say that he laboured not only to be understood, but for his speech and writing to be impossible to be misunderstood.

870. Speech, Plain.

"The oracle that speaks in riddles is of no use to a man whose house is on fire."

871. Stage, Grecian, The.

The Society of the New Comedy was uniformly a shallow, idle, mostly immoral society, in which strictness and honesty were often ridiculed as country virtues, and immoral characters represented as the people who understand life. The young scapegrace, who lives in debauchery and dishonour, cheating his father and squandering his substance in riotous living, has the sympathy of the poet. The lady of easy virtue, who upsets the peace of homes, is often the heroine and sometimes even the guardian angel (as we see in Plautus) who sets things right at the end!

872. Stratagem, Clever.

One day during an alarming revolt in the city of Cordova Sultan Hakam was seen to be looking on with the utmost coolness, and all the time pondering how to outwit the rioters. He sent his cousin with a force of cavalry by a roundabout way to the southern suburb, which he set in flames, and, when the people turned back in terror from the besieged palace to rescue their wives and children from their burning homes, Hakam and the rest of the garrison fell on them. The insurrection was thus turned into a complete victory for the Sultan.

873. Strength and Tenderness.

Speaking of John Keble, Principal Shairp says: "In all his tenderness there is no trace of effeminacy. True, the woman's heart shows itself. But as it has been said that in the countenance of most men of genius there is something of a womanly expression not seen in the faces of other men, so it is distinctive of true poetic temper that it ever carries the woman's heart

within the man's. In Keble the woman's heart was blended with the martyr's courage."

874. Study, Patient.

From the wonderful truthfulness with which John Leech rendered the cabmen and streetboys of London you might imagine that he had them to sit to him as models. He never did. He liked actions better than posings. But he was always taking notes of all he saw; and he saw much where most would see only little. He never merely looked at, he looked into.

875. Style.

An American author, who is himself a master of style, writing upon the same quality in John Morley and Cardinal Newman incidentally likens it to "the sheen upon the bird's plumage."

876. Sublime Impudence.

"Impudence sometimes attains to a pitch of sublimity, and at that point it has before now produced a very great impression upon many men. The incapable man applying for a professorship has sometimes secured it. The man who was derided by the mass of thoughtful people has been elected to the House of Commons. The vulgar, half-educated preacher, who without any introduction asked a patron for a vacant living in the Church, has now and then got the living."—*A. K. H. B.*

877. Submission, Urging.

It is said, that before the siege of Jerusalem by Titus he caused his army to make a display of its strength before

the city. Resting for a few days, the Romans marched before the walls in magnificent review. The whole place glittered with martial pomp. Josephus approached to advise his countrymen to yield, declaring that the besiegers would now show mercy, but upon further resistance would become implacable. But all in vain. The Jews refused to submit and the city was destroyed with awful slaughter.

878. Successes.

"There are successes that are far more humiliating than defeat."

879. Success, Essentials to.

In connection with one of the Confederate defeats it has been written: "The reason for General Bragg's failure is not far to seek. It was first lack of knowledge of the true situation; secondly, lack of personal supervision of the execution of his own orders. No general ever won a permanent fame who was wanting in these grand elements of success, knowledge of his own and his enemy's condition, and personal superintendence of operations on the field. In war, as in every other affair of life, knowledge is power, and it is work that wins."

880. Success, Rejoicing at.

When sugar was first made in Louisiana there was great interest and anxiety aroused. Numbers of the most respectable of the inhabitants gathered at the sugar-house to witness the success or failure of the experiment. Would the syrup granulate? Would it be converted into sugar? "When the critical moment came," says one of the eyewitnesses, "the stillness of death came among them, each one holding his

breath and feeling that it was a matter of ruin or prosperity for them all. Suddenly the sugar-maker cried out with exultation, 'It granulates,' and the crowd repeated, 'It granulates.' Inside and outside the building one could have heard the wonderful tidings from mouth to mouth and dying away in the distance."

881. Success, Selfish.

The smart men of the world are often those who succeed in putting the shoulders of other men to the wheel and keep them there.

882. Sufferers, The Service of.

Says Count Tolstoi, in defending his propaganda of "Non-resistance," "You can show by your peaceable behaviour that you are not governed by the barbarous impulse of retaliation, and your adversary will not continue to strike a man who neither resists nor tries to defend himself. It is by those who have suffered, not by those who have inflicted suffering, that the world has been advanced."

883. Suffering for the Truth.

"Every man on earth, back to Abel, whoever tried to testify against the world has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best and understood best. *And am I alone to escape?*" —*Charles Kingsley.*

884. Sunlight, Beauty of.

"Sunlight making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds: nay, brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist." —*Carlyle.*

885. Sun, Noonday, in Italy.

"I have been living for a while in a country where the sun is everything. The temperature and atmosphere are made salubrious and delicious, I had almost said celestial, by his presence. When he shines not the sick pine and the healthy are gloomy, but when the clouds no longer veil his face we are as in the garden of the Lord."—*Spurgeon.*

886. Surrender, Unconditional.

When the Federal troops were preparing to make a final assault upon Fort Donelson, a note came from General Buckner to General Grant, proposing an armistice to arrange terms of capitulation. The language of Grant's reply served to crown the fame of his achievement. "Yours of this date proposing armistice to settle terms of capitulation. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

His resolute phrase gained him a prouder title than was ever bestowed by knightly accolade. Thereafter the country and the army, with a fanciful play upon his initials U. S., spoke of him as "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

887. Sympathy and Growth.

Not many trees would grow well, if watered daily with vitriol. Yet a tree that would speedily die under that process might do magnificently if it had fair play, if it got its share of sunshine and breeze, and shower.

888. Sympathy Aroused.

Wordsworth's enthusiasm for the French Revolution, was largely provoked by a sight of some of the peasantry's sufferings in France. One day as he was walking with a friend

near Orleans, they passed a hungry-looking girl leading a half-starved heifer by a cord tied to its horn. The beast was picking a scanty meal from the lane, while the girl with pallid hands and heartless look was knitting for her bread. This inflamed both Wordsworth and his friend to oppose the tyrannical government of that day, without a guarantee of a better to displace it.

889. Sympathy and Silence.

Dr John Brown describing a trip and tour in Ireland with his friend John Leech says, "wherever he went it was laughing and talking in genial converse with each other, or we were silent in sincere fruition of the exquisite scenery around—silent in perfect sympathy, one of the surest signs, and one of the purest delights of a true friendship."

There are so many worthy folks who are afraid you will be dull if they don't go on gently buzzing in your ear, and so many to whom, on the same kindly principles, we consider it our duty to buzz!

890. Sympathy, Interpreting.

A modern musical writer speaks of the science of Rubenstein in playing the piano, and the "caressing touch" which seemed to bring the soul of the piano out of it, before the finger reached the key-board.

891. Sympathy, Lacking in.

"Oh! woeful to think, that there are parents, held in general estimation too, to whom their children would no more think of going for kindly sympathy, than they would think of going to Nova Zembla for warmth!"—*A. K. H. B.*

892. Sympathy, Mistaken.

One of the sources of mistake in dealing with the blind is the exaggerated sympathy and pity felt and expressed for them, especially the young, by parents, teachers and others. Many a day, that for the child would have passed cheerfully, has been embittered by a few ill-timed, ill-chosen words from some well-meaning friend or curious neighbour. It were better far to treat him as other children, and he will feel his deprivation far less than is supposed.

893. Sympathy, Sacrificing.

In Russia, thousands of young men, fired with an ardent desire to do something to atone for the sins of their fathers towards the recently-emancipated serfs, and filled with pity for their ignorance and misery, went into the Russian villages, into the suburbs of the great cities, into all places where the peasants toiled and suffered, and sought by sympathy, by co-operation and personal instruction to help and elevate the men and women whom their fathers bought, sold and flogged.

894. Sympathy, Tender.

"Every man's eyes and woman's eyes too, they cry to me, they cry to me through dim and misty strugglings: 'Oh! do us justice! We have human hearts within! We are not walking statues! We *can* love, we *can* worship, we have God's image in us, but we cannot believe it ourselves, or make others believe it. Oh! teach us, and teach others to yearn for love and peace!'"—*Charles Kingsley.*

895. Talkers, Ceaseless.

It is related of Henry Cockburn, the Scotch advocate, that, coming one day from the court, looking very weary, a friend

met him and said, "You look very tired, have you been all this time in court?" "Yes," he answered querulously, "it's that man ——." "Does he take up your time at that rate?" "Time! he exhausts time and encroaches on Eternity!"

896. Taste.

All reception of truth and beauty depends upon our innate love for it which will teach us instantly to recognise it. "The eye brings with it the power to see." An artist will see in Niagara a wonder of colour asking to be depicted; a manufacturer a mighty physical force that might be made productive of wealth; the poet a theme for song that sets all his soul astir; and the Christian a transcendant illustration of God's mighty power and wisdom.

897. Taste, Singular.

Constable was once commissioned by a nobleman to paint a landscape of a beautiful part of the country surrounding a certain castle, one of his seats. A large summer-house was allotted as a studio for the artist. The walls of this summer-house had been newly covered with a gorgeous paper representing flowers, trees, rocks, etc. On this wall hung an empty gold frame, and Constable declared that the gardener, whose opinion he had asked upon his work generally, after making a variety of idiotic remarks said, looking at the empty frame hanging on the wall—through which the wall-paper appeared as a picture: "That's a lovely pictur, sir; that's more finished, that is; more what I like."

898. Teacher, Lowly.

Wordsworth owns that it was from Burns he learned the power of song founded on humble truth.

899. Teacher, Sympathetic.

In music, you can learn more in a week from a sympathetic teacher, or at least from someone who is so to you, than from another, however excellent, in a month. You will make no progress if he can give you no impulse.

900. Teacher, A True.

Dr Arnold of Rugby was never content merely to instruct his scholars, but sought to draw out and mould their character. Whilst he treated them as schoolboys, it was always as schoolboys who, grown up, were to be Christian men. A high standard of honour, truth and manliness was the natural result.

901. True Teacher, The Office of.

"This is the true office of the masters of all the ideal arts, to evoke, as did the rising sun on Memnon, the sleeping beauty, and music and melody of another's soul, to make every reader a poet, every onlooker an artist, every hearer eloquent and tuneful, so be it that they have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the loving and understanding heart."—*Dr John Brown.*

902. Temper.

"Even in middle age, one thought which comes in prospect of the future years is of the change which they are sure to work upon many of our present views and feelings. One thing is certain, that our tempers will grow worse if they do not grow better. Tears will sour them if they do not mellow them."

903. Temple, A Second.

Peterborough Cathedral was in early British days one of the most renowned and wealthy of the monasteries. The Pope had decreed that any "islander" who might be prevented visiting St Peter's at Rome, could gain the same indulgence by visiting St Peter's here; and so great in consequence grew the sanctity of the spot, that all pilgrims, even though of royal blood, put off their shoes beneath the western gateway of the close. So its coffers filled, and its fame became world-wide.

904. Temptation, Avoiding.

"It is no use for a hot-tempered and foul-mouthed man like myself praying not to be led into temptation, and then, reading voluntarily attacks on himself."—*Charles Kingsley.*

905. Thinkers, Value of.

It has been noted, that in ancient Grecian national affairs, when all theories that are called practical break down, it is the once-despised and suspected philosophers that come into strange public importance. If an important embassy to a hostile nation is to be sent, it is to Xenocrates that they entrust it, though the man was never seen in the assembly. If Antigonus wants a safe officer to hold the Accorrinthus, he chooses Perseus the Stoic. When Alexander in his despair at the murder of Clitus sits in dust and ashes, and will not eat or drink, they send two philosophers to bring him to reason. The men whose lives are devoted to thought are now regarded as peace-makers and politicians above the ordinary level.

906. Thought, Dread of.

"My dear sir," said a theatre manager to an author the other day, "your piece is too good." "But you have an educated audience!" "Yes, pretty well, they are first-rate families." "Well then," persisted the unfortunate author, "they can understand it." "Understand it—yes," cried the manager, "but hang it, man, it won't do; you make the people think, and *you would empty my theatre!*"

907. Time Corrects.

The first runnings of life's stream are turbid with ignorance and folly, and weakness and sin. But it clears itself of some of these, though not of all, month by month, and year by year.

908. Time's Kindliness.

Grim and rugged mountains seen from a distance lose their sharp outlines and become soft and mellow. So the sorrows, disappointments, afflictions that to-day seem so bitter and crushing to us will in days to come be looked back upon with calm composure. Time heals where all other earthly physicians fail; she is the tender mother of us all, that soothes our sharpest griefs into soft forgetfulness.

909. Timid, Assuring the.

General Law tells how he met a man running to the rear from the battle-field through a storm of bullets that swept the hill. He had left his hat behind in his flight, was crying like a big baby and was covered with blood. "Oh! General," he blubbered out, "I am dead, I am killed! Look at this!" showing his wound. "Finding it was only a flesh-wound I told him to go on, he was not hurt. He looked at me doubtfully as if questioning my veracity or surgical knowledge, but then

satisfied I was right, he broke into a broad laugh, and the tears still running down his cheeks, trotted off, the happiest man I saw that day."

910. Title, Divine.

The title of "Venerable," which is always applied to Bede, is said to have been divinely bestowed, for as the ancient sculptor, who was carving the inscription on his tomb paused to search for a fitting adjective, an angel came and supplied the ever-famous one.

911. Title, Power of a.

A picture painted by Mr W. P. Frith, R.A., was bought and then engraved and a title given to it without consultation with the artist. He was greatly astonished and somewhat annoyed to find the title was "Sherry, sir?" He resolved to try and get the obnoxious thing changed and so went to the publisher of the engraving for that purpose. "Change the title!" said he, "why, it is the name that sells it. We offered it before it was christened and nobody would look at it, now it sells like ripe cherries, and it's the title that does it."

912. Tolerance.

"Coleridge was full of wise and large-hearted tolerance—not that tolerance so common and so worthless which easily bears with all opinions because it earnestly believes none, but that tolerance, attained but by few, which, holding firmly by convictions of its own, and making conscience of them would neither coerce nor condemn those who most strongly deny them. Heresy he believed to be an error, not of the head, but of the heart."—*Principal Shairp.*

913. Training.

Those raw country lads with the hulking, slouching gait which gives such a look of clumsiness and stupidity just need training. They are the rough material of which a vast deal may be made. You have in them the water-worn pebble which will yet take on a beautiful polish. Take him and send him to a college for four years; let him then become a tutor in a good family, and before long you find him with the quiet, self-possessed air and easy address of the gentleman who has seen the world. Remember this and look with respect on the diamond that only needs to be polished, the people of whom more might have been made.

914. Training the Young.

"Ought children who are learning to play the violin use small-sized instruments? Emphatically, No! The sooner the child gets accustomed to the right sound intervals on the strings the better. The small violins merely present him with a series of wrong distances, which he has wearily to unlearn."—*H. R. Haweis.*

915. Treasure, Finding.

At Hatfield House some rooms must long have escaped all search for antique works of art and vertu. For a few years ago in a disused chamber, beneath the bed, there was discovered a chest, old and worn and of mean appearance. When it was opened, a case or large casket was found within elaborately ornamented, bound with silver, and of old Spanish workmanship. On lifting the lid of this second case it revealed what proved indeed a treasure-trove: vessels of engraved rock-crystal, mounted in gold and enamel; spoons and forks of the same, jewelled with pearls and rubies and

sapphires, all of exquisite Italian work, unharmed, beautiful as ever, safe in their quiet resting-place, while centuries had passed.

916. Treasures, Guarding.

Speaking of a loan collection of rare violins entrusted to him, Rev. H. R. Haweis says: "For a few precious days I had the guardianship of most of these gems. It was an anxious time. Some I kept in my bedroom, others in my study adjoining it, with locked doors, and even then I awoke several times each night, fancying something was wrong, and once, to satisfy myself, I got up about three o'clock in the morning and went to look at them in their cases."

917. Trees.

"They form long-drawn aisles and vistas, like the pillared halls of Karnak, or the thousand columns of Constantinople."

918. Trifles that Cause Disaster.

One of the severest defeats in the American war was the result of the soldiers being surprised late at night whilst playing poker and drinking whiskey. Two of the enemy crawled along the ground, meeting only a solitary sentinel where there should have been a full guard! He was knocked senseless, and that opened the way for a whole army into a surprise camp, which ended in a rout, accompanied with awful loss.

919. Truth, Anger at the.

An Indian Brahmin purchased at a great price an elaborate microscope which showed him that he swallowed multitudes of minute animalculæ in every draught of water. He was so enraged that he dashed it to pieces saying that "it should never inflict that misery upon others, which it had upon him."

920. Truth and Character.

It is said that some time after the victory of Waterloo Blucher visited England and was welcomed with great heartiness. Taken for a long drive through London and asked his impressions of the city, he replied, "What a splendid place to loot!" The soldier-character gave colour to all he saw, making all other truth about the metropolis insignificant and secondary.

921. Truth, Independent of Numbers.

Jesus Christ was in a hopeless minority when on the cross, but He was in the right and all the world was wrong.

922. Truth, Love for.

"Get hold of some truth. Let it blaze in your sky like a Greenland sun, never setting day nor night. Give up your soul to it; see it in everything, and everything in it, and the world will call you a bigot and a fanatic, and then, a century hence, will wonder how the bigot and fanatic *continued to do so much more than all the cool and sensible folk around him.*"—*Charles Kingsley.*

923. Truth must be told.

Says Southey, "No man was ever yet convinced of any momentous truth without feeling in himself the powers as well as the desire of communicating it."

924. Truth, Time of.

Childhood and age meet in their grasp of truth and memory links them both together. Falstaff when dying is made by Shakespeare to "babble o' green fields." A master-touch that! Old age keenly returns in memory to childhood whilst the stretch of middle life is a blank of forgetfulness.

925. Truth very Dogmatic.

God's laws will not be suspended to accommodate our disobediences, or indolences, or ignorances, or mistakes. If you sweeten your coffee with arsenic, it will kill you as surely that you did it by mistake, as if you did it of wilful purpose. Nature's commandment is, "Thou shalt not make mistakes, thou shalt not be ignorant, thou shalt not be deceived, thou shalt not transgress any natural law."

926. Truthfulness in Art.

Two things are necessary to a good portrait, likeness and life. Without either the other fails. It may be like in outline but destitute of life; it may be animated but unlike. It was both combined that led a little child to exclaim, as he saw the portrait on the easel, "That's father," to the painter's great delight.

927. Twilight, Beauty of.

"The dazzling glare of the sun in the torrid zone has much to do with want of colour effect in tropical nature. But about ten minutes after sunset, the whole tone of the landscape changes like magic, and a singular beauty steals over the scene. This is the sweetest moment of the African day, and night only hides too swiftly the homelike softness and repose so strangely grateful to the over-stimulated eyes."—*Professor Drummond.*

928. Ugliness, Flattering.

In a well-known comedy one character desiring to flatter another who has a squint refers to it as "a pleasing obliquity."

929. Ugliness, Wilful.

"We, like Frankenstein," says Sir Wyke Bayliss, "are at the mercy of the image we have made with our own hands. The sky-line of our streets and houses that crushes our eyes as with a weight, forbidding us to lift them from the mud upon the ground—the black walls and ungainly furniture of our dwellings that make mud in our minds—it is we who have made them and cursed them with ugliness; and they only return to us the curse in mental depression, with its inevitable tale of physical suffering."

930. Unbelief Rebuked.

In connection with the first news-message sent by telegraph in America the following account has been given: "I remember the little shed at the Junction where we stopped on our way, and I saw Mr Vail in it, who was ticking away on a little brass machine. I saw him and talked with him, for I wanted to know what strange thing he was doing, and he answered that he was telegraphing to Morse in Washington about the Convention, and he pointed towards the wire overhead running in the direction of that city. I hailed the affair as a huge joke until we landed at the station in Washington, when sure enough Morse had received the news an hour or more before, and the whole city was informed of the fact."

931. Ungenerous Reproach.

One member of Parliament having quoted a very silly production of another's early years, that other replied by saying, "I would rather have been the man who in his youth was so foolish, than the man who in mature years would rake them up against him."

932. Ungodly, Death of the.

When the hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern is describing the death of Sir John Falstaff, she relates that the dying man called out "God, God, God" three times, and she adds a sentence awful in its solemn import and yet its satire: "*Now I to comfort him bid him a should not think of God.*" Was there ever a more impressive sermon than that? That the only comfort such a man could know was in banishing the idea of God!

933. Unimaginative Men.

"The matter-of-fact man may be compared to one who suffers from colour-blindness. Perhaps he may have a power of penetrating and microscopic vision; but he sees everything in his favourite black and white or grey, and loses all the delight of gorgeous, though it may be deceptive, colouring."—*Leslie Stephen.*

934. Unity.

"Yet were ten men united in love, they were capable of being and doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man."—*Carlyle.*

935. Universe, The.

"The Universe is not dead and demoniacal; a charnel-house with spectres; but Godlike, and my Father's."—*Carlyle*

936. Unknown, Dread of the.

Fear is mainly fed by the imagination, for as soon as one is convinced that the objects dreaded are comparatively harmless the fear of them vanishes. Schiller asserted that the chief

element in the sense of fear is dread of the unknown. If we face that which threatens, we rob it of more than half its terrors.

937. Unselfishness, Noble.

One of T. Sidney Cooper's early works sent to the Royal Academy had been by some mistake put aside by the Hanging Committee; accepted but overlooked until all the pictures had been hung. Mr J. Jones, R.A., said: "We must not send it back, we have nothing of its excellence in that particular class of work in the whole exhibition." They tried to make a place for it, but could find no space. Then it was suggested to send it back to the artist with a special letter assuring him it was only on this account it was not hung. But Mr Jones would not allow this, and so took down one of his own pictures and sent it home, putting Cooper's in its place.

938. Usefulness.

"Practical efficiency is what is wanted for the business of this world, not absolute perfection. It is needful that we should do decently well a great number of things, and this does not allow of our devoting ourselves to one thing merely, to the exclusion of the rest."

939. Utilitarians.

"They would turn if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables, who think that meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body. Who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder. Vinedressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden: hewers of wood and drawers of water who

think that it is to give them wood and water to draw that the pine-forests cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and the great rivers move like His Eternity."—*Ruskin.*

940. Vanity.

"Vanity is a disease for which there is no cure this side of the grave; it will even break out on the tombstone."

941. Vanity, Consummate.

It is said that Sir Godfrey Kneller said to a sitter, "Flatter me, sir; I always paint better when you flatter me." Pope too says he never before saw such vanity, for when he lay dying he spent his time contemplating his own monument, and used to tell of a dream he had in which he went to Heaven and was greeted by St Peter, "Are you the famous Godfrey Kneller from England?"

942. Vanity, Queer.

A memorial was once presented to the Lord Mayor by some chimney-sweepers who complained of an encroachment on their May-day festival, on which they used to dress up and go round to receive money gifts from their customers. They complained that their privileges and place had been usurped by certain "*Dustmen* and other *low fellows pretending to be Chimney-sweepers!*"

943. Vanity, Power of.

"At the best the African's hair is about the length of a toy-shop poodle's; but vanity can make even a fool creative, and out of this scanty material and with extraordinary labour he had compiled a masterpiece. First, heavily greased with ground-nut oil, it was made up into small-sized balls like black

currants, and then divided into symmetrical patterns, diamonds, circles and parterres, designed with the skill of a landscape-gardener. To protect this work of art from nightly destruction, this gentleman always carried with him a pillow of special make. It was constructed of wood, and dangled conspicuously from his spear head on the march.—*Professor Drummond.*

944. Vanquished, Mocking the.

In the great triumphal procession held in Rome to celebrate the conquest of Jerusalem was conspicuous the noble figure of the captive Simon, son of Gioras, brave defender of the loved and sacred city. No trace of nobleness or magnanimity appeared in the treatment meted out to him. A halter was set upon his head by way of mockery, a train of seven hundred fellow-captives attended him. As he proceeded he was tormented by his conductors. And he was slain at last at the temple of Jupiter Capitolium.

945. Varied Beauties in Single Gems.

A properly cut specimen of tourmaline sends out from the same facet first a greenish-yellow, then a brown, and lastly, a brownish-red beam of colour. From other facets come simultaneously these hues, which are more widely different from one another in the case of the tourmaline, because it enjoys beyond all others the polarising power. Indeed a green tourmaline, when viewed from end to end of the crystal, is often absolutely black and opaque to light.

946. Variety.

In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge there are a few very choice water-colour drawings by Turner. The courteous attendant has a powerful lens, and one can see by its help

that the great artist has so caught the truth of Nature's exhaustless variety that scarcely two pin-points in the picture are precisely the same colour. All mere repetition and monotony are failures to see and utter God's ever-fresh creation.

947. Variety of Food.

An ox will live contentedly on a diet of hay for an indefinite time, but for an ordinary man to subsist a week on meat or potatoes or eggs is a very different matter. No matter how palatable such a simple food may be at first, it will almost certainly become repugnant after a few days. Unless there is variety in food, digestion is impaired and the body ceases to be properly nourished.

948. Versatility.

An art critic writing on a recent exhibition of water-colour paintings said of one of the artists, "A. G. is so singularly versatile that his work never bears his sign-manual in its execution."

949. Victory, Confidence of.

When the Moors were overrunning Spain with their conquering hordes, Toledo was the only city that doggedly refused to submit to Sultan Abder Rahman. But to prove to its defenders that the siege was no transitory threat, the Sultan quickly built a little town which he called El-Feth, "Victory," and there he resided in calm anticipation of the certain result. Pressed by famine, the city at last was compelled to yield.

950. Victory, Drawback to.

When Himilco returned to Carthage from his great victories he brought back the plague with his army. Carthage and the

neighbouring districts caught the infection, and multitudes perished.

951. Victory, Emblem of.

The popular legend of the origin of the Order of the Garter is proved to be without foundation. It was indeed founded by Edward the Third after having used his own garter as a sign of rally at the battle of Crecy. The device is simply an allusion to his pretensions to the throne of France.

952. Victory, Joy in.

It is not any other reward but the victory itself that gratifies. To conquer is to a manly heart delight. To climb a mighty mountain, to win a University boat-race, brings this and this alone, but it is enough.

953. Victory, Nemesis of.

It has been justly remarked by historians that if it took a couple of centuries to degrade the Greek into the Greekling of Roman days, it only took a generation or two to degrade the old dignified Roman of the Punic wars into the shameless and brutal spoiler of the Gracchan days. The brave and honourable turned corrupt and venal as soon as they had conquered all opposition and become a dominant nation.

954. Victory, Prediction of.

When General Grant captured Fort Henry he telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours," and his dispatch written on the same day bore yet another significant announcement eminently characteristic of the man: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th," a prophecy which was fulfilled, though not until the 16th.

955. Victory, Trophy of.

It is said that the famous Colossus of Rhodes, the bronze figure of the sea more than a hundred feet high, was made from the metal of the abandoned engines of Demetrius, who tried in vain to besiege the city.

956. Victory, Wasting.

After one of Hannibal's great victories his officers crowded round to congratulate him, and advised him to give his army some rest. Maharbal, who was in chief command of the cavalry, thought otherwise. "Do you know," he said, "what you have done by this day's victory? I will tell you. Four days hence you will be supping in the Capitol. Let me go in front with my cavalry. They must know that I have come before they know that I am coming." Hannibal was not so sanguine. He praised Maharbal's zeal, but must take time to consider so grave a matter. Then Maharbal broke out: "I see the gods do not give all their gifts to one man. Hannibal, you have the secret of victory, but not the secret of using it."

957. Vision, Limited.

A lad, who from his birth had been blind, was skilfully and successfully treated, and gradually recovered his sight. When able to go out into the country and look upon its beauties he was seen to be in tears, and when asked why, he replied, "Oh! mother, why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful." The answer quickly came, "I tried, dear, but no words could express it, you must see it for yourself." Heaven must be seen to be known.

958. Visitor, Prolonged.

It is said that De Quincey once came to dine with Christopher North and was detained for the night by a

heavy storm of rain, and then prolonged his impromptu visit for a whole year.

959. Vitality in Writing.

Writing of Pope as a moralist, Mr Leslie Stephen says: "His writings resemble those fireworks, which, after they have fallen to the ground and been apparently quenched, suddenly break out again into sputtering explosions."

960. Vitality of the Jews.

Says Mr E. A. Freeman, the historian: "The Jews are very nearly, if not absolutely, a pure race in a sense in which no other human race is pure. Their blood has been untouched by conversion, even by inter-marriage. It is an asbestos which no fire of hate or love has been hot enough to consume. Many a Jew still looks to the old home of his race with affection abated by no single particle, and anticipates a joyful time when the throne of Jacob shall again be established upon Zion. They cling with startling tenacity to every trace of nationality. Their history is like a great bear-baiting in which every nation has figured among the bull-dogs, but with bite after bite of contumely, all have not been able to drive the life out of their Judean prey."

961. Vows, Despising.

In 1861 the State Convention of Missouri extended amnesty to all repentant rebels who would fill a written oath not to oppose or hamper the Federal Government. Many took the oath and kept it, but others so persistently violated both its letter and spirit, that it grew into a standing jest of the camps, that when a Union soldier found a rattle-

snake, his comrades would instantly propose with mock gravity, "Administer the oath to him, boys, and let him go!"

962. War, Folly of.

Pyrrhus had a counsellor named Cineas who asked him how he would use his victory if he should be so fortunate as to overcome the Romans, the great conquerors of many peoples. "The Romans overcome," replied the King, "no city, Greek or barbarian, would dare to oppose me, and I should be master of all Italy." "Well Italy conquered, what next?" "Sicily would next hold out its arms to receive me." "And what next?" "Then I should be able to master all Greece." "And then?" continued Cineas. "Then I would live at ease, eat and drink all day, and enjoy conversation." "And what hinders you now from taking the ease that you are planning to take, after such hazards, and so much blood-shedding?"

963. War, Horrors of.

"There was no means of getting food or water to the men for want of which they were so greatly suffering. The midsummer sun shone upon their heads, until waves of moisture produced by the exhalation from this mass slowly arose in perceptible horizontal layers; wounded men died there begging piteously for a drink of water, a drop of which was not to be had, for the men had long since drained their canteens. Soldiers extended their tongues to dampen their parched lips, until they seemed to hang from their mouths like those of thirsty dogs, and yet they were kept waiting in this almost boiling cauldron, suffering with thirst, and worn out with their all-night preparations and their fearful morning's work."—*Major Powell.*

964. War, Horrors of.

"Any attempt to picture the ghastly scenes of that terrible night would fail. The nearest house to the field was filled with the wounded. Torchlights and candles lighted up dimly the incoming stretchers and the surgeons' tables and instruments. While the doctors could stand on their feet, or move their arms, their arduous work was increasing. The very woods seem to moan and groan with the voices of sufferers not yet brought in."—*General Howard.*

965. War to Save from Anarchy.

It is said of the Moorish conquests in Europe: "The career of conquest saved the faith. The Arabs laid aside for a time their internecine jealousies to join together in a grand chase for booty. They fought partly because they were contending with the enemies of God and His prophet, but the riches of the Cæsars, the fertile lands and prosperous cities of the neighbouring kingdoms had some attraction for them too.

966. Warning Fulfilled.

When Julius Cæsar at the age of twenty-four was on his way to Rhodes, intending to perfect himself in oratory at the school of Apollonius Molo, the teacher of Cicero, he was travelling as a gentleman of rank, and was captured off Miletus by pirates. After six weeks' captivity, during which he mingled in their games and pastimes, though plainly telling them that one day he would hang them all, Cæsar was liberated on payment of a heavy ransom. Good as his warning, he promptly collected a fleet, returned to the island, seized the miscreants as they were dividing their plunder, carried them off to Pergamos, and had them crucified.

967. Waste.

What one generation neglects, wastes, even pays to get rid of, another finds to be valuable property, and a history of the utilisation of the refuse would almost be a history of civilisation and commerce. Previous to 1856 coal-tar was hardly worth a halfpenny a gallon in London, while in the country the gas-makers were glad to give it away. But now the so-called waste products of coal are, according to Dr Siemens, worth, after the gas has been extracted from it, nearly double its original cost.

968. Waste.

Profuseness is not liberality any more than niggardliness is economy.

969. Watchfulness, Lack of.

At the siege of Zahara a tempest had raged for three nights, but above the noise of the storm rose an uproar far more terrible within the city. The sentinels had been driven from the ramparts by the storm, and the scaling ladders of the cruel Moors did the rest. Starting from sleep the soldiers were cut down, wherever lights flashed the gleaming scimitar was at its deadly work. In a little while the struggle was at an end. The city had fallen, for its soldier watchmen had failed to guard the walls.

970. Water a Necessary.

It is a suggestive fact that all ancient commerce was along rivers and other waterways, the deserts and wildernesses being the last places to be touched. Even caravan routes had to be regulated by this element, for life had everywhere to fight with drought.

971. Water, Precious.

In the desert of Gobi, north of the Himalayas, the sand-storms are so severe that everywhere the wells are protected by huts, or they would soon be completely choked.

972. Water, Wonders of.

"Water is most wonderful of mere substances. It is the source of all changefulness and beauty seen in the clouds, the instrument by which the earth was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace. In the form of snow it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendant light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen. It exists in the form of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river: finally in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tuneless unity of the sea. What shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? Or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul."—*Ruskin.*

973. Weaknesses, Allowing for.

We have to allow for human folly, laziness, carelessness and the like, just as we allow for the properties of matter, weight, friction, etc., without being surprised or angry at them. If your servant is lazy twenty times a day or makes blunders as often, do not get angry twenty times, but regard it as twenty proofs of one fact that has to be reckoned in and allowed for. Alas! it is their nature, and in some weaknesses or other the nature of us all *and it must be allowed for.*

974. **Weakness, Safety in.**

"Look what arms the fenceless wield—
Frailest things have frailty's shield!
Cockle-boat outrides the gale
That has shred the frigate's sail;
Curlew skims the breaker's crest;
Swings the oriole in its nest;
Flower, a single summer bred,
Lightly lifts its jaunty head
When is past the storm whose stroke
Laid the pride of centuried oak;
Where with fire the soil was bathed
The white trefoil springs unscathed.

"Frailest things have frailty's shield;
Here a fly in amber sealed;
There a bauble, tossed aside
Under ancient lava-tide,
Meets the musing delver's gaze.
Time the king's memorial lays,
Touching it with sportive staff,
But spares Erotion's epitaph.

"Frailest things have frailty's shield
Guarded by a charm concealed;
So the gaunt and ravening wild
Softens towards the weanling child,
And along the giddy steep
Safe one glideth, blind with sleep.

"Art thou mighty?—Challenged Fate
Chooseth thee for wrestling mate!

Art thou feeble? Fate, disarmed
Turning, leaveth thee unharmed.
Thou that bendest shall not break;
Smiling in the tempest's wake,
Thou shalt rise, and see around
How the strong ones strew the ground;
Saving lightness thou didst wield—
Frailest things have frailty's shield!"

Edith M. Thomas.

975. Will, A Weakened.

De Quincey was for years a slave to opium eating, hated himself for it, longed to be rid of it, but found that in the indulgence of it, it had terribly enfeebled his will. To help this state of things he went to live with his friends the Gilmans of Highgate. In his letter he opens his grief to his friend and commends himself to his care, and it is very striking as showing his strong desire to overcome the inveterate habit, and his feeling of utter inability to do so unless he were placed under a watchful eye and external restraint.

976. Wind baffling the Blind.

Blind persons who are guided greatly by their very keen sense of hearing find that high winds seriously perplex and endanger them. It blurs the subtle differences of tone upon which they have been used to rely, making a constant monotonous noise like the clatter of machinery or the rapid roll of wheels over a hard road. These make real darkness to the mind.

977. Wisdom, The Secret of.

"To look through the shows of things, into things themselves."—*Carlyle.*

978. Wit, Imaginary.

"Some folk learn with remarkable slowness that Nature never intended them for wits. There have been men who have punned, ever more and more wretchedly to the end of a long and highly respectable life. People submitted in silence to the infliction; no one liked to inform these reputable individuals that they had better cease to make fools of themselves."—*A. K. H. B.*

979. Wit, Ready.

"I might give instances of my friend's wit and humour, but I could not, in trying to do so, do him anything but injustice. His jokes were all warm and at once. He did not load his revolver before going to dinner, and discharge all its barrels at his friends. His fun arose out of the sociality of the hour, and was an integral part of it, and he never repeated his jokes. He did not pick up his bullet and pocket it that he might fire it off again."—*Dr John Brown.*

980. Wit, True.

"Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, everything is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. But when wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature."—*Sydney Smith.*

981. Wonder at Simple Acts.

"The only amusement was to entertain the native chiefs who came with their followers to stare at the white man. These interviews at first entertained one vastly, but the humbling performances I had to go through became almost intolerable. Think of having to stand up before a gaping crowd of savages and gravely button your coat. They had never seen a coat, or wonder of wonders, strike a match, or snap a revolver, or set fire to somebody's dark clothes with a burning-glass. Three or four times a day often I had to go through these miserable performances, and I have come home with a new sympathy for sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, the man with the iron jaw, and all that ilk."—*Professor Drummond.*

982. Words, Power of.

"If Thomas Cooper had passed his first five and twenty years at the plough-tail instead of the shoemaker's awl, many words would have been left unsaid, which, *once spoken, working men are not likely to forget.*"—*Chas. Kingsley.*

983. Work, Not Ashamed of.

An American novelist tells of a traveller who once arrived at the dwelling of a judge in the far West. Before the front door of the residence he observed someone in his shirt-sleeves engaged in painting the fence. "I suppose you are the Judge's servant?" said the traveller. "I guess not, stranger," was the reply. "But I reckon I am stopping with the judge a spell."

984. Work, The Value of.

"Oh, doctor, doctor!" cried a sickly, surfeited, gouty patient to Abernethy, "what would I not give to get well! What

shall I—shall I do?" "Live on sixpence a day—*and earn it*," cried the doctor. No one could get much gout out of that.

985. Workers and Fighters.

"Among the termites or white ants there are fighters as well as workers. They are of larger build, considerably longer, and with a different arrangement of the head especially of the mandibles. They are the sentries who stand or promenade about at the mouth of every ant-tunnel to see if anybody is coming. The worker white ant is a poor defenceless creature, and blind and unarmed, would fall an immediate prey to its robber-foes who forage about in every tropical forest in unnumbered legion. But at the critical moment like Goliath from the Philistines, the soldier termite advances to the fight. With a few sweeps of its scythe-like jaws it clears the ground, whilst the builder-ants unconscious of the fray, continue their work. To every hundred workers in a white-ant colony there are perhaps two of these fighting men."—

986. Worker, Unknown.

The façade of Peterborough Cathedral, one of the finest and most impressive in the kingdom, had for its builder some unknown architect. Nay even the name of the abbot who employed him is also utterly lost in obscurity. They were content to do their work and leave it as their great and solitary witness.

987. World, The.

"We look upon the world too much as our own, too much as if we had possessed it and should possess it for ever, and

forget that it is a mere hostelry of which we occupy apartments for a time, which others better than we have sojourned in before, who are now where we should desire to be with them."—*Ruskin.*

988. Worship, Distractions in.

The old high pews in ancient churches were that the occupants might only get a view of the pulpit, and so be prevented as in a wooden barricade, from wandering thoughts.

989. Worship the First Need.

Writing on cathedral-building a specialist in ecclesiastical architecture says: "The first idea was doubtless the place of worship and only that, hence in many instances the choir only was at first completed, and all the rest of the edifice sprang from, and grew out of that."

990. Young, Beginning.

Franz, the celebrated pianist, took to music from his earliest childhood. When about five years old he was asked what he would like to do. "Learn the piano," he said. Soon afterwards his father asked him what he would like to be; the child pointed to a print of Beethoven hanging on the wall and said, "Like him!" Long before his feet could reach the pedals, or his fingers stretch an octave, the boy spent all his spare time strumming, and making what he called "clangs," chords and modulations.

991. Young, Encouraging the.

T. Sidney Cooper, in his autobiography, tells how Mr Burgess, the coach-builder of Canterbury, gave him great encouragement, not only in his regular employment, but in

the drawing and painting which he did for his own amusement. "Many a half-holiday he gave in fine weather in order that I might go out sketching."

992. Young Genius.

At the age of eleven Millais was a student at the Royal Academy, but even then his art-life was a series of fierce and hard struggles. His early successes excited the jealousy of the older men, and this greatly embittered his experiences. Still, at the age of twenty-nine, he was a full Royal Academician and on the way to both fame and wealth.

993. Youth, Genius in.

Turner was born of lowly parentage, and was essentially a self-taught artist; and so early was his marvellous talent revealed that he exhibited at the Royal Academy in his twelfth year, and from that time to his death he seldom, if ever, failed to send one or more pictures to each annual exhibition.

994. Youth, Genius in.

The father of the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A., was undecided as to his son's choice of profession when he was a youth, but agreed to submit the question to Mr Hiram Powers, the American sculptor. On the memorable day father and son, with a bundle of the latter's sketches, went to Mr Powers for his opinion and advice. After a careful examination the oracle answered decisively, "Your son may become as eminent as he pleases." How that prediction was fulfilled all the world now knows.

995. Youth, Its Influence on After Life.

Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth on the Derwent, which he afterwards called "fairest of all rivers." The voice

of that stream, he tells us, flowed along his dreams while he was a child. When five years old, he used to spend the whole summer day in bathing in a mill-race let off the river. Now in the water, now out of it, now scouring the naked fields, naked as a savage, while the hot, thunderous noon was bronzing distant Skiddaw, and then plunging in once more.

996. Youth, Promise of.

When John Leech was between six and seven years of age some of his drawings were seen by Flaxman the great sculptor, who, after carefully looking both at them and the boy, said, "That boy must be an artist, he will be nothing else or less."

997. Youth, Prophecy of.

When Hamilcar was going to Spain on his career of conquest, his son Hannibal, then a lad of nine, begged to be allowed to go with him. The father consented, but first brought the boy up to the altar on which, in preparation for the expedition he was about to make, he was offering sacrifice, and bade him lay his hand upon the victim and swear eternal hatred to Rome. How the lad kept the vow all the world knows.

998. Youth and Reverence for Parents.

A recent traveller in Palestine says: "Here at Bethany we saw the 'father' idea illustrated as touchingly as in the Arabian desert. If a child enters an apartment where its father is, it will not sit down or speak until the father notices it and bids it be seated. Moreover, if children grown up to some size enter and find the father engaged in any labour—beating coffee in the mortar, for example—the youth will assume the work and go on with it."

999. Youthful Appearance.

Louis Blanc was, after his arrival in England, often, as the result of the smallness of his stature, combined with the extreme youthfulness of his visage and his habit of shaving the whole face, repeatedly mistaken for a boy. On one occasion, a number of guests were waiting for him to dine with them, but the Irish housemaid had sent the *boy* away, saying that his would-be host "was engaged!" Another dinner had to be arranged to give an opportunity of meeting with him.

1000. Youthfulness, Preserving.

When the Venetians first saw Wagner the musician with his spare, vivid figure, his flashing eye, and heard his eager eloquent conversation, full of wit and geniality, they said, "Why, he is not an old man at all!" There was something about him of the eternal child, an afflatus of perennial youth, as about many great geniuses.

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2 THESSALONIANS.

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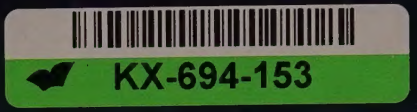
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